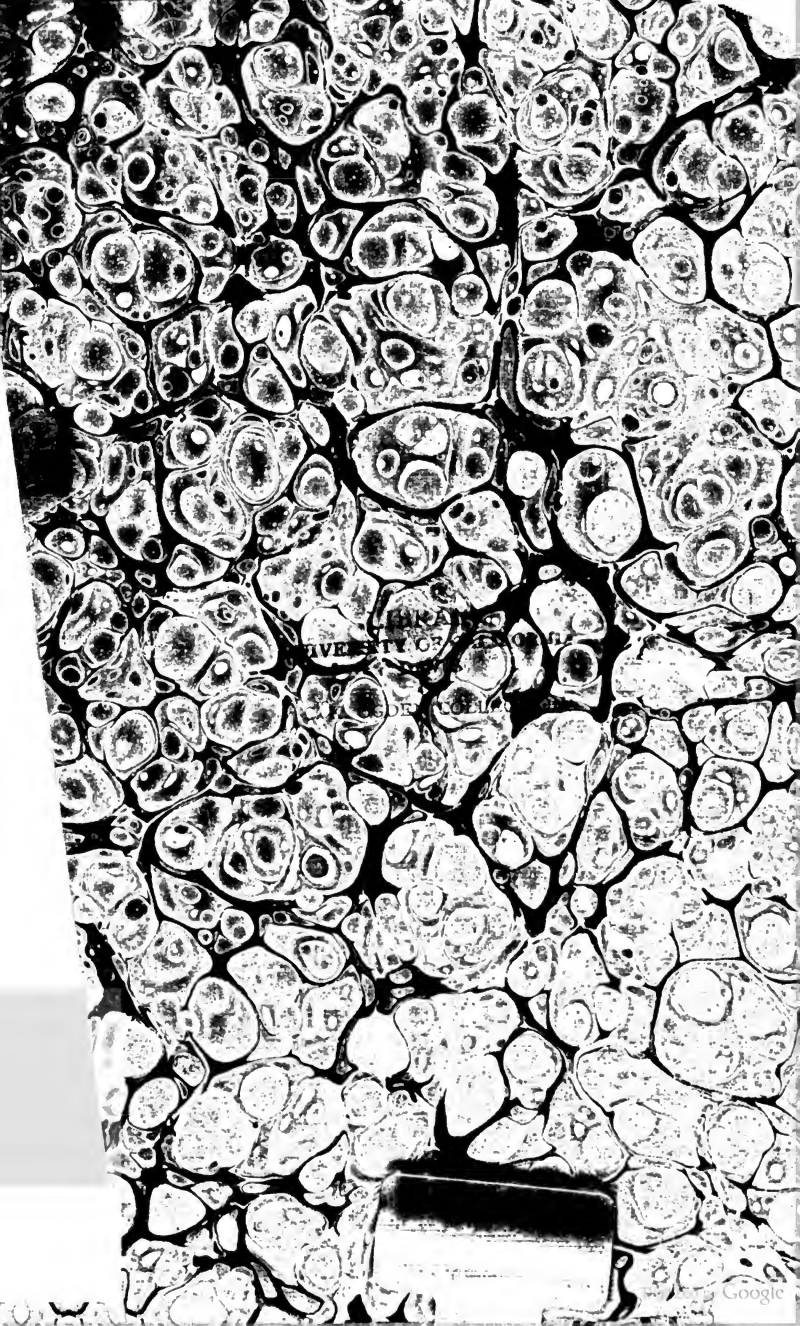


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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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APRIL & JULY, 1817.

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VOL. XVII.

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LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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1817.

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London: Printed by C. Roworth, Bell-yard, Temple-bar



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## TO THE READER.

The GENERAL INDEX, announced in a former Number, is deferred till the Publication of the NINETEENTH VOLUME,—and it will form Nos. XXXIX. and XL.

**THE**

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1817.

- ART. I. 1. *A Chronological History of the Voyages and Discoveries in the South Sea or Pacific Ocean; illustrated with Charts and other Plates.* By James Burney, Captain in the Royal Navy. 5 vols. 4to. 1813 and 1816.
2. *An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, with an original Grammar and Vocabulary of their language.* Compiled and arranged from the extensive Communications of Mr. William Mariner, several years resident in those islands. By John Martin, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 1817.
3. *Transactions of the Missionary Society.*

THE first of these works is a masterly digest of the voyages in the South Sea, previous to those celebrated expeditions of discovery performed during the present reign. For such an undertaking the author possessed every requisite of local knowledge, as well as practical and theoretical acquirements. He accompanied Capt. Cook in his last two voyages, and the pupil was not unworthy of such a master. His book displays a rare union of nautical science and literary research; the manner is plain and seaman-like, as it should be; there is no affectation of any kind, and the liberal and humane spirit which it breathes is honourable to his profession and his country. The second work is one of the most interesting narratives which we have ever perused.

In one of our early Numbers\* we noticed the narrative of a four years' residence at Tongataboo; collected from the communications of a *quondam* missionary, by the Rev. Mr. Pigott. Mr. Mariner has been fortunate in meeting with a more competent editor, and being himself an observant as well as a respectable man, his recollections, aided by the well-directed curiosity and indefatigable diligence of his friend, have produced the fullest and most satisfactory account of a savage or semi-savage people ever laid before the public.

William Mariner, in the fourteenth year of his age, engaged as captain's-clerk in the Port au Prince privateer and whaler, going under the immediate protection of the captain, who had served his apprenticeship to the sea under Mariner's father. The lad's education had been better than is usually bestowed on those who are designed for this way of life: he had learnt some Latin and more

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\* Vol. iii. p. 440.



French, and had made much progress in history and geography for his age. His spirit was adventurous, mind susceptible, active and eager for knowledge, and his disposition good. In February, 1805, he sailed for the South Seas. After many of those buccaneering adventures which aggravate the evils of war, without, in the slightest degree, affecting its decision or accelerating its end, the captain died, and the ship, not being permitted to enter the close harbour at Owhyhee, because there was a sick man on board, and the natives were apprehensive of contagion, bore away for Otaheite—taking on board eight of the Sandwich islanders, as she was in want of hands on account of a leak. The leak increased alarmingly: they missed Otaheite by reason of an adverse current, steered therefore for the Friendly islands, and at the end of November, 1806, anchored at the N.W. point of Lefooga—where Captain Cook had anchored in May, 1777.

The natives came immediately on board with a present of provisions: a Sandwich islander was with them, who spoke English. He had sailed in an American to Manilla and from thence to these islands, where he had taken up his abode. This man endeavoured to convince them that the natives were disposed towards them in the most friendly manner. One of his countrymen on board thought otherwise, declared his opinion that treachery was intended, and advised Mr. Brown, the whaling master, who had succeeded to the command of the vessel, to send all the natives out of the ship, except a few chiefs. Brown was an imperious, wrong-headed and wrong-hearted man, and instead of attending to this prudent counsel, threatened to flog the poor fellow who gave it. The next day was Sunday, and the men, as they had been accustomed on Sunday, at whatever place they had touched, asked leave to go on shore. Brown replied that they might go to hell if they pleased, but that they should not go on shore till the work was done on board, for he had ordered them to careen the vessel. Presently nineteen of the men went ashore in defiance of him, and some of them took their clothes, meaning never to return to the ship,—for Brown had made himself greatly disliked by his tyrannical and brutal conduct. The day did not pass over without danger, but as the men took the alarm in time, Brown was roused to some little exertion: he objected to have so many armed natives on board: two chiefs, who were at that time preparing to massacre the crew, exerted themselves to clear the ship at his remonstrance, and the devoted victims thus obtained one night's respite from their fate. On the following morning about 300 natives came on board, and Tooï Tooï, the Sandwich islander, who was the main agent in the conspiracy, invited Brown to go on shore: he complied immediately, and went unarmed. About half an hour afterwards, Mariner, who was writing in the steerage, came

came up to the hatch for the sake of the light, to mend his pen. Looking up he saw Mr. Dixon, who was left in command, standing on a gun, and endeavouring, by signs, to prevent more of the natives from coming on board. Immediately they set up a loud cry, and one of them knocked him down with a club. Mariner turned about to run toward the gun-room, when a savage caught him by the hand; he disengaged himself, reached the gun-room, and finding the cooper there, they fled to the magazine, where, after a short consultation, they came to the resolution of revenging their comrades and procuring for themselves an easy death by blowing up the vessel. With this purpose the lad went back to the gun-room for flint and steel; but the boarding pikes had been thrown down the scuttle upon the arm-chest: he could not remove them without making a noise, which the savages would have heard, and therefore he returned to the magazine. The cooper was in great distress at the apprehension of immediate death:—Mariner, with a brave feeling, proposed that they should go upon deck and be killed at once while their enemies were hot with slaughter,—rather than be subjected to cooler cruelties. Accordingly he led the way, and seeing the Sandwicher, Tooi Tooi, and one of the chiefs in the cabin, lifted off the hatch, jumped into the cabin, presented his open hands to the Sandwicher, and addressing him by a word of friendly salutation among those islanders, asked if he meant to kill him, and said he was ready to die. Tooi Tooi promised him that he should not be hurt, for the chiefs were in possession of the ship, and taking him and the cooper under his protection, led them upon deck toward one of the chiefs who had conducted the enterprize.

A more frightful spectacle can scarcely be conceived than the deck presented—a ‘short squab’ naked savage, about fifty years of age, sat upon the companion, with a seaman’s jacket soaked in blood thrown over one shoulder, and his club, spattered with blood and brains, upon the other. A paralytic motion of one eye and one side of the mouth increased the frightfulness of his appearance. There were two and twenty dead bodies upon the deck, perfectly naked, laid side by side, and so dreadfully battered about the head that scarcely any of them could be recognized. A man counted them and reported their number, after which they were immediately thrown overboard. The savages were satisfied with their success, and abstained from any superfluous murders. They had spared two of the crew, and detaining the cooper on board they sent Mariner on shore under charge of a petty chief, who stript him of his shirt upon the way. The boy went with a sort of desperate indifference, prepared for whatever might befall him. Brown was lying dead upon the beach,—and three of the mutineers were stretched in the same condition near a fire, where the natives were about to bake

some hogs. They led Mariner away and stript him of his trowsers, exposing him thus naked to the sun, which blistered his skin shockingly. Some of the natives came up every now and then to examine him, and give scope to the cruel propensities of perverted human nature. They spat upon him, threw sticks and cocoa-shells at him which cut his head in several places, and led him about as fast as the soreness of his bare feet would enable him to walk. The first who took compassion upon him was a woman, who happening to pass by gave him an apron, with which he was permitted to cover himself. Weary at length with their brutal mockery his persecutors went into a hut to drink cava, and made him sit down in the corner, it being disrespectful to stand in the presence of a superior. While they were regaling themselves a man entered in haste and took him away: Finow, the king of the island, seeing the boy on board, had taken a liking to him; he fancied him to be the captain's son or perhaps a young chief of consequence in his own country, and had given orders to spare his life whatever other blood it might be necessary to shed in seizing the vessel.

When the poor boy was brought before Finow, foot sore, covered with dirt, his head wounded in many places and his skin blistered by the sun, the women who belonged to this savage chief uttered a general cry of compassion, and beat their breasts at seeing him. Finow put his nose to the boy's forehead,—which is a mark of friendly salutation; he was sent to wash himself at a pond, and was then anointed all over with sandal-wood oil, which alleviated the pain of his wounds and refreshed him greatly; a mat was given him to lie down, and being exhausted with fatigue and wretchedness he presently fell fast asleep. About fourteen of the Port au Prince's crew had escaped from the massacre, they were employed to bring the ship close in shore; her carronades and powder were landed for Finow's use, and she was then burnt for her iron-work. Tooi Tooi advised Finow to put all the Englishmen to death, lest when another ship arrived they should tell their countrymen what had happened, and thus produce a dreadful vengeance. Fortunately for them Finow was too much a savage to comprehend the policy of this advice: what he had done appeared to him completely justifiable upon the ground of his own interest, and Mr. Mariner says, he thought that white people were of too generous and forgiving a temper to take revenge. He gave these men leave to build a vessel, and endeavour to reach Norfolk island; but happening to notch one of their axes at the work, he refused them the use of the tools any longer: all hopes of escape were therefore removed except from the arrival of some vessel; and resigning themselves to their fate they adapted themselves as well as they could to the manners of the country.



As Mr. Mariner's adventures are from this time connected with the history of the Tonga Islands, Dr. Martin has here briefly represented their then existing state. The missionaries, in 1797, found these islands in as high a state of cultivation and beauty as they appeared to their first discoverer, Tasman, and to Captain Cook, who thought himself transported into the most fertile places of Europe. 'There was not,' says this great navigator, 'an inch of waste ground: the roads occupied no more space than was absolutely necessary; the fences did not take up above four inches each, and even this was not wholly lost, for in many were planted some useful trees or plants. It was everywhere the same; change of place altered not the scene: nature, assisted by a little art, nowhere appears in more splendour than here.' In 1799 a revolution took place, and from that time these islands have been almost uninterruptedly a theatre of horrors.

Toogoo Ahoo,\* king, or, according to the native title, *How*, of the Tonga islands, is represented by Mr. Mariner as a man of that capricious and wanton cruelty which the possession of unbounded power produces in an evil disposition. 'On one occasion he gave orders, which were instantly obeyed, that twelve of his cooks, who were always in waiting at his public ceremony of drinking cava, should undergo the amputation of their left arms, merely to distinguish them from other men, and for the vanity of rendering himself singular by this extraordinary exercise of his authority.' No act of frantic wickedness is incredible in a tyrant,—nor any act of fiendish cruelty in a savage: this man was both. His uncle, Finow Loo-galalla, (or Lukolallo, as it is written in the missionary voyage,) father of the Finow whose history Mr. Mariner records, had expected to succeed to the Howship instead of his nephew; chagrin at the disappointment was thought to have shortened his life, and the missionaries repeat a report that with his dying breath he charged his sons to kill their cousin Toogoo Ahoo. Mr. Mariner gives a patriotic colouring to the action,—but it was the act of savage against savage, one merciless barbarian against another. Toobo Neuha took the lead in the conspiracy: he and his brother Finow waited on the How with a present,—thus they obtained a pretext for remaining that night, with their followers, near his house. Their followers were stationed round it to dispatch all who might attempt to escape, and Toobo Neuha entered with his axe to commit the murder. The missionary (who in the subsequent war contracted a guilt ten-fold more damning than his apostasy) says, that he ascertained his victim in the darkness by the perfumed oil on his head which is used only by the principal chief. To have killed

\* The missionaries, who generally use the D where Mr. Mariner places a T, call him Dugonagaboola, thinking this to be his title. His name they write Tooga Howe.

him sleeping would not have gratified the passion, whatever it was, which instigated the deed. He struck him on the face with his hand, and as he started from a deep sleep at the blow, exclaimed, 'Tis I, Toobo Neuha! and drove down the deadly weapon. He snatched up a child of three years old whom the slain chief had adopted, and rescued him from the massacre,—but the most beautiful women of Tonga, the wives and mistresses of the How, were butchered by his followers! Dr. Martin says, that as he entered the house, and saw them sleeping on either hand, perfumed with sandal-wood and their necks strung with wreaths of the freshest flowers, he could have wept over their fate—' but the freedom of his country was at stake.' Such language is worse than nonsensical, and deserves to be severely reprehended. The freedom of Tonga! Supposing freedom had ever been thought of or dreamt of in these islands, or that any person there knew any thing about freedom, in what manner was it to be promoted by knocking out the brains of these innocent women? Was not the object of the chief accomplished by the single murder of the How? The murders which Dr. Martin makes his sentimental and patriotic savage lament, he might have prevented by a word;—the wickedness was gratuitous, a *bonne-bouche* for his followers, a little amusement to keep their hands in. Such are the dispositions of savage man!

Mr. Mariner has, undoubtedly, represented the character of the murdered How as he heard it described;—but his information came from the murderers and from their party. Mr. Pigott tells us, that the people of Aheefo, which was the How's particular district, 'warmly took up the cause of their chief,' and the missionaries say that the news of his murder flew through the country and seemed to fire every one with indignation and a desire of revenge. One of the chiefs, to express his abhorrence in the strongest manner, ordered the body of old Finow to be taken up and fixed upon a tree for public exposure, which was esteemed the greatest indignity that could be offered to his family. A battle ensued, which fires the imagination of Dr. Martin, and he describes it in a style of language that may be thought, he confesses, 'not very consistent with the sobriety of historical narration.' The style, indeed, is such as may merit the approbation of Sir John Sinclair, who has lately informed the public that the battle of Waterloo is finely described in Ossian as translated by the Rev. Dr. Ross. There is, however, a fine characteristic circumstance: a chief, by name Tooi Hala Fatai, who had been amusing himself with two hundred and fifty followers as ferocious as himself by engaging in the Feejee wars, and acquiring the execrable habits of those fiercer savages, returned at this time and joined Finow; he was very ill, and believing

believing that the disease was incurable, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, and died, according to his purpose, in battle.

Dr. Martin says, that Finow summoned together the partizans of liberty, and that his enemies fled in all directions conquered by that arm which had delivered the country from a tyrant. His bombast about standing like a rock and rushing like a torrent is more tolerable than this abominable abuse of language. The consequence of his conduct was, that he found it expedient to retreat from Tonga and look to his own possessions. He secured his authority in the Hapai islands, after one battle, and put to death all his prisoners, some by the French fashion of a noyade as practised by the Jacobines at Nantes, and the Buonapartists at St. Domingo: they were taken out in canoes which were scuttled and sunk immediately, or tied hand and foot in old leaky vessels and left to sink gradually. Others were tied naked to trees or stakes, and left to perish by the scorching heat of the sun,—by the tortures which boys inflicted upon them,—for in this country boys are trained to cruelty,—and by hunger. Those who were most fortunate were three or four days in dying; stronger frames endured more than a week in this dreadful state of suffering. Yet the sense of right and wrong has not wholly been effaced in this most inhuman people: ever since these atrocious acts they believe that the groans of the victims are heard frequently by night. Dr. Martin says, no doubt this is the roaring of the distant surf, or of the sea in subterraneous caverns. But the roaring of the surf can be no new sound,—and these things belong to the inner world which is in the mind of man,—they are the echoes of conscience,—and are, indeed, dreadful realities. The island of Vavaoo was given by Finow to his brother Toobo Neuha, who was to pay him an annual tribute: he himself reigned in the Hapai islands. Tonga, meantime, which had been in so flourishing and beautiful a state before the murder of its acknowledged sovereign, suffered all the miseries of anarchy and civil war. It was divided into several petty states—each at war with its neighbours, every party built a fort for itself, and Finow annually made a descent upon the island, attempting to reduce one or other of them, but they were so well fortified and intrenched that though several years had elapsed when Mr. Mariner arrived, he had not succeeded in taking or destroying one. The hope of obtaining means which might ensure his success seems to have been the chief motive for surprising the Port au Prince. He now ordered Mr. Mariner and four of his companions to prepare for accompanying him in his annual expedition, and to get ready four twelve-pounder carronades. They collected as many of the shot as could be found, for the natives not being able to shape them for any common purpose had thrown them aside: they cut up sheet lead and made it

into rolls, to be used as shot, and directed the native carpenters to mount the carronades upon new carriages with high wheels.

While these preparations were going forward, and the natives were busily engaged in repairing their canoes and collecting weapons for the war, Finow asked Mr. Mariner whether he had a mother living, and being answered in the affirmative, seemed to be touched with compassion. He then made one of his wives adopt him as her son, telling him he need only apply to her if he wanted any thing to make his situation more comfortable, and that it was in her power to procure for him whatever he might reasonably desire. Her conduct towards him was, from that time, as if he had been her own child. Power and ambition, and the habits of savage life, had made Finow a monster of cruelty and falsehood, for all circumstances had tended thus to pervert his strong intellect; but monster as he was, he had many great qualities and some good ones. Little did he imagine when, in directing the massacre of the ship's crew, he gave orders to spare a boy whose appearance and youth had excited his compassion, that by that boy's means his life and actions should be made known throughout the civilized world, and perhaps to the latest posterity: for Finow is not one of those men whose history is forgotten as soon as read,—his character is strongly marked and prominent, one of those which in future ages will stand alone for remembrance. There is a portrait of this remarkable man in Labillardière's *Account of D'Entrecasteaux's Voyage*. He happens also to be described in the *Journal* of one of Captain Cook's officers, which is now before us: 'Finow,' says the writer, 'appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, a tall, handsome man: he had much fire and vivacity, with a degree of wildness in his countenance that well tallied with our idea of an Indian warrior, and he was one of the most active men I have ever seen. The western part of Tongataboo, with Anamooka, the Hapai islands, and all the islands to the northward, were under his jurisdiction. But what gave him more consequence was his spirit, activity, and his post as general. Whenever the people of Tongataboo went to war, they were headed by him. His followers were numerous, and more attached to him than those of any other chief; in short, he was by much the most popular man among the islands. Nevertheless, Finow, with all his good qualities, was tainted with a degree of rapaciousness that made him guilty of actions rather bordering on meanness and dishonesty, which, I believe, he was chiefly tempted to from a desire of being liberal to his adherents.' Mr. Mariner and his friendly editor will read this description of their hero in his youth with much interest.

Before the expedition set sail there occurred an instance of that utter disregard of human life by which all such men as Finow and Buonaparte

Buonaparte are distinguished. A woman, whose child, according to the accursed custom of these islands, had been strangled as an offering to the gods for the recovery of his sick father, lost her senses in consequence of the shocking act. All persons wished her dead, not so much because her existence was miserable to herself, as because it was mournful for others to behold her. Finow desired Mr. Mariner to shoot her, for the sake of putting her out of the way, and seeing at the same time the effect of a musket shot; but the boy replied with proper feeling, that though willing to risk his life in the king's service against his enemies, it was contrary to his own religion, and to the laws of the country in which he was born, to destroy an innocent fellow-creature in cold blood. The answer excited no displeasure, and undoubtedly tended to raise the lad in Finow's esteem, but one of the Sandwichers was ordered a few days after to commit the murder. All being ready for the expedition, about one hundred and seventy large canoes sailed from the Hapai islands and Vavaoo against Tonga.

The name of this island (the Amsterdam of Tasman) has hitherto been written Tongataboo, but *tahoo* is a distinct word, the meaning of which is well known, and which here designates Tonga as the Sacred Island. Perhaps the long state of peace which this people are said to have here enjoyed, before the fashion of war was imported from their Feejee neighbours, may have been owing to the superstition which this name implies: for there were two separate authorities here, the sacerdotal and the secular, as in Japan. Tooitonga, or Chief of Tonga, was an hereditary title, the possessor of which was believed to be descended from one of the chief gods; but whether the race began by a divine or mortal mother they pretend not to determine. Veachi was the head of another such sacred family. Both these personages were superior in rank to the king by reason of their descent; to which, indeed, such respect is paid in these islands, that if the How meets a chief of nobler family than himself, he must sit down on the ground till the other has passed him. This explains Captain Cook's supposition that Finow had deceived him concerning his authority, because that chief appeared as an inferior in Fatafehe's presence,—that being the family name of the Tooitonga. It may be collected from the account in the Missionary\* Voyage, that the Tooitonga formerly possessed civil as well as religious authority. Toogoo Ahoo was the first secular chief who resisted this, and by force of arms destroyed a power which rested wholly upon public opinion. This revolution may facilitate the introduction of Christianity into these islands, by weakening the superstition of the natives, and of

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\* Page 252, 274, first edition.

that

that class of men who are interested in upholding it. But hitherto the effects have been dreadful. While the priestly system of government continued, intestine wars are said to have been unknown among them. Tasman saw no weapons among them; and in Valentyn's account of the first discovery, it is said, that except an inclination to pilfering, they seemed to have no other evil in their mind: Dr. Martin even believes that they learnt the practice of war from the Feejees. Certain, however, it is, that they had enjoyed many generations of peace. The beautiful state in which the islands were found on their first discovery in 1642, by Cook after an interval of one hundred and thirty years, and by the Missionaries in 1797, confirms, in this point, the account which Mr. Mariner received from the people themselves. Toogoo Ahoo paid dearly for the brief authority which he had enlarged by breaking their sacred spell, and from the hour when he effected this unhappy revolution, these islands have been the scene of slaughter, famine, and every imaginable horror.

One superstition remained in full force when Finow made this his most formidable attempt upon Tonga. On the western shore of that island is a piece of ground about half a mile square, where from time immemorial the greatest chiefs have been buried; on this account it is considered sacred; no person may be prevented from landing there, and if the most inveterate enemies should meet there, they must restrain their hatred, on pain of the displeasure of the gods, to be manifested by some great calamity, or by untimely death. Here Finow landed with several of his chiefs to perform a ceremony at his father's grave. All who attended put on mats instead of their usual dress, and wreaths\* of the leaves of the Ifi-tree round their necks, as significant of respect and humility. They sat down before the grave cross-legged, beating their cheeks for half a minute. One of the Matabooles (the companions, counsellors, and ministers of the chiefs) then addressed the spirit of the dead, invoking him to favour and protect Finow: 'He comes to battle hoping he is not doing wrong; he has always held Tooitonga in the highest respect, and has attended to all religious ceremonies with exactness.' Pieces of cava root were then laid as an offering before the grave. Meantime the army were painting their faces and bodies for battle in their canoes, and the enemy on shore ran up and down the beach with furious gestures and shouts of defiance, splashing up the water with their clubs, brandishing them in the air, and flourishing their spears;—a striking scene when contrasted with the inviolableness of the burial ground and the rites which were paid to the dead.

\* In one of the prints in Valentyn, a man is represented with a Vandyke ruff of leaves round his neck.

Having performed this ceremony, Finow and his adherents returned to their canoes, and the whole fleet proceeded against Niocalofa, the strongest fortress in the island. It was situated near the shore, occupied about four or five acres, and consisted of two circular fencings, with a ditch on the outside of each, about twelve feet deep and broad. The fencing was composed of reeds strongly inwoven and fastened by something like what seamen call sennit, made of the coco husk, to upright posts from six to nine inches in diameter, and planted at intervals of a foot and a half. The reed-work is about nine feet high, the posts about ten. The entrances are all secured by horizontal sliding pieces of wood, and over them, as well as at other places, at intervals of from forty to fifty feet, projecting platforms are formed; where the warriors, being protected in front and half way on either side by a reed-work of their own height, discharge their weapons through loop holes. Till this time Finow had never been able to take one of these fortresses, such perfect security did they afford to the inhabitants when they were resolutely defended against enemies no better armed than themselves. But against European weapons they were miserably ineffectual. The carronades produced so little apparent effect upon the reed-work, that Finow expressed his disappointment to Mr. Mariner;—he presently found that the besieged relaxed in their defence, the entrances were forced with little resistance, and when Finow beheld the mangled limbs and bodies with which the interior was strewn, he acknowledged his astonishment at the havoc which these dreadful instruments of destruction had made. About three hundred and fifty persons were lying dead, and the prisoners declared that the balls instead of proceeding straight forward when they entered a house, seemed to search about as if seeking for men to kill. Few prisoners were taken: for men, women, and children were indiscriminately massacred by the clubs of these ferocious savages; and boys who followed the expedition, as if serving their apprenticeship to war, ran their spears into those who were lying helpless upon the ground, and tormented the wounded and dying. In like manner among the Guaranies of Paraguay, when a prisoner had been felled by the butcher at one of their cannibal feasts, children were put to hammer at his head with little hatchets that they might learn how to kill their enemies. Four centuries have not elapsed since a like practice was pursued in Europe, in the highest rank, and among a people who then, as now, conceived themselves the most polished of all nations. Monstrelet tells that when the young Count de St. Pol was entered a warrior, ‘his uncle made him slay several, in which he took much delight,’ and the reader who remembers this will not take much compassion



compassion for that Count de St. Pol when he was brought to the scaffold. Four centuries we may hope will produce a greater amelioration in Tonga than they have done in France.

The fortress was set on fire and totally destroyed. Had Finow pursued his victory, the whole island would probably have submitted, while the dismay was fresh with which his artillery had struck them. But he retired to an island which is separated from Tonga by a narrow reef, and there consulted the gods. This ceremony is connected with a curious article of faith. It is believed in these islands that the gods frequently act immediately upon individuals, taking possession of their minds. Hysterical weeping and fainting in a woman is imputed to the direct agency of the gods, who are supposed to be accusing the patient at such time of having neglected some religious duty. A sudden depression of spirit accompanied with tears is ascribed to the same cause. This opinion has produced some extraordinary cases: A young chief, who was remarkable for his personal beauty, became on a sudden exceedingly low-spirited, fainted away, and when his senses returned found himself very ill: according to their persuasion it was a clear case of inspiration. He was taken to the house of a priest, where the sick are always carried, that the will of the gods may be known; and the priest is understood to become immediately inspired on the patient's account, and to remain so as long as the sick person continues with him. In this state of professional inspiration, the practitioner told the chief that it was the spirit of a woman which possessed him; she had died two years before, and was now in Bolotoo, their island of the Happy; she was deeply in love with him, she wished him to die that she might enjoy his company, and die in the course of a few days he would. The patient replied that he had indeed been visited by a female figure two or three successive nights in his sleep, and though he knew not who she was, had begun to suspect that she possessed him: two days afterwards he fulfilled the prediction, as might be expected. Mr. Mariner was present when the priest foretold his death. A more extraordinary case is that of Finow's son, a man whose mind seems fitted for civilization, and his heart for Christianity. He declares that he is sometimes possessed by the spirit of Toogoo Ahoo, whom his father murdered; at such times, he says, he becomes restless, uncomfortable, agitated, and in a glow of heat; scarcely feeling his own personal identity, but rather as if his own natural mind was suspended, and another had taken its place, perfectly sensible of surrounding objects, but his thoughts wandering upon strange and unusual things. Mr. Mariner asked him how he knew it was Toogoo Ahoo; his answer was—'There's a fool! how can I tell you *how* I knew it? I felt and knew it was so  
by

by a kind of consciousness : my *mind* told me it was 'Toogoo Ahoo.' Finow himself, though he was an unbeliever, was yet inspired by the spirit of Moomooi, one of their late kings.

These visitations are not invoked by the persons who are subject to them, though there are some who have their mind and body so much under command that they can induce the fit by volition. Among the priests it is of course the secret of their craft; and when Finow on this occasion consulted the gods, the usual preparations were made. A hog was killed and prepared on the eve, and carried, with a basket of yams and two bunches of ripe plantains, the next morning, to the place where the priest happened to be. The matabooles form a circle round him, and the chiefs sit behind them indiscriminately among the people—their religion, in this instance, acknowledging the common nature of all ranks and classes, notwithstanding the monstrous tenet that the chiefs alone are gifted with immortal souls, the lower classes being like the beasts who perish. As soon as they are all seated, the priest surrenders himself immediately to the inspiration. He sits perfectly still, with his eyes cast down, and his hands clasped before him. If the matabooles consult him while the food is shared out, he remains still, with his eyes cast down, and frequently will not answer a word till the repast is finished, and the cava too. When he begins to speak, it is in a low and unusual voice, which gradually rises to its natural pitch, or above it, and he speaks in the character of the god. This is generally done without any apparent emotion; but sometimes his whole countenance becomes inflamed, his whole frame agitated, the sweat starts on his forehead, his lips turn black and are convulsed, he weeps profusely, his breast heaves, and his utterance is choked. Before and after this paroxysm, Mr. Mariner says, he often eats as much as four hungry men could devour under other circumstances. When the fit is over, he takes up a club, and after many gesticulations strikes the ground with it, upon which the god immediately leaves him.

The advice of the gods was, that Finow should rebuild the *colo*, or fortress, which he had destroyed. While he was thus occupied, some skirmishes took place, and some of his chiefs, who had learned the Feejee fashion, proposed to kill and eat the prisoners, which was accordingly done, some thinking it a proper habit to acquire in war, and others reconciling themselves to it because provisions were scarce. When the fort was finished, Finow entrusted it to a neighbouring chief, who had acknowledged him king of Tonga: he was desirous of returning to the Hapai islands to perform a ceremony of great importance, and the gods admonished him not to delay. He did not rely upon the fidelity of the Tonga chief sufficiently to leave a hundred men in garrison with him, as he had at first intended, and

and it was well he did not, for as soon as he was fairly on his voyage, the chief set fire to the fortress, in order that Finow might see the conflagration. Bitterly enraged as he was, his present duty did not allow him to return to take revenge. The ceremony which required his presence was one consequent upon the death of Tooitonga, the religious chief; when that event takes place, there is such a consumption of food in feasting for nearly a month, that hogs, fowls, and cocoanuts are *tabooed* for all except great chiefs, for about eight months afterwards, on pain of death, that by this voluntary privation time may be given to repair the previous waste. This *taboo* was now to be taken off, by a large slaughter of hogs, and a ridiculous custom of carrying them when baked whole from one place to another.

Provided as Finow was with artillery, and Europeans to serve it, he might now have resumed his attempts upon Tonga, and reduced all its chiefs to submission; but the perpetration of a new crime led to consequences which prevented him from attaining the great object of his ambition. There was in his service a natural son of the late How, by name Toobo Toa: this person had directed the conspiracy for seizing the Port au Prince, an action which sufficiently proved the ferocity and the treachery of his character. He had made a vow never to drink the milk of the cocoa-nut out of the shell till he had revenged his father's murder upon Toobo Neuha: it was to effect this object that he had joined Finow, though that chief had assisted in the assassination, and reaped the fruit of it: vengeance was his heart's desire, but the manner in which he sought it indicates a fiendish refinement of wickedness, such as has been sometimes portrayed in fiction, but happily for human nature is not often exemplified in real life. He made Finow the instrument of his vengeance; and having by repeated insinuations infused a suspicion of his brother, at length he proposed that he should be assassinated. Toobo Neuha was warned of his danger. He replied, 'Finow is my brother, he is my superior chief, he is king of these islands, and I pay him tribute: my life is at his disposal, and he is welcome to take it, for it is better to die than to live innocent and yet be thought capable of treachery.' Perhaps, well as he knew the remorseless character of his brother, he confided in his own innocence and frankness, and did not think him capable of so gratuitous and impolitic a crime. A plan was laid for his murder, with Finow's knowledge and connivance, and Toobo Neuha was killed, while his treacherous brother made only a feigned attempt to defend him. Toobo Toa was the leader of the assassins, one of whom had motives for the action as strong as his own: this person repeatedly struck the dead body, and exclaimed, 'The time of vengeance is come!—thou hast lived long enough in ease and enjoyment, thou murderer of my father! I would have declared my feelings

ings long ago, if I could have depended upon others to second me; I did not fear death, but the vengeance of my chief Toobo Toa was first to be satisfied, and it was a duty I owed the spirit of my father to preserve my life as long as possible, that I might have the satisfaction to see thee thus lie stinking!"—And when he had said this, he continued to vent his passion by striking the senseless dead. Of all our evil passions, revenge is the strongest and the most enduring; and it finds its way sometimes into minds incapable of baser vices, because it wears at first the semblance of a virtue.

We have many striking pictures of savage life and manners, but never so fine a piece of savage history as is contained in these volumes. Nor is it the less valuable because it relates to people in so savage a state, and to so small a speck upon the globe: the passions are the same as those by which revolutions are effected upon wider scenes, and in this stage of society they are strongly marked, and seen without concealment, like the play of the muscles in the naked figure. Whilst the women were screaming with horror and astonishment, an adopted son of the murdered Toobo Neulia came before Finow, and striking his club against the ground, exclaimed, 'Why sit you there idle, why do you not rouse yourself and your men to revenge the death of the fallen hero? If you had fallen thus beneath your enemies, would he have hesitated to sacrifice his life in revenging you? How great a chief he was! how sadly has he died!'—If ever Finow felt compunction or shame it must have been at this time, when he dared not avow his participation in the murder, and yet confessed it by his actions. He made an artful harangue, for he was a ready orator, and positively declared that he was innocent of the deed, and knew not that it was about to take place: he admitted that he had promised to assist Toobo Toa in such a deed, but he said the promise was made to prevent him from executing it, till proper measures could be devised for preventing it altogether. This could deceive no person; but there were none who dared contradict him at that time. Mr. Mariner, who was present at the whole shocking scene, assisted in washing the body; and the wives of the deceased during the whole night mourned over it, sate close round the corpse, and sang a dismal death-song, frequently interrupting it with exclamation regarding their own misery and forlorn condition, and beating their breasts and faces. During the whole night the fratricide was present at the scene. The next day the body was removed to a neighbouring island, and there deposited in the burial place of his ancestors. Such places are called Fytocas, and strikingly resemble those of our British ancestors. The vault is formed of five stones and covered with a sixth, and a mound of earth raised over all, upon which a sort of shed is erected. The dimensions of the vault are about eight feet long, six broad, and three

three deep. This was a strange funeral, for the slain chief was accompanied by his assassins to the grave. One of them, by name Chiolooa, a great warrior and a powerful man, stood forward as soon as the body had been lowered into the vault, and defied any of the Vavaoo people. 'If you harbour any thought of revenge,' said he, 'come forth at once and fight me on the spot: I am the man who acted a principal part in his death; come on then, one and all, and wreak your vengeance on my head.' This was a safe bravado; for while the Hapai people were all well armed, those of Vavaoo had been forbidden to carry weapons; and lest even this precaution should be insufficient to restrain them, the carronades were planted for Finow's security.

Under these circumstances of compulsion, the Vavaoo chiefs swore allegiance to Finow, placing their hands upon a consecrated bowl, while cava was mixed in it for the ceremonies of one of their gods. He appointed his aunt Toe Oomoo to govern them, as his feudatory, and then dismissed them. But Toe Oomoo loved her murdered nephew, and conceiving a proper hatred against the fratricide, called the chiefs together, and exhorted them to throw off the murderer's yoke. They held a council, and hesitated in their determination with evident timidity, when a sister of the governess, far advanced in years, but with a youthful as well as manly spirit, rushed in among them, brandishing a club and a spear, and demanding why they deliberated so long, when the path of honour was plain, told them that if the men were turned women, the women would turn men, and fight and die in a good cause. Her reproaches roused their spirit, and they resolved to build a fortress, and bid defiance to Finow. The chiefs' houses are generally situated together, and this assemblage of houses is called the Mooa, being in fact the capital of the island; the works were to inclose this, and to surround a space capable of holding all the inhabitants, who were about 8000 in number, with their houses and burial-places. It is mournful to see how soon the wickedness of a few individuals may change the whole habits of a people. When the missionaries came to Tonga, there were no fortifications upon these islands, and now, in less than ten years, there was no safety out of them. The people of Vavaoo knew the tremendous effect of the carronades, and reasoning well upon the means of securing themselves against such weapons, they surrounded their works with a firm wall of clay about twelve feet in height. Upon the first intelligence of these hostile measures, Finow would have hastened to reduce them; the priests in vain represented that it would be much more acceptable to the gods if he first attempted a reconciliation by amicable means; they even admonished him to do this in the name of the gods, without effect; but the unexpected arrival of his son and heir from the Navigators' islands,

Islands, after an absence of five years, made him suspend his preparations. This young prince brought with him two wives, two more were ready for him on his return, and he now married them both at once. While these ceremonies were performing Finow summoned all the men of the Hapai islands to assemble within ten days at Lefooga, armed with clubs and spears, and bringing a good supply of provisions; two of the oldest alone for each plantation were excused from this requisition, for the yams were planted, and it was necessary to keep them clear of weeds.

A force of about 5,000 men was raised in this summary manner: they order these things in the Tonga islands as well as in France. By this time Finow had reflected calmly upon the advice of the priests, and perceived that it was the best policy to follow it. The people of Vavaoo permitted him to land with a small party, and harangue them; but the greater chiefs and the old matabooles would not trust themselves to hear his eloquence, lest it should persuade them to mistake falsehood for truth. He moved the persons whom he addressed even to tears; they told him that their hatred was not to him, but to some of the chiefs of Hapai who were about him; that if he would reside altogether at Vavaoo, and interdict all communication with the Hapai people, they would submit to him; or they would send him his annual tribute as usual, if he would reside at Hapai and never visit Vavaoo, nor suffer any of his people to come there and trouble them. Finow spoke with his wonted powers, but he could not persuade his hearers to submission, and upon his return to the fleet, he obtained an order from the gods for proceeding to war.

When the army came before the fortress, and the guns upon which Finow depended for success were brought out, he demanded a truce, that each party might take leave of what friends and relations they might have among their opponents: in all civil wars it has happened that father sometimes fights against son, friend against friend, and brother against brother; but in Tonga this evil, frightful as it is, is increased by a custom which requires every man to join the cause of that chief on whose island he happens to be when war is declared. A scene ensued which is strangely contrasted with the more than brutal ferocity displayed by these islanders in war. Many of the garrison came out, many tears were shed, and many a last embrace was exchanged. This had continued for about two hours, when a man from the outer bank or wall of the fortress aimed an arrow at Mr. Mariner: it stuck in a tree close at his elbow, and Mariner turning round and discovering the man, shot him dead upon the spot. Finow was so violently enraged that he would instantly have killed Mr. Mariner, had he been within reach of his

club; but as there was time to explain the cause, his anger past away. The truce, however, was thus broken. The guns played for some hours, with little effect, upon the wall. It is customary for every professed warrior, before he goes to battle, to assume the name of the person whom he means to single out in fight: one of the Vavaoo chiefs, to express his contempt of the cannon, took the name of Fanna Fonnooa, (by which these islanders call a great gun, and which appears to bear the very natural meaning of *shoot-people*). He declared that he would run boldly up to one, and throw his spear into the mouth,—

*Nunc age, nunc totis in me conabere flammis,  
Jupiter!*

The vaunt which this Capaneus of the Tonga Island had so rashly made, he performed with singular address as well as good fortune: coming up within fifteen or sixteen yards of the carronade which was under Mr. Mariner, he stood there brandishing his spear as if about to throw it; Mariner immediately fired the gun; he had waited for this, fell flat upon his face the moment the match was applied, then springing up ran nearer, and throwing his spear, struck the gun. Mariner aimed his musket at him, being, it is said, determined to punish him for this presumption, as if he felt that the credit of these European arms was in some degree at stake: an arrow luckily struck the barrel just as he pulled the trigger, and made him miss his aim, upon which the chief shouted aloud for joy, and ran back within the works.

Finow had formed his men in three divisions, and the enemy, who now collected in considerable strength, did the same. Mr. Mariner proposed to bring a carronade to bear upon them; but Finow, with a sort of generous feeling, refused to avail himself of such an advantage, when the contest was to be between man and man, upon equal ground. He would fight them, he said, upon fair terms, since they came fairly forward to attack him. The principal persons concerned in the murder of Toobo Neuha were all well known, and the Vavaoo people against each of them appointed a band of twenty men, whose sole business was to single them out and take vengeance. Most of them in consequence fell, and among others Chioolooa, whose defiance at the funeral of the murdered chief now received its proper answer. Several of the Hapai women came to the scene of action, that they might be near to assist their husbands if wounded; the wife of Toobo Toa was taken prisoner, but though he had been the chief cause of the assassination, she was treated with great respect, and sent back after a time, because she was of the sacred family. The battle continued about an hour, when the Vavaoo people were completely beaten  
back

back into their fortress ; but Finow thought it prudent to withdraw during the night, to a part of the island about three miles distant, and there intrench himself.

The war was now carried on by skirmishing and marauding parties. In one of these, sixty of the enemy were killed ; their bodies were brought away and laid before Finow, and as the place where he was intrenched was the sacred part of the island where the gods had their houses, these bodies were divided among them and laid before their doors. Some were then restored, to be buried by their relations ; three were dissected, partly for the sake of surgical instruction, and partly from an odd curiosity to discover whether the subject had at any time broken the *taboo*, or committed any kind of sacrilege, in which case they expect to find his liver, or some other viscus, enlarged and schirrous. A few bodies were eaten ; for though the practice of cannibalism is still generally held in abhorrence, it is evidently gaining ground among this unfortunate people. Nothing is so remarkable among them as the fiendish cruelties which they practise without the slightest provocation ; not like the American savages, upon a warrior who has been their hereditary enemy, and who defies his torturers and exults in the midst of his tortures, but upon their own countrymen, engaged in accidental hostilities which the next hour might terminate, crying to them for mercy, or supplicating at least that they may be put to death at once. In this war, the heads of four unhappy persons, who were not taken in battle, but surprized in digging provisions, were actually sawed off with oyster shells. Almost it might be believed, that a people capable of such hellish barbarity, were actually under the dominion of an evil spirit.

One of Finow's wives, and one of his sons, fled from him to the garrison, being no longer able to bear the jealousy and imperious usage of his favourite wife. Mr. Mariner met the former in her flight, and warning her of the danger in straying from the camp, perceived by her embarrassment what her intention was, and charged her with it. Immediately she fell on her knees, and with clasped hands entreated him not to prevent her from escaping from tyranny to the society of her own relations whom she loved ; and she appealed to his own feelings towards his mother or what friends he might have in his own country, and bade him think how inhuman it would be in any person to prevent him from escaping to them, if an opportunity should offer ; Mr. Mariner, who among these scenes of inhumanity seems to have preserved a good heart and a clear conscience, raised her up, promised to keep her secret, and bade her go where she would. In revenge for her escape, Finow ordered his people to lie in ambush for the Vavaoo women, near



a place where they used to collect shell fish, and to kill all whom they took. They murdered five of these unoffending creatures upon the spot, but being less brutal than their master, brought back thirteen as prisoners, for the sake of their services. Some dispute arose between the captors and the relations of the prisoners; and the question was referred to Finow, who refused at first to interfere, saying they had no right to bring the prisoners there to create dissension, but should have knocked out their brains according to his orders: however, he said, the best thing which could now be done, would be to cut each woman in two, and divide her between the claimants. The judgment of Finow was not like the judgment of Solomon, a proof of wisdom; it was a bravado of that brutish, or rather fiendish, spirit which he seemed to cherish, and affect as becoming the character of a statesman and a warrior; it was the jest of one who would as willingly have commanded the thing to be done, as thus have sported with the thought. The affair, however, was settled among the parties.

During this war, a chief called Palavali, belonging to Finow's army, pursued some of the enemy who fled towards a consecrated inclosure, war having its asylums in these islands, though unhappily they are less respected than the asylums for guilt in Romish Christendom. He got between them and the place of refuge; one of them attempted desperately to pass him and scramble over the reed-work, and he had so far succeeded, that when Palavali struck him furiously on the head with his club, his dead body fell within the sanctuary. The sacrilege was not intended, but the chief was sensible that he had actually incurred the guilt: he laid the case before Finow; a priest was consulted, he had recourse to inspiration, and in whatever manner the abominable suggestion arose, this minister of a wicked superstition made answer, in the name of the gods, that a child must be strangled to appease their anger. The chiefs consulted together, and fixed upon a child of Toobo Toa, by one of his female attendants: the child of a chief is always chosen on such occasions, as being worthier than others, and it is always the offspring of an inferior mother, that the life of a chief may not be sacrificed. We pass over the painful tale how the poor mother attempted in vain to conceal her infant, and how the infant moved even its murderers to compassion by its innocent smile when the cord was placed round its neck. It will be read with deep interest in its place by those good men who direct the Protestant missions. A week had not elapsed before Palavali was mortally wounded in a skirmish; when his friends would have extricated the spear by which he was pierced, he desired them to desist, saying he was certain the gods had decreed his death as a punish-

a punishment for his late offence: this was generally believed; it was the subject of frequent conversation, and cast a great gloom throughout Finow's army.

That wicked leader was now devising how to obtain by craft the object in which he had failed by arms. His artillery was useless against the well-constructed ramparts which the Vavaoo people had raised. Mariner indeed could easily have devised means for setting the fortress on fire; but he had no interest in the cause in which he was engaged, considering that the war had been provoked by a foul act of treachery and murder, and he would not be the means of bringing destruction upon so many women and children. Well would it have been for the renegado missionary at Tonga if he had been capable of such feelings when he set fire to the consecrated inclosure, which the savages with whom he acted dared not profane! Finow had made up his mind to fix his residence at Vavaoo, as being the largest and most fertile of the islands under his command; he now artfully led the priests to understand his wishes, and they negotiated a peace. The chiefs of Vavaoo protested that it was not possible to have any reliance upon Finow's honour or his promises; but as their lives, they said, were not of so much consequence as the peace and happiness of Toe Oomoo, her people would not oppose the elders and the priests in their wishes. A conference was held accordingly. Finow said in his harangue, that he not only forgave the leaders who had fought against him in honour of Toobo Neuha's memory, but that he should have despised them if they had not done so. It was their duty so to do till they had revenged the murder of their chief. That murder had been sufficiently revenged; most of the assassins had received the punishment of their crimes; he solemnly assured them that for himself he was innocent of it, and he promised, in conformity to the terms which they had proposed before the war, that he would reside in Vavaoo, and send back all his people to the Hapai islands, except a few matabooles. Peace was now made; but the first act of Finow evinced how little he relied upon the submission of the people: he was too false himself to have any confidence in others. The rampart which had resisted his cannon was levelled to the ground, upon the plea that a fortress could not be necessary in times of peace: that which he had erected himself was suffered to stand, because in case he could not re-occupy it in time of need, it would be of no use to his enemies while he had artillery to bring against it. Five of the Vavaoo chiefs, who well knew how impossible it was to rely upon one so faithless, withdrew in time to Tonga. It was not long before the tyrant arrested all the others who had distinguished themselves against him in the war. He pretended that they were conspiring against him;

and Dr. Martin says, if this be true, his conduct was certainly less reproachable; but every thing which Dr. Martin relates of him and of his victims leads to the inference, that the charge was false. Some of these chiefs were taken to the beach, and immediately dispatched with the club; others carried out to sea, and then left in leaky canoes, that they might sink slowly, and taste the cup of death. One of them had been remarkable for his humanity as well as courage. On the way to his death he related a strange story:—That very morning, he said, going along the road to the council where he was betrayed, and having at the time a secret presentiment that he was going to die, he met a woman of Hapai, and felt so strong an inclination to murder her,—though he knew not for what cause,—that he actually turned back and put her to death. This is one of those stories which might almost incline us to believe in demoniacal possession; and this man looked back upon the murder, contrary as the act was to all his former character and conduct, with satisfaction! It was a piece of vengeance, he said, upon the Hapai people, weak indeed, yet better than none; a drop of revenge that sweetened death.

Finow did not long enjoy the power which he had obtained by so many crimes. Treacherous and cruel as he was, he had some human charities; and fit it was that he, by whose means so many had been made childless, should suffer where he was most sensible. He had a younger daughter about six or seven years of age, whom he dearly loved; she fell dangerously sick, and was removed to a house consecrated to Tale-y-Toobo, the patron god of the *How's*. Here daily offerings were made for her recovery; and the god was entreated to spare her for the sake of her father. 'We pray thee,' said the matabooles, 'not to be merciless: if thy anger is justly excited, we beseech thee to inflict upon the guilty one the punishment which he merits, and not to let go thy vengeance upon one who was born but as yesterday.' For about a fortnight such prayers, accompanied with expostulations also, were many times in the day addressed to the god, and a hog was sacrificed every morning; the child was then removed to the inclosure of another divinity, with no better success; and Finow then carried her to the priest of his own tutelar god, Toobo Totai, in another island. But the danger was now too imminent for the priest to hold out any hope of recovery. In the name of the god by whom he was believed to be inspired, he said, 'Why do you weary yourselves with supplicating me? If the power to restore the child rested solely with me, I would do it; be assured it is all done by the will of the gods of Bolotoo'—the Land of the Departed. Every day he visited the little sufferer, and sat down by her and took her hand and shed tears. One day, however, when Finow was not present, he told the

the matabooles that if they knew why the child was sick, they would not come there to invoke him,—it was for the common good. When this was reported to Finow, he demanded at the next consultation of the priest, or rather of the god who was believed to speak in him, what was meant by it? ‘If the gods,’ said he, ‘have any resentment against us, let the whole vengeance fall on my head,—I fear it not,—but spare my child; and I earnestly entreat you, Toobo Totai, to exert all your influence with the other gods, that I alone may suffer all the punishment they desire to inflict.’

Like the votaries of ambition in more enlightened countries, Finow was a despiser of religion; and yet, as others have done before him, in this hour of affliction he seems to have applied to his gods in faith and in fear. No answer was vouchsafed to his demand; he lay down in great agitation of mind, his heart sore and his pride also wounded; he felt himself ill, and saying that he had a fore-feeling of approaching death, he wept profusely and acknowledged the justice of the gods, but lamented that he must die on his mat, instead of falling in battle. His attendant hastened to the priest to intercede for him. The priest remained some time in silence, and appeared to be much affected. He replied at length, speaking as usual in the person of Toobo Totai, the tutelary deity, that the gods of the island of the departed had long resented the irreligion of Finow, and had long debated among themselves with what punishment they should visit it; at first his death had been resolved, but Toobo Totai, who revealed their secrets, repeatedly interceded in his behalf, and winning over some other divinities to his wishes, violent debates ensued, which had in fact occasioned the late high winds and tremendous thunder in the Tonga Island; the gods, it seems, being stormy debaters. They had determined at last to save his life, because his death would be a greater evil to his people than to himself, and to punish him in a severer way by bereaving him of his most beloved daughter; for it had been irrevocably decreed that one or the other must die, and therefore her life could not be saved without taking away his. In proof of this, he bade them remark that while Finow was at this time ill, the child was much better; but to-morrow, he affirmed, the father would be greatly recovered, and then the child would relapse. The priest perhaps possessed medical knowledge enough to venture safely upon this prediction. It was fully verified; and Finow, in that state when restlessness of body seems to afford a miserable relief for restlessness of mind, removed the dying child to another island and the house of another god. ‘It is in vain to come here’ was the appalling answer which he received upon this consultation,—‘you have obtained all the information that it is necessary for you to know; I can communicate nothing farther’ The child was carried from

from one consecrated house to another, remaining only half an hour at each, in the hope that some pity might be found in some of the gods; these frequent removals exhausted her, and she became almost speechless. Her father Finow, he who had connived at and witnessed the murder of his own brother,—he who had exposed his enemies to sink in the sea in leaky canoes, or burnt them alive, or fastened them to stakes and trees, where they might perish by the slow agonies of thirst and hunger,—this man, feeling now in his human nature, sate through the whole night watching the progress of death in his beloved child. On the morrow she expired while they were carrying her to another station; and Finow, who, while there was a possibility of recovery, had applied to each and all of the gods of Tonga, now that hope was over, began in bitterness to defy them.

He forbade all customary religious ceremonies at her funeral: instead of mourning, he ordered the people to dress themselves with wreaths of flowers, as for a festival. On the twentieth day; the coffin was deposited in the burial-place, not in the grave, but on the top of it, that he might see it whenever he pleased; and carrying it with him whenever he went to a distance. On this day all the inhabitants of Vavaoo were commanded to be present,—illness was not even to be admitted as a reason for disobeying the summons. The women of the northern half were matched against those of the south, and they kept up a battle-royal for about an hour: about three thousand combated! When this part of the sports was concluded, the men engaged in like manner, Finow himself taking part, and exerting himself so greatly, that his party beat their opponents fairly from the field. This was but mockery of the gods: he designed a more substantial revenge, and had determined to wreak his despite against Toobo Totai by putting his priest to death; for which purpose a rope had been made ready to bind him. This resentment, as it would have fallen upon the priest, and not the god, was perhaps directed solely against him in reality; for Finow made no scruple of avowing to Mr. Mariner his doubts whether there were any such beings as the gods, and his entire disbelief in what the priests affirmed of their power over mankind: there might possibly be such beings, he said, but men were fools to believe what the priests told them. This purpose he had no time to execute. Tired with his great exertions in the sports, he lay down to rest, and was seized for death himself,—probably in a fit of apoplexy; his respiration became difficult, his lips grew purple, his under jaw was convulsed; he lost his speech, but seemed perfectly sensible of his situation, and from time to time groaned horribly. No time was lost in strangling one of his children by a female attendant, as a sacrifice for his recovery, according to the  
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horrible superstition of these unhappy islanders, and the belief that the gods may be appeased by the offering of life for life. Finow's eldest son, a man of such kindly and hopeful disposition that it is painful to read of his engaging in an act like this, took the little victim by force from its mother's lap, where he found it sleeping, and performed as speedily as possible the murder: before it could be performed, Finow had lost all sense and power of motion; the yet breathing body was placed upon a sort of barrow, to be carried from the house of this god to another, and as a mark of the most extreme humiliation, was placed upon the spot where Tootonga's food was dressed, cooks being considered as the meanest class in the Tonga islands, and therefore no greater act of abasement could be performed than to lay Finow in this place, supplicating mercy. But ere this he had expired.

A character like Finow's would have well suited the Greek drama: the great masters of that drama would have desired no better elements than are to be found in the history of this remarkable man; his remorseless ambition and his natural affections, his contempt for the fables and ceremonies of his country when in prosperity, his patient submission to them in distress, his strong intellects, his evil deeds, and the death which was believed to have been inflicted on him in vengeance by the overruling divinities whom he defied. It is an established opinion among these islanders, that every man has some constitutional evil, either bodily or mental, implanted in him by the gods, for the delight which they take in punishing mankind: Finow used to say, that his violent temper was the infliction which had been allotted to him; perhaps persuading himself to a belief which reconciled him to this want of self-government, or perhaps availing himself of a doctrine which excused him to others; but he was fully aware of the infirmity, and often charged his matabooles to hold him whenever they saw him getting violently angry. Mr. Mariner seems to have been attached to him; and his historian, Dr. Martin, is so far fascinated by the better parts of his character, as to offer an excuse for his atrocious cruelties, saying that 'this was perhaps, on all occasions, to a certain degree justifiable, as examples to keep others in terror; a method undoubtedly not the best, but such as may be easily overlooked in a state of society like that in which he lived.' We hope this very reprehensible passage will be expunged in the future editions. True it is that men must be judged according to the circumstances of their age and country, and that the cruelties of Finow, being in conformity with the manners of the people, are not deserving of the same condemnation as those of Buonaparte, which were committed in direct opposition to the modern usages of war, and the spirit of an age in which humanity had rapidly been gaining ground, both among governments and

and nations, till the fatal French Revolution threatened to rebarbarize the world. The acts of the Tonga tyrant may be accounted for without supposing him to have been a much worse man than many of his countrymen, but they are not in any degree *justifiable*, as Dr. Martin had thought proper to assert; and if that gentleman had reflected a little, he would have seen that the most inhuman punishments have never produced the effect of deterring men from crimes. Men who dare the gallows would just as readily dare the wheel or the stake: such punishments outrage humanity, without in the slightest manner promoting the objects of justice.

Great apprehensions had been entertained that fresh wars would ensue upon the death of this formidable chief. The prince however who succeeded to his rank and name was told by the priest not to fear rebellion, for that he was the peculiar care of the deities, and he was commanded to reflect on the circumstances of his father's death as a salutary lesson to himself. Still he deemed it necessary to prepare against an hostile attack at the funeral. The body was brought out upon the *marly*, an open grass plat, or lawn, set apart for public ceremonies. Here all the chiefs and matabooles were seated, habited in mats, their mourning dress. A number of women, the kindred, widows, concubines, and servants of the deceased, with others who came there to shew their respect to the dead, had been mourning over the corpse; they were dressed in ragged mats, 'the more ragged the more emblematical of a spirit broken by grief;' their cheeks and breasts black with the bruises which they had inflicted on themselves, and their eyes swollen with tears. The men cut themselves with stones and knives and shells, and beat their heads with clubs, calling with a wild and passionate eloquence upon the dead to witness their fidelity. They reeled with the blows, which were so violent as to produce a temporary loss of reason; and these excesses might, in some instances, have been carried to fatal lengths, if Mr. Mariner had not been instructed to take the instrument from them in such cases; a native who had done this must have employed it upon himself, but he being a foreigner, was never expected to follow the customs of the country further than was convenient. After this shocking scene had lasted for about three hours, the body was carried to the burial place, and that of his daughter carried after it, that, as it was his wish to have it always near him during his life, it might now be buried with him. And here the young How discovered his prudence in preparing against danger: he said, that as his father had been the first person who had introduced guns in the wars of Tonga, it was fit that his funeral should be honoured with them; accordingly the carronades were twice fired when the procession set out, and Mr. Mariner was ordered to load them, as if for a third salute, but he was privately

vately instructed to load them with shot this time, and carry a lighted match.

This precaution was not necessary. Finow II. if we may so call him, had made up his mind to reside wholly at Vavaoo, which was his birth-place, and to keep it in peace by dismissing all who were discontented, or whom he thought dangerous to the other islands, and cutting off all communication with them. When the funeral was over, he assembled the chiefs, and harangued them in a speech, of which we have the original given us, and a perfectly literal translation: its substance may be thus rendered, with the least possible deviation from the idiom:

Listen to me, ye chiefs and warriors. If there is one among you discontented with the way in which we sit here, now is the time to go to Hapai; for not at all will I permit one to remain with his mind discontented and wandering. My mind has been heavy, beholding the great destruction occasioned by the unceasing war of the chief now prostrate in the burial-place. We have been doing much, and what is the consequence?—the land is unpeopled and overrun with weeds, there are none to cultivate it;—if we had remained at peace, it would have been populous still. The great chiefs and warriors are fallen, and we remain associated with the Tooas. How can it be helped? Are we mad? I think our lives are already too short. How foolish to shorten that which is not long enough! Who among you shall say in his mind I deserve death, I am weary of life? Behold, have we not acted like people who are foolish-minded? We have been seeking things which deprive us altogether of things truly useful. I will not say to you, give up your thoughts of fighting. Let but the front of war approach our land, and any come to plunder our homes, and we will shew them that while our fields prosper, so doth our courage. Why should we desire to increase our territory? This land is large enough to supply us with food, more than we can consume. Perhaps I have not spoken wisely; the elders are sitting near me, I entreat them to say if I am wrong. I am yet a youth; I should not be wise in governing, if my mind were like that of the prostrate chief, to act of its own will, not listening to their discourse. Thanks for your love and fidelity towards him. Finow Fiji (his uncle) and the matabooles are here; they know my frequent inquiries concerning the good of our government. Do not say in yourselves, wherefore do we listen to the silly talk of a boy? Recollect while I speak it is the echoing of the mind of Toe Oomoo, and Ooloovaloo, and Afoo, and Foloo, and Alo, and all the chiefs and matabooles of Vavaoo. Listen ye to me! If there is any one of another land—any one discontented at remaining in this way, this is the only opportunity to depart, for let this pass, we shall not communicate with Hapai. Choose then your dwelling-place; there is Fiji, there is Hamoa, there is Tonga, there is Hapai, there is Fotoona and Lotooma. Let those be marked who love to remain in lasting peace, they only shall remain. I will not suppress the courage of one warlike mind. See now, there is war in the land of Tonga and of Fiji—chuse which ye will to exercise your bravery then.



then. Arise, go each one to his home, and recollect that to-morrow the canoes depart for Hapai.

On the same day, this Tongan philosopher made another address to his people upon the happiness and the reward of industry. The attendants of the chiefs, he said, used to depend for support upon the provisions which the chiefs allotted them; and he well remembered that, in a time of famine, more of these people died than of the Toas, who tilled the ground for others as well as themselves; because, however great might be the tax, they always reserved enough for their own support. He dwelt upon the pleasure which men felt on beholding the work of their own hands; and exhorting all to apply themselves to agriculture, he declared that he would order a piece of ground to be cleared, and assist in planting it himself. The fortress which his father had demolished was now rebuilt, for motives which may remind the reader of the policy of more refined courts. Finow Fiji observed to his nephew, that as the chiefs and great warriors would reside there, they could not form cabals and parties so easily as if they dwelt at a distance, because they would be immediately under his observation. This fortress, having been found proof against artillery, secured him against any attack from Hapai, where Toobo Toa was in possession of two of the guns taken from the Port-au-Prince. The intentions of that chief, however, appear not to have been hostile; he had been sincerely attached to the late Finow, and bore no sentiment of ill will toward his son. It was the custom that an annual tribute from the first fruits of each island should be sent to Tooitonga,—a proof perhaps of the secular authority which this personage originally possessed, and certainly that a close bond of union had formerly subsisted between the whole group. The people of Hapai sent a chief of the sacred family to know in what manner they should make this tribute, seeing that all communication had been prohibited, and by the same messenger Toobo Toa entreated permission to perform the usual ceremonies at Finow's grave, and take his last farewell of a great chief, whom while living he so highly esteemed, and whose memory he had so much reason to respect. The tribute was permitted to come in a single canoe, and it was allowed also that this same canoe should come at any time, provided she brought no more persons than properly constituted a crew. This was done partly from religious motives, and partly that the Hapai people might see how well they were armed and fortified. And as Finow began to think that too severe a system of prohibition would be supposed to indicate weakness or fear, and might provoke the hostilities which it was intended to prevent, he permitted Toobo Toa to come with as many followers as he pleased, limiting their stay however to a single day.

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The chief came with about sixty of his warriors, in mourning dresses, their heads shorn, and the leaves of the *ifi* tree round their necks. They made their lamentations over the grave of the late How, and wounded themselves according to the custom. Toobo Toa called upon the deceased to behold these proofs of his love and fidelity, and declared that he felt the same sentiments toward his son, although there now appeared to be a breach between them; and that his wish was to maintain a friendly understanding with Vavaoo, that he might sometimes prepare *cava* for the young Finow, and send presents to him to evince his respect and loyalty to the family. In the evening he had a conference with Finow and his uncle; he expressed his wish to be tributary to Vavaoo, though he acknowledged that it might be politic to keep him and his people at a distance while any near relations of Toobo Neuha were living, and that indeed such a separation was the only means of preserving peace. His people, he said, must be employed, for if they were idle they certainly would engage in war against Vavaoo, or in conspiracies against himself; he should therefore go with a strong army and assist his friends in Tonga. Finow objected to receive the offered tribute: Vavaoo, he said, yielded enough for its inhabitants, and if he consented, the people would suppose it was an act of alliance and friendship which would ill agree with their feelings toward the man who had killed their beloved chief Toobo Neuha. Toobo Toa could not oppose this argument, but the tears ran down his cheeks during the conference, and Mr. Mariner believes that he suffered as much in the kinder feelings of his nature as in his pride. He performed a ceremony by which the young Finow was recognized as his superior, and returning to Hapai, soon left that island to bear a part in the wars of Tonga.

It was not long before Tooitonga fell ill: every day one of his young relations had a little finger cut off, as an offering for his sins: and as he grew worse, several children were sacrificed: he was carried to the cooking-place, as the late How had been, and after these cruelties and vain humiliations he died. As the existence of this sacred chief constituted the only bond of union between the islands, and Finow unhappily found it expedient to keep his own people in a state of complete separation, he determined that the office should die with the late possessor. The people easily consented, because it released them from a tax; and they reasoned that, as Tonga had been as much favoured by the elements and seasons, though devoid of his presence, as those islands which had enjoyed him,—there was no use in a Tooitonga. Thus it is that men reason from motives of mere selfishness;—thus too it is that institutions lose their hold upon the minds of men, and revolutions, which are always productive of immediate evil, are brought about:

about: for it must not be supposed that the Tonga islanders were become in any degree less superstitious, or more enlightened. Human sacrifices would still be offered,—and perhaps become more frequent as manners were becoming more ferocious;—the Toootonga would have favoured the missionaries if he had dared,—but he advised them to desist from ‘the pernicious practice of praying; for otherwise, it would, he feared, be attended with bad consequences to himself as well as them, the people being much dissatisfied with him for suffering them to follow it.’ While he retained his full authority it appears that these islands enjoyed a most remarkable continuance of peace and consequent prosperity; as soon as it was disturbed, civil wars began,—and will probably continue till a handful of cannibals alone remain, unless some beneficial change be effected by European means.

The policy of the younger Finow is the result of a mind humaner and more addicted to meditation than all around him. How far he may have succeeded in preserving his own island in peace we have as yet no opportunity of knowing. A party from Hapai attempted to land during the night with the intention of making all the havoc they could, but they were intercepted and defeated with loss. Shortly after, as Mr. Mariner was fishing at sea, he espied a sail just in the line of the horizon. He had three servants in the canoe and they refused to make toward her, saying they knew that their chiefs never meant to let him go if they could help it. This was no time for hesitation, or compunction,—they made for the shore, and one man declared that if Mr. Mariner resisted, he would die in opposing him, rather than let him escape. The Englishman uttered a Tonga curse, and thrust the muzzle of his musquet into the man’s loins, making a mortal wound;—there was little reason to regret this wretch,—he had murdered two of his children to put them out of the way, and in time of scarcity had killed and eaten his wife. The others, in fear of a like fate, obeyed his orders and put about. It was just when the sun sunk below the horizon that he got sight of the ship, and he did not come up with her till daylight. What a night for an Englishman! As soon as he came alongside, without stopping to hail, he jumped into the main-chains, and had nearly been knocked overboard by the sentinel, who took him for a native. It was a brig from Port Jackson, with mother-of-pearl on board from the Society islands, bound now for the Fijis, there to make up her voyage with sandal wood,—and from thence to China. Having got on board, Mr. Mariner obtained an axe as a present for Finow, and sent a message requesting him to come to the ship. The young king came accordingly, and brought as a present for his departing friend five large hogs and forty yams, weighing from thirty to seventy pounds each. He was very desirous of

of accompanying him to England, that he might acquire a *Papa-langi* mind, that being the name by which they call their white visitors. And when the captain refused to bring away a prince from his own country, to one where he might perhaps find himself, for a time at least, not only without patronage, but without protection, he made Mr. Mariner swear by his father and by the God who governed him, that he would endeavour to return for him in a ship, and take him even by force of arms, if the people should attempt to prevent him from executing his purpose.

In this brief abstract of a most interesting story, many circumstances, highly curious in themselves, have been necessarily passed over. There are, however, some scattered facts which particularly deserve notice. A species of fowling is fashionable in these islands, which is performed by means of a decoy bird. The sportsman conceals himself in a sort of cage or bower, made of wicker work, and covered with green leaves; a cock bird is fastened on the top, and a hen bird within; both cocks and hens are attracted by their call, and are shot with arrows when they perch within sure distance. This pastime is only practised by great chiefs, as it requires great care to train the decoy birds, and great expenses to maintain them,—or rather their keepers, an insolent race of men who frequently abuse their privileges. The birds are fed upon plaintains, which these fellows are authorized to demand from any person whatsoever, even if food be scarce, and the owner himself should be in want: it is not a little remarkable to find oppression uniformly growing out of the passion for field sports, even in such rude governments as this. One of the Tonga chiefs, who was a kinsman of Finow, had the most famous bird of this kind that ever had been known;—Eclipse was not more famous among horses, nor Snowball among greyhounds, than the Chief of Hihifo's bird among the sportsmen of the Tonga islands. It was, however, an uncomfortable property; if he had had the most beautiful woman in all the islands—a very Helen—for his wife, she would not have been coveted so much. Many chiefs had requested him to give them the bird, and many times he had been engaged in war for refusing their demand. At length Finow sent a special message to obtain it; the chief represented that it was become almost a point of honour for him to keep the bird, since he had undergone such danger, and so many lives had been sacrificed in maintaining it: but as Finow had so strong a desire for an excellent bird, he would make him a present of two, not, indeed, so good as the one in question,—which was certainly the best that ever had been trained,—but still exceedingly valuable. Finow was vexed at the refusal: he went out to try the two, and the sport was so successful, that his heart was more than ever set upon obtaining the only bird in the world which exceeded these. This  
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sort of interest upon such a subject, and in such a personage, seems like a story in the Arabian Tales. He prepared a costly present, containing axes, iron bolts, a looking-glass, and a grindstone, besides many articles of home manufactory, and sent a second and more solemn embassy. This second attempt succeeded: the Chief of Hihifo, thinking it prudent, perhaps, to rid himself with honour of so troublesome a possession, said that he had no time to sport with the bird, because he was so constantly occupied in warfare, and therefore, as it was not consistent with the character of a chief to retain that from another which he could not use himself, he would resign this precious bird to Finow, notwithstanding the immense care it had cost him. The first thing Finow did after he had obtained the object of his wishes was to order all the dogs in Vavaoo to be killed (except a few belonging to the chiefs) because they destroyed the game,—just in the same spirit which made the late King of Naples exterminate the cats in the island of Ischia, and our William the Conqueror depopulate half Hampshire. He then went out with his bird; the first day he had very great sport; the second day the bird, either from illness, or fatigue, or caprice,—to which birds as well as taller bipeds are subject, would not make the call. Finow knocked it on the ground, beat it with an arrow, and, having almost killed it, gave it away, exclaiming how vexatious it was to find so little pleasure in a bird which had cost him so much trouble. Vanity of vanities,—all is vanity! Had Finow succeeded in all his schemes of conquest to the utmost extent of ambition, he would not have enjoyed any more permanent satisfaction.

One of Captain Bligh's men was murdered by the natives upon the island of Tofooa. His name was John Norton, quarter-master of the *Bounty*, and he is spoken of as a man of worthy character, who supported an aged parent out of his wages. They killed him upon the beach, and stript the body, then dragged it up the country to one of their *marlies*, or lawns, and there left it exposed for two or three days before they buried it. This story was related by the islanders to Mr. Mariner, and they added, that from that time no grass had grown along the line where they dragged the corpse, nor upon the spot where it had lain while unburied. Such a tale induced him to visit the place, and he found a bare line, as they had stated, in a place where there could be no frequency of passers to have trodden a path, and at its termination a bare spot, lying transversely, about the length and breadth of a man. Dr. Martin observes, that such accounts, however trivial, deserve to be mentioned, and he explains the wonder, to his own satisfaction, by supposing that it is an old path which has been for some years disused, forgetful that such a solution fails to explain the manner in which

which the path terminates. John Wesley would have believed it supernatural, and have classed the story with that of the Brothers' steps behind the Museum.

There is a cavern in the island of Hoonga which can only be entered by diving into the sea, and has no other light than is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse. There was a tyrannical governor at Vavaoo, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection: it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth, who had found the cavern, and had kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel; he told her the danger in time, and persuaded her to trust herself to him. They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it,—these women swim like mermaids,—she dived after him, and rose in the cavern; in the widest part it is about forty feet, and its medium height is guessed at the same, the roof hung with stalactites. Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her bed, sandal wood oil to perfume herself; here he visited her as often as was consistent with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret, when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependants male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji islands. The intention was so well concealed that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him at the point of their departure if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her, jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his long disappearance, rose with his mistress from the water. This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have to be perfectly delightful,—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returning to Vavaoo enjoyed a long and happy life. This is related as an authentic tradition,—it may be so;—but there are poets in the Tonga islands, and of no ordinary genius, as the following specimen will evince:—We have given it with no other variation from Dr. Martin's idiomatic version than what the English idiom requires, except where we have made it more literal by the help of his own vocabulary:—

Let us walk to Licoo, that we may behold the going down of

the sun: we will listen to the whistling of the birds, and the moaning of the wood-pigeon. We will gather flowers near the precipice at Matawto; we will sit down and share the provisions brought us from Licoo Onë. We will bathe in the sea, and rinse in the Vaoo Aca, and anoint with sweet scented oil; we will string flowers, and plait the *chi* plucked at Matawto. While we are standing upon the precipice at Ana Manoo we will look down breathless upon the distant sea below. As our minds are reflecting the great wind whistles toward us from the great Toa trees in the inland upon the plains. My mind is enlarged beholding the surf below endeavouring in vain to tear away the firm rocks. It is evening; let us go to the Mooa (the town). Hark! I hear the band of the singers. Are they learning a boo-ola (a torch-light dance) for to-night on the *Malai*\* (or lawn) at Tanea? Let us go there. We shall think of our former state when war had not torn our land. Alas,† war is a terrible thing! Behold the land is overgrown with bushes, and heaps of men are sadly dead. Our chiefs are unsettled, they shall not go often alone by moonlight to their mistresses. Let us forbear to think,—how can it be helped that our land is at war! The land of Fiji has brought the war to our land of Tonga, let us then act like the Fiji people. Let us forbear to think, perhaps we may be dead to-morrow. Let us dress with the *chi-coola*, and bind our waists with bands of the *gnatoo*; we will put on coronals of *jiale*-flowers and necklaces of hooni to display our sun-coloured skins. Hear the applause of the many people! Now the *oolu* is ended, and they are distributing the food of the feast. To-morrow let us go to the Mooa. The young men beg eagerly for our wreaths;—this is their flattery: ‘Our women coming from Licoo have no beauty: their sun-coloured skins are not fine! their fragrance is like the hill of Mataloco and Vybooa.’ I am eager to go to Licoo, let us go to-morrow.

The language appears to be singularly sweet: it abounds with vowels more than the Italian, the Greek, or the Welsh; their proportion to the number of consonants being nearly as four to three, and scarcely a single word ends in a consonant. Some of their songs have neither rhyme nor metre, others have both; this is noticed in the manuscript journal before us,—as a specimen the officer wrote down one by ear, although ignorant of its meaning: we insert it in a note,‡ the measure will be apparent to every reader;

Mr.

\* In the Narrative this word is always written Marly; in this place and in the Vocabulary it is spelt as above. We have noticed several little variations of this kind, which no persons will wonder at who have ever considered the difficulty of writing from the ear.

† Their ejaculation may vie in euphony with any of the Greek interjections—it is Oiaooé.

‡ O chicheto—O clíche matta la  
O chicheto—Vetto vala vala—

Keonemar,

Mr. Mariner and Dr. Martin may perhaps be able to arrange the words properly, correct the inaccuracies, and translate it. This writer also, who was well skilled in music, describes in a lively manner their concerts, in which music is combined with dancing.\* They have drums of hollowed wood, about four feet long and one and a half in diameter, each of which is beaten upon by three or four men with sticks; their other instrument is a hollow piece of bamboo, with which they keep time by striking one end against the ground, the orchestra is surrounded by a ring of men singers, 'while the women sing and dance in a circle round all. They generally begin with a single voice in a slow and solemn style, the women marching softly round; this is soon accompanied by an instrument, the other voices and instruments gradually joining till they arrive at the loudest pitch. They then begin by degrees to quicken their time both in music and dancing to the quickest possible. Sometimes in the middle of their career a full stop is made, and the most profound silence observed for about a minute, when out they set again most furiously. In some of their pieces they practise the *diminuendo* in the same degrees of gradation, both with respect to time and noise. The whole is full and musical, mostly in the minor key or flat third, but in so uncommon a style, that I could never get hold of more than a dozen following notes. Their organs and flutes have very little variety, and are never used in their concerts.'

Of all the inhabitants of Polynesia whom Captain Burney had seen, he gives the preference decidedly to the Tonga islanders; a

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Keonemar, keonemar, koar, koar, koar,  
 Keo vahey, keo vahey, kobey, kohey, kohey,  
 To allelelay  
 Ki allubey.

\* There is a dance in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, which both in character and costume bears a striking resemblance to one which Captain Cook describes:—

Full fetis damosellis two,  
 Righte young and full of semely hede,  
 In kirtels and none othir wede,  
 And faire ytressed every tresse,  
 Had Mirthe ydoen for his noblesse  
 Amid the carole for to dauuoe;  
 But hereof lieth no remembraunce  
 Howe that ther daunsed queintely,  
 That one would come all privity  
 Ayen that othre, and when thei ware  
 Together almoste, thei threwe ifere  
 Their mouthis so, that thro their plaie  
 It seemed as ther kist alwaie:  
 To dauncen well couthe ther the gise;  
 What should I more to you devise?  
 Ne bode I never thinnis go  
 Whiles that I sawe hem dauncin so.—v. 776.



great deal is now known of three other groups, the Society Islands, the Sandwich, and the Marquesas; and though we have no information concerning either, which can be compared in fullness and interest to Mr. Mariner's, enough has been obtained to prove the justness of his opinion. The women are much less immodest than in the other islands, and maternal affection exists as strongly in them, as among those nations where the instincts of nature are fostered and strengthened by the sense of duty. This is because, in ordinary times, the women are treated with respect and tenderness, and are therefore, perhaps generally, as strongly attached to their husbands as the wives in Europe. The natives of Fiji, Hamoa, and the Sandwich Islands, who were at Tonga, used to censure the men for suffering the women to lead such easy lives, saying that they ought to work hard, and till the ground, war being sufficient occupation for men. But the Tongans replied that women ought to do such things only as were womenly, and became the tenderness of the sex; the stronger body should perform the harder work. It is, however, to be feared that as the Fiji customs acquire prevalence, and habitual wars are brutalizing their manners, in this point, as in others, they may be rapidly degenerating towards a savage state.

The deference which is paid to the Fiji people, who are the most ferocious of all the Polynesian nations, is not founded wholly upon their celebrity for war. The Tonga islanders go to study surgery among their neighbours, and some tremendous operations are described which they perform with success. In all cases of wounds they are very apprehensive of tetanus, and never permit the patient to wash himself, nor cut his hair, nor his nails, till he is tolerably well recovered, unless the wound is such that it can first be laid completely open. They notice that wounds in the extremities, and more particularly in the feet and hands, are liable to produce this tremendous affection; that any alarm, or sudden noise, will bring it on; and they positively assert that the mere sensation occasioned by cutting the hair or nails has not unfrequently had the same dreadful effect. It occurs very commonly in the Tonga, but still more frequently in the Fiji, where a singular mode of treatment has been invented. The practitioner passes a reed wetted with saliva into the urethra, so as to occasion a considerable irritation and discharge of blood; if the general spasm be very violent, a double thread is looped over the end of the reed, and when the reed is felt in the perinæum, they cut down upon it, seize the thread, and withdrawing then the reed make a seton of the passage, the two ends of the thread hanging from the orifice in the urethra, and the double part from the artificial opening; and they draw it occasionally

occasionally backward and forward, which excites very great pain, and a copious discharge of blood. Mr. Mariner has seen the operation performed; about three or four persons in ten are said to be recovered by the treatment; the Fiji islanders speak of the success as more certain. The same operation is resorted to for wounds in the abdomen, upon a mistaken notion that any extravasated blood in the cavity of the abdomen may thus be carried off through the urethra.

Circumcision is practised here—a fact which bears forcibly against the hypothesis that Polynesia has been originally peopled from America, as Zúñiga attempts to shew. He argues that these islands must have received their first inhabitants from the east, because in the torrid zone the east wind generally prevails, and by that wind Indians from the Palaos are frequently driven to the Philippines; whereas it is not known that any of the Philippine Indians have ever by any accident been drifted to the eastward islands. This writer also thinks that he has discovered some words both in Chili and Patagonia, agreeing with the Tagala, one of the Philippine languages;—the specimens which he has given are very far from establishing this opinion: but he thinks himself authorized to affirm that the Philippines as well as Polynesia were peopled from Chili and Peru. A fact of more importance than any which he has advanced in favour of this most improbable story, is noticed by Captain Burney:—a fermented beverage, similar in its mode of preparation to the *Cava* of the South Sea Islands, is made by the natives of Chili, and by them called *Cawau*;—the same preparation with the same name is found on the opposite coast of South America, among the Tupi tribes in Brazil.

This is undoubtedly a remarkable fact; but it is the only one which might appear to indicate any connection between the Polynesian and American tribes. In no other custom, as far as our reading (which happens to have been directed particularly to that subject) can enable us to judge, is there any resemblance; the superstitions and their national character are totally different; nor is the physical character less so: these two divisions of the world seem to have been peopled by different races. Nor has any thing resembling the Aztec or Toltec antiquities been found in Polynesia. What Zúñiga says of the prevalent winds would bear with great force against a supposition that those islands have been peopled by a succession of accidents; but this supposition is highly improbable, though even a far longer time were allowed for it than has elapsed since the Deluge. Admitting, however,—what we verily believe to be even absurdly improbable,—that in the course of four thousand years so many accidents should have happened as to have peopled all the groups and single islands which lie scattered at

such wide intervals, from the Indian archipelagos to the \* Sandwiches, or to Easter Island; in that case a much greater difference than actually exists would be found in their customs, superstitions, and especially in their relative state of civilization. For it is not imaginable that the chance company of a canoe, driven out to sea, and cast upon a distant island, should carry with them many of the arts of their country, or the means of perpetuating them.—There is decisive proof of a Malay origin, or rather of a common origin with the Malays, in all the Polynesian vocabularies. Even in Madagascar, Captain Burney shows that the numerals are manifestly cognate with those in Sumatra and in Cocos Island. According to our judgment, the South Sea Islands must have been settled as colonies by some forgotten people in the East, who were either so far civilized as to colonize for the purposes of commerce,—or had perhaps attained that higher state in which colonization is pursued without any views of mercantile gain, as necessary for the health and security of the state. The character of their priestcraft, the sacred language which exists in some of these islands, the *Tooi-tonga* of the Tonga islands, and the allegorical mythology, indicate much less than the unequivocal testimony of their dialects, a relation to the East,—the land of allegory and of priestcraft.

The accounts which Captain Burney has collected with such diligence from every accessible source, in all languages, show that the Polynesians when they were first discovered by the Spaniards two centuries ago, were much in the same state as when they were visited by Captain Cook. A lamentable change has taken place since our establishment in New Holland, and since the American and our own whalers have frequented their sea. They have acquired the arms, the vices, and the diseases of Europe in addition to their native stock. But on the other hand, there seems a reasonable assurance that civilization and Christianity have actually taken root in the Society islands. Those missionaries to whose unweariable zeal and admirable perseverance we bore a willing and a grateful testimony when they were insulted by those who sat in the chair of the scorner, are now reaping the fruits of their long labours. They have a school in the island of Eimeo, which is attended by persons of all ages; they have printed Spelling-books, Catechisms, and the New Testament-history in the language of the country, and were printing the Old Testament part of the scrip-

\* In Zúñiga's History of the Philippines, the islands of San Duisk are frequently mentioned, and the translator has not discovered the curious blunder. The Spanish author or his printer has fallen into the unhappy mistake of supposing that *San* must have the same meaning in Sandwich as in Santiago, and have thus created Lord Sandwich a Saint:—a metamorphose quite as extraordinary as that of St. Vitus into a pagan idol.

tural history—their press is at Botany Bay. Many places of idolatrous worship have been destroyed, and some of the priests have literally committed their idols to the flames. The king appears to be a sincere convert. He says in one of his letters—‘Jehovah himself, He it is that causeth the growth of his own word; for that reason it prospers,—it grows exceedingly.’ If the work should proceed here as happily as it has begun, and Christianity with all its accompanying blessings be established firmly in a single island, the converted islanders will soon become objects of envy and imitation. Meantime, as the Missionary Societies extend their views, we hope the Tonga Islands will not be overlooked. A translation of the Gospels might be accomplished in this country, by means of these volumes, with Mr. Mariner’s aid, and the Missionaries would thus be spared whole years of painful labour.

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ART. II.—*Dissertation prefixed to the Supplemental Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, exhibiting a General View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Moral and Political Philosophy in Europe, from the Revival of Letters.* By Dugald Stewart, F. R. S. &c.

WE entertain sentiments of unaffected esteem for the writings of Mr. Stewart, and have taken more than one opportunity of expressing it; nevertheless, as we are aware that our approbation is burthened with more conditions than his professed disciples will probably allow to be reasonable, of course we shall not be disappointed to find, that the justice which we are willing to render him should appear, to many of our readers, somewhat penurious. But those who have studied the science to which he has devoted himself, in other writings as well as in his, will we trust acquit us of any wilful partiality. We cheerfully acknowledge the many amiable qualities discernible in every thing that he has written: *Quis enim neget illum bonum virum et comem et humanum fuisse?—De ingenio ejus in hisce disputationibus, non de moribus, quaritur;* our difference with him is upon matters of opinion; not because we are prepossessed in favour of the tenets of any other writer, but for reasons, the validity of which our readers have an opportunity of judging.

His writings are evidently the production of a superior man, whose taste has been cultivated by much and various reading; and they have served to embellish the dry department of knowledge which he has taken under his protection, with graces of which metaphysics had never before been thought susceptible. We are

far from undervaluing the importance of this service; but still we must be permitted to say, that we feel doubtful whether the science be proportionably indebted to him for many of those more substantial improvements which, after all, are what, in its present stage, it most requires. In fact, although Mr. Stewart is endowed in a remarkable degree with some of the qualities which are essential to the character of a fine writer, yet compared with any of the great names in philosophy, we cannot bring ourselves to look upon him as a powerful reasoner. Independently of the errors which we conceive to be mixed up with the very conception which he has formed of the proper aim of metaphysical philosophy, —a subject briefly touched upon on a former occasion, and respecting which we may hereafter take an opportunity of saying something more,—he does not appear to us to manage his argument, such as it is, with any extraordinary dexterity. His conclusions do not always follow with exactness from his premises; and when it is otherwise, we think they seldom possess so much importance as he commonly supposes. To speak more explicitly, he is generally too fond of *skirmishing* with his adversaries; instead of grappling with the strength of his subject, he always seems to be desirous of bringing the matter to issue by *affairs of posts*; even when he is successful in this or that particular opinion, if indeed we may speak from our own experience, we rise from his writings without any settled knowledge of his views or any material changes being effected in the original position of our general principles.

But then, on the other hand, there is a warmth and animation in his manner, which, even in the bleakest and most barren parts of his subject, seems never to desert him; and combined as this fine quality is, with a rich imagination and a very great command of words, it imparts to his productions a character of eloquence, such as mere didactic works are not generally found to possess.—It is, however, a sort of eloquence which, as it seems to us, belongs more properly to oratory than to philosophy; emanating apparently from his own feelings rather than from the nature of the subject, and having commonly more dependence upon the qualities of his diction than upon the greatness or real importance of his ideas.

This, unquestionably, is a considerable merit; it is one, however, which, of itself, cannot be supposed to carry a man far in subjects that are only valuable on account of the useful truths to which they may be expected to lead; and accordingly, we do not find that the publications of Mr. Stewart have met with that extensive circulation, which the popular nature of his talents would appear, in other respects, so well calculated to have ensured them. In truth, we cannot help thinking that our excellent author has, in some degree, mis-

misunderstood the real character of his genius, in devoting himself to so abstruse a branch of the science of the human mind, as logic. In the investigation of the theory of taste, or of morals, in short, in any of the graver departments of polite literature, we feel persuaded that his success, flattering as it has been upon the whole, would have been much more marked and extensive.—As it is, we think we have had occasion to observe, that the number of his readers is not quite so great as that of his admirers; and even the former seem, as far as we can judge, to take up his writings quite as much from an opinion as to the extraordinary merit of his style, as with a view to any profit which they expect to derive from his philosophical speculations.

It may, perhaps, partly be in consequence of our particular views upon the subject of metaphysical philosophy, that we confess this last to be our own case. Nevertheless the pleasure which we receive from Mr. Stewart's style is by no means so unmingled, as that we could venture to recommend it to our readers as a model for their imitation; because, as it is absolutely without simplicity, it is not of the highest class of excellence; nor does it furnish the purest or most faultless specimen even of the class to which it belongs. Mr. Stewart's language is rich and copious, but it is, generally speaking, singularly deficient in exactness and precision. And although his phrases are, with a few exceptions, pure and such as are used by good writers, yet his general manner of expressing himself seems to be founded rather upon the general principles of grammar, than upon the nice idiom of a spoken language. We shall perhaps be thought fastidious in what we are going to add; but we feel something that we desire and miss, even in that dignified elegance and urbanity of manner, by which his writings are distinguished. The fact is, it is too dignified; too reserved and sustained. Moreover, our author's periods, though judiciously constructed for the most part, are far too slow and measured, and not unfrequently far too rhythmical; this last we must take an opportunity of saying is among the greatest faults which any style can possess, though not unusually mistaken for a beauty, particularly among the Scottish writers of English; who from want of practice in the colloquial prosody of the language, or from what other cause we know not, (except indeed it be that which Cicero gives,) seem to be possessed with an idea, that a way of speaking which would not be tolerated in conversation even upon the gravest subjects, nor be approved by persons of taste even in the pulpit or at the bar, forms nevertheless the very perfection of what is commonly called fine writing. *Itaque Caria et Phrygia et Mysia, quod minime politæ minimeque elegantes sunt, adsciverunt suis auribus*

*auribus opimum quoddam et tanquam adipata dictionis genus, quod Rhodi nunquam probaverunt, Græci autem nullo minus, Athenienses vero funditus repudiaverunt.*

Having said thus much respecting the merits of Mr. Stewart's writings in general, we now come to the consideration of the work itself. Our author styles it 'A Dissertation exhibiting a general View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy, since the Revival of Letters in Europe.'—It is, in general, exceedingly light reading, and we have derived from it some profit and more amusement; we confess, however, that had it not been for the information which he gives us in the title-page, we should have been rather puzzled had we been questioned as to the precise object for which we supposed it to be intended. It appears to us a sort of 'perambulation of learning' from which we come away, if we may be allowed to continue the metaphor, without remembering much more than that we have had a very pleasant walk, in company with a very sensible companion, during which we met with many agreeable persons whom we had no expectation of seeing so much of, and others again, whom we might more reasonably have hoped to see a good deal more. The remarks which our author makes upon each as they successively appear before him, are often just and entertaining; yet we own that in general they seem to be merely insulated criticisms upon the literary merits of individuals, for which a proper place might have been found in the body of the work, but which might, in a great variety of instances, have been omitted without inconvenience, in a work professing to give merely a synoptical view of the progress of human opinion in general.

In the plan which Mr. Stewart has adopted, if he has not consulted his *strength* he has at least consulted his *ease*: for supposing a person to have the requisite talent and information, the task which our author has performed is one which, with the assistance of the historical abstracts of Buhle or Tenneman, cannot be supposed to have required any very laborious meditation. Had our author tried his strength with D'Alembert, indeed, it would have been another matter. The object which he attempted in his preface to the French Encyclopædia was one of exceeding difficulty; and on that account quite beyond his powers; which, except in mathematics, were only moderate. But a philosophical account of the objects and limits of speculative science; of the relation in which the various branches of it stand towards each other; of the progress which each has made; of the causes by which their further advancement has been respectively retarded; of their present state; and of the problems which still remain undiscussed or undetermined; is a desideratum in philosophy which it would have given  
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us pleasure to find the eloquent pen of Mr. Stewart employed in supplying, but which we willingly admit he is not to be blamed for not having attempted on the present occasion. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* is assuredly a very useful work, and we make no doubt that the supplementary volumes with which it is now proposed to complete it, will be respectably prepared; but we think that Mr. Stewart, in contributing, by way of a preface to it, the popular and, in many parts, able essay, which we are now examining, has performed quite as much, or even more than either the public or his employers had any right to expect.

We are informed in the Advertisement prefixed to the first volume of the Supplement already published, that the 'Dissertation,' before us, 'forms the first of a series of similar discourses, with one of which each volume in the work will commence; and whose object is to exhibit a rapid view of the progress made since the revival of letters, first in those branches of knowledge which relate to *Mind*, and next in those which relate to *Matter*. In so far as regards the philosophy of mind and its kindred branches, this historical sketch is brought down in the present *dissertation* to the beginning of the last century; and the inquiry will be concluded in another dissertation to be prefixed to the *third* volume. The *second* volume will commence with a similar view of the progress of the mathematical and physical sciences during the same period, by Professor Playfair; who will in like manner conclude the history of these sciences in another discourse to be given with the fourth volume. This series will be concluded by a dissertation on the history of chemical discovery and chemical theory, by Mr. William Thomas Brande, to be prefixed to the *last* volume.'

We have made this extract merely for the purpose of acquainting our readers with the matter of fact which it contains; but we cannot resist a temptation to observe, that both the division which is here made of human knowledge and the order in which the various dissertations are to be given to the world seem to be exceedingly arbitrary. We shall not however stop to examine the grounds of these arrangements but proceed to the consideration of our author's Dissertation.

He informs us at the conclusion of his Preface, that the sciences to which he means to confine his observations are 'metaphysics, ethics and political philosophy;' and he commences his labours by reviewing, in a rapid way, the effect produced on all these branches of human knowledge by the discovery of the Pandects, the revival of letters, the Reformation, and other subsidiary causes. Our author's remarks upon these subjects are all of them sensible, and expressed with liveliness; which upon a subject that has been so much and so often trodden is all that it was possible to perform. A large portion however of his first chapter is taken up with an expo-

expo-



exposition of the mischievous effects which he supposes the writings of Machiavel to have produced upon the political morals of Europe in the age immediately subsequent to that in which he lived. We have not leisure for entering upon an examination of the particular grounds on which our author builds the opinions he entertains upon this subject, but we cannot help thinking that he refines not a little in attributing so much of the political character of the time in which Machiavel wrote to the causes which he assigns. It would, we believe, be much more safe to explain the depraved morality of Machiavel's writings by the peculiar circumstances of the age and country in which he lived. The political maxims which prevailed among the petty states of Italy during the fifteenth century will be found recorded and reduced into a sort of theory of government in the 'Prince;' but to suppose that this work was materially instrumental in introducing them to *practice* is, we conceive, mistaking the effect for the cause. A much better explanation of the wicked principles of politics which spread from Italy over a great part of Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries will be found by comparing the history of those times with the remarks which Thucydides makes in his third book upon the Machiavelism which wars and continued dissensions had created in Greece at the period in which he wrote.

Before we quit this chapter, we cannot avoid noticing the silence of our author respecting the influence which the revival of Greek literature in Europe exercised upon the metaphysical taste of the times immediately following. It is indeed true, as he remarks, that no substantial improvement took place in the science itself in consequence of that event; nevertheless, the changes which it produced were sufficiently remarkable, in a literary point of view, fully to deserve notice in any historical sketch of the subject. To commence the history of metaphysics, as our author may be said to do, with the writings of Bacon, is not without inconvenience. So many of his opinions, and so many particular passages in his works, can only be fully explained by reference to the metaphysical notions that prevailed at the time in which he lived, that a person altogether unacquainted with these will necessarily be liable to misunderstand sometimes the scope of his philosophy. The metaphysical science which at present exists is not among the number of modern inventions; it has been handed down, in regular descent, from the times of Grecian philosophy; question has begotten question, and opinion has begotten opinion, in such a way, that in order to understand the metaphysics of one age it will commonly be found necessary to know something of the metaphysics of the age immediately preceding. However, as we have no room for supplying the omission of Mr. Stewart respecting the state of the metaphysical sciences

sciences at the period when Bacon began to write, we shall follow our author's steps and proceed with him to the second chapter, the subject of which is the state of philosophy 'from the publication of Bacon's philosophical works till that of the Essay on the Human Understanding.'

*Ego cum me ad utilitates humanas natum existimarem, says Bacon in his Fragment De Interp. Nat. et curam reipublicæ inter ea esse, quæ publici sunt juris, et velut undam aut auram omnibus patere interpretarer, et quid hominibus maxime conducere posset quæsi, et ad quid ipse a natura optimè factus essem deliberavi—me ipsum autem ad veritatis contemplationes, quam ad alia magis fabricatum deprehendi; ut qui mentem et ad rerum similitudinem (quod maximum est) agnoscendam, satis mobilem, et ad differentiarum subtilitates satis fixam et intentam haberem, qui et quærendi desiderium, et dubitandi patientiam, et meditandi voluptatem, et asserendi cunctationem, et resipiscendi facilitatem, et disponendi solitudinem tenerem; quique nec novitatem affectarem, nec antiquitatem admirarer, et omnem imposturam odissem.* We know not that among all the many long and laboured panegyrics which we have met with upon Bacon's character as a writer any one is to be found more just or better discriminated than this which we have extracted from his own works. The tone, indeed, in which he talks of himself and of the qualities of his genius, is somewhat high, considering who it is that speaks; but he attributes to himself nothing more than he really possessed; for he was truly a man of admirable wisdom; with all his moral errors a sincere lover of mankind, and with all his intellectual errors sincerely zealous for truth.

But the soundness of an author's philosophical opinions is not always proportioned to the greatness of his genius; and accordingly, although we profess as much veneration for the powers of Bacon's mind as Mr. Stewart himself can well be supposed to feel, and possibly not less admiration for his writings, yet we cannot but think that when our author rests the fame of Bacon upon the superior knowledge, which he supposes his works to display, of the *proper objects of philosophy* and of the *resources and limits of the human understanding*, it is placing them precisely in the least favourable point of view in which they can well be looked at. No doubt there are many observations upon this subject scattered through Bacon's writings which, taken separately, reflect great credit upon his good sense; but we are now speaking of his philosophical views in general; and these are manifestly so loose, wavering and erroneous, that when we hear Mr. Stewart perpetually talking of the *Baconian school*, and the *Baconian logic*, and describing his own particular doctrines in philosophy as modelled upon Bacon's precepts, by way of contradistinction from those who profess to be followers of Locke

Locke in philosophy, we should sometimes be tempted to suspect, did we not know the unimpeachable integrity of Mr. Stewart's opinions, that he and Dr. Reid were merely availing themselves of Bacon's venerable name, (to use an expression of this last,) *vice licitorum aut viatorum, ad summovendam turbam ut dogmatibus suis viam aperirent.*

'The merits of Bacon,' says our author, 'as the father of experimental philosophy, are so universally acknowledged that it would be superfluous to touch upon them here. The lights which he has struck out in various branches of the philosophy of mind have been much less attended to; although the whole scope and tenour of his speculations show, that to *this* study his genius was far more strongly and happily turned than to that of the material world. It was not as some seem to have imagined, by sagacious anticipation of particular discoveries, that his writings have had so powerful an influence in accelerating the advancement of that science. In the extent and accuracy of his *physical* knowledge, he was far inferior to many of his predecessors; but he surpassed them all in his knowledge of the laws, the resources, and the limits of the human understanding. The sanguine expectations with which he looked forwards to the future were founded solely in his confidence in the untried capacities of the mind; and on a conviction of the possibility of invigorating and guiding by logical rules those faculties, which, in all our researches after truth, are the organs or instruments to be employed. "Such rules," as he himself has observed, "do in some sort equal man's wits, and leave no great advantage in pre-eminence to the excellent notions of the spirit. To draw a straight line, or to describe a circle by aim of hand only, there must be a great difference between an unsteady and unpractised hand, and a steady and practised; but to do it by rule or compass, it is much alike."

'Nor is it merely as a logician that Bacon is entitled to notice on the present occasion. It would be difficult to name another writer prior to Locke whose works are enriched with so many valuable observations on the intellectual phenomena. Among these the most valuable relate to the laws of memory and imagination; *the latter of which subjects he seems to have studied with peculiar care.* In one short but beautiful paragraph concerning poetry, (under which title may be comprehended all the various creations of this faculty,) he has exhausted every thing that philosophy and good sense have yet had to offer on what has since been called the *beau ideal*; a topic which has furnished occasion to so many false refinements among the French critics, and to so much extravagance and mysticism in the *cloud-capt* metaphysics of the new German school. In considering imagination as connected with the nervous system, more particularly as connected with that species of sympathy to which medical writers have given the name of *imitation*, he has suggested some very important hints which none of his successors have hitherto prosecuted; and has at the same time left an example of cautious inquiry worthy to be studied by all who may attempt to investigate the laws regulating the union between Mind and Body. His illustration of the different classes

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of prejudice incident to human nature is, in point of practical utility at least, equal to any thing on that head to be found in Locke; of whom it is impossible to forbear remarking, as a circumstance not easily explicable, that he should have resumed this important discussion without once mentioning the name of his great predecessor.—The improvement made by Locke, in the further prosecution of the argument, is the application of Hobbes's theory of association to explain in what manner these prejudices are originally generated.

‘In Bacon’s scattered hints on topics connected with the philosophy of the mind, strictly so called, *nothing is more remarkable than the precise and just idea they display of the proper aim of this science.* He had manifestly reflected much and carefully on the operations of his own understanding, and had studied with uncommon sagacity the intellectual character of others. Of his reflections and observations on both subjects, he has recorded many important results; and has in general stated them, *without the slightest reference to any physiological theory concerning their causes, or to any analogical explanations founded on the caprices of metaphorical language.* If on some occasions he assumes the existence of *animal spirits* as the medium of communication between soul and body, it must be remembered that this was then the universal belief of the learned; and that it was at a much later period not less confidently avowed by Locke. Nor ought it to be overlooked (I mention it to the credit of both authors) that in such instances the *fact* is commonly so stated as to render it easy for the reader to detach it from the *theory*. As to the scholastic questions concerning the *nature and essence of mind*,—*whether it be extended or unextended? whether it have any relation to space or to time? or whether (as was contended by others) it exist in every ubi but in no place?* Bacon has uniformly passed them over in silent contempt; and has probably contributed not less effectually to bring them into general discredit, by this indirect intimation of his own opinion, than if he had descended to the ungrateful task of exposing their absurdity.

‘While Bacon, however, so cautiously avoids these unprofitable discussions about the nature of mind, he decidedly states his conviction, that the *faculties* of man differ not merely in degree but in kind, from the instincts of brutes. “I do not therefore,” he observes on one occasion, “approve of that confused and promiscuous method in which philosophers are accustomed to treat of pneumatologys, as if the human soul ranked above those of brutes, merely like the sun above the stars, or like gold above other metals.”’—p. 52.

Our author then proceeds to quote Bacon’s remark upon the mutual influence which thought and language exercise over each other, and upon the dependence which subsists between them. Having attributed to the views of Bacon upon this subject quite as much importance as they are entitled to, and unadverted upon the *capital error* into which he falls, by inferring from the more artificial construction of the ancient languages, that ‘the human intellect was much more acute and subtle in ancient, than it is now in modern times,’ Mr. Stewart concludes his long eulogium of Bacon’s

Bacon's opinions concerning the science of the mind, by summarily observing that,—

‘It would be endless to particularize the original suggestions thrown out by Bacon on topics connected with the science of mind. The few passages of this sort already quoted, are produced merely as specimens of the rest. They are by no means selected as the most important in his writings; but as they happened to be those that left the strongest impression on my memory, I thought them as likely as any other to invite the curiosity of my readers to a careful examination of the rich mine from which they are selected.’—p. 54.

We have given the above passage at length, in order that upon a question about which we differ very widely from Mr. Stewart, we might place ourselves above all suspicion of having garbled or misrepresented his sentiments. The decision of it is perhaps of no material importance in a philosophical point of view; nevertheless, as our author is on all occasions holding up Bacon as the model whom metaphysical writers should emulate, it may perhaps be not without use to examine under what conditions this advice should be received.

Now we are willing to allow that the hints which Mr. Stewart has extracted from Bacon's writings as ‘specimens’ of the soundness of his metaphysical opinions in general, display perfectly good sense; though we confess, at the same time, that we do not thoroughly understand the reason of that profuse admiration which they would appear to have excited in our author's mind. But be this as it may, we think it will be admitted, that however wise the remarks in question may be, they belong more properly to the *practice* than to the *theory* of our knowledge, and might have been made in the first instance, or afterwards acquiesced in, by a person who might nevertheless entertain very erroneous notions respecting the nature of the mind itself, and of that science of which mind is the object; and consequently that when Mr. Stewart praises his author for the *surpassing knowledge which his writings display of the laws, the resources and the limits of the human understanding*, and for the *precise and just ideas which they evince of the proper aim of the science of the mind*; even supposing this praise to be ever so justly deserved in point of fact, yet the propriety of it is by no means proved by the particular instances which he adduces. If Mr. Stewart or our readers continue of a different opinion, it will not be difficult to bring the matter to issue by a reference to the writings of Bacon himself.

Mr. Stewart praises his author for having avoided all *physiological theories respecting the causes of the intellectual phenomena*, (with an exception to his hasty acquiescence in the received opinion concerning the operation of *animal spirits*.)—Let us hear Bacon himself—‘The faculties of the soul,’ says he, *De Aug. lib. iv. c. iii.*  
‘are

'are well known: viz. the understanding, reason, imagination, memory, appetite, will, and all those wherewith logic and ethics are concerned. In the doctrine of the soul, the *origin* of these faculties must be *physically* treated, as they may be innate or adhering to the soul.' What we are to understand by the word 'physically' he explains on more than one occasion; for example, lib. iv. c. i. he tells us, 'that among these doctrines of union, or consent of soul and body, there is none more necessary, than an inquiry into the *proper seat and habitation of each faculty of the soul in the body and its organs*. Some indeed have prosecuted this subject; but all usually delivered upon it, is either controverted or slightly examined; so as to require more pains and accuracy. The opinion of Plato, which seats the *understanding in the brain, courage in the heart, and sensuality in the liver*, should neither be totally rejected nor fondly received.'

Again our author tells us, that 'as to the scholastic questions concerning the nature and essence of mind, whether it be extended or unextended,' and so on, 'Bacon has uniformly passed them over in silent contempt.' With what propriety this can be said, our readers shall judge; only premising, that in the language of the schools, *extended, divisible, and separable*, as applied to matter and mind, are generally used as parallel expressions. In the very same chapter of the book, nay in the very passage immediately following that which our author has quoted, respecting the promiscuous manner in which philosophers treat of the souls of men and brutes, we find the following words:—'The doctrine of the inspired substance (by which we must understand the *sentient* part of our nature) as also of the rational soul, comprehends several inquiries, with relation to its *nature*; as whether the soul be *native or adventitious, separable or inseparable*, and the like? But the points of this kind, though they might be more thoroughly sifted in philosophy than hitherto they have been, yet in the end they must be turned over to religion.—But in the doctrine of the sensitive or produced soul; even its *substance* may be justly inquired into; though this inquiry seems hitherto wanting: for of what significance are the terms of *actus ultimus, forma corporis*, and such logical trifles, to the knowledge of the soul's substance? The sensitive soul must be allowed a corporeal substance, attenuated by heat, and rendered invisible; as a subtle breath, or *aura*, of a flaming and airy nature, having the softness of air in receiving impressions, and the activity of fire in exerting its action; nourished partly by an oily and partly by a watery substance,' and so forth.—Lib. iv. c. iii. So much for the 'uniformly silent contempt' with which Mr. Stewart thinks Bacon has so 'cautiously avoided unprofitable discussions about the nature of mind.'

Another topic of praise, is the *peculiar care* with which he fancies his author to have studied the subject of 'Imagination' as connected with the nervous system, more particularly as connected with that species of *sympathy* to which medical writers have given the name of imitation. In addition to the instances adduced by Mr. Stewart in his note, we might add the following, of the merits of which our readers may, if they are so inclined, make experiment. 'There be many things that work upon the spirits of man by secret *sympathy and antipathy*: the virtues of precious stones worn about the person have been anciently and generally received; and curiously assigned to work several effects. So much is true; that stones have in them fine spirits, as appeareth by their splendour; and therefore they may work by consent upon the spirits of men to comfort and exhilarate them.' Again he tells us, that 'there are divers sorts of bracelets fit to comfort the spirits; and they be of three intentions—refrigerant, corroborant, and aperient,' and proceeds to point out which sort is best adapted for each of these purposes. We shall adduce only one instance more, out of *some hundreds* to be found in his Natural History, in illustration of the justness which our author is pleased to discover in Bacon's views upon the subject of Imagination. 'The writers of natural magic,' says he, 'report that the heart of an ape worn near the heart, comforteth the heart and increaseth audacity. It is true that the ape is a merry and bold beast. And the same heart likewise of an ape applied to the neck or head, helpeth the wit, and is good for the falling sickness; the ape also is a witty beast and hath a dry brain, which may be some cause of attenuation of vapours in the head. Yet it is said to move dreams also. It may be the heart of a man would do more, but that it is more against men's minds to use it; except it be in such as wear the relics of saints.'—Nat. Hist. Cent. x.

But the topic on which Mr. Stewart chiefly dwells, both in the present and on former occasions, while panegyρίζing the philosophy of Bacon, is the respect which it pays to the '*limits, the laws and resources of the human understanding*;' and this we cannot help thinking is by much the most extraordinary topic of any which he has selected. There is scarcely a page in the *Novum Organon*, that does not furnish a contradiction to it; and as to Bacon's Miscellaneous Philosophical Works, one might almost suppose that they were written in express refutation of it. In the summary which Bacon himself gives of what he conceives ought to be the objects of philosophical inquiry, are the following; and we select those which he principally dwells upon in his works: '*The prolongation of life: the restitution of youth in some degree: the retardation of age: the altering of statures: the altering of features: versions of bodies into other bodies: making of new species: im-*  
*pressions*'

*pressions of the air and raising tempests: greater pleasures of the senses, &c.* So little indeed can Bacon be considered as having risen in any great degree above the age in which he lived, with respect to his views as to the proper *aim of philosophy*, or the *proper limits of the human understanding*, that he even goes so far in his 'Natural History' as to give us *formal receipts* for the making of gold, and performing many of the other prodigies which he enumerates, all which he tells us, he judges very possible.—See Nat. Hist. cent. iv. s. 326. Mr. Stewart we know will say, that these errors ought to be charged upon the age in which Bacon lived; and to a certain extent this is true; but, we fear, that after all allowances have been made, still some degree of blame will necessarily adhere to him. For, with the exception of the disciples of Raymond Lully and Jordano Bruno, the extravagant speculations in which Bacon wished to embark philosophy, had long been abandoned by sober inquirers. He himself complains of it; and designates such persons as *ignavi regionum exploratores, qui ubi nihil nisi pontum et cælum vident, terras ultra esse prorsus negant*. So far indeed was he from ascertaining the proper aim and boundaries of genuine science, that instead of hailing with approbation or applause the discoveries which the Italian astronomers, by means of the telescope, were every day adding to the stock of real knowledge, he writes to his friend Matthews, desiring him 'to tell the astronomers of Italy to amuse us less with their fabulous and foolish traditions, and come nearer the experiments of sense; and tell us that when all the planets, except the moon, are beyond the line in the other hemisphere for six months together, we must needs have a cold winter, as we saw it was last year.' Now we can easily comprehend, as we before observed, how a person having embraced an erroneous theory concerning the nature and proper objects of science, should nevertheless be capable of making many sound practical observations such as Mr. Stewart alludes to in the long extract given above; but we think our readers will agree with us in thinking that the *description* of errors which the passages we have selected contain, are such as no person could possibly have fallen into, whose 'knowledge of the laws, and limits, and resources of the human understanding' was so profound as our author supposes Bacon's to have been. It may also be useful to remark, that these errors were not mere excrescences that grew upon the views which Bacon entertained upon the subject of philosophy; as a very brief account of these views will easily shew.

Bacon divides natural philosophy into two parts; the *first* consists in the investigation of *causes*; the *second*, in the production of *effects*; the *causes* to be investigated are either final or formal *causes*, or else material and efficient causes. The former consti-



tutes what Bacon calls metaphysics; the latter, what he understands by physics. This *last* Bacon looks upon as a branch of philosophy very inferior in point of dignity and importance to the other; and accordingly, to ascertain the most probable means of improving our knowledge in *metaphysics*, that is to say, in the *science of formal causes* (for he banishes the investigation of *final causes* as barren of advantage) is the great object which he proposes to himself in the *Novum Organon*. To give an exact definition of the meaning which Bacon attaches to the phrase, *formal causes*, is rather difficult; because his language upon this subject is uncertain in a very remarkable degree; we shall, however, be able to collect his meaning with sufficient accuracy for our present purposes, by considering of what nature those *effects* were, to which he expected that a knowledge of these causes would lead.—‘*Physics*,’ says he, ‘directs us through narrow, rugged paths, in imitation of the crooked ways of ordinary nature; but he that understands a *form*, knows the ultimate possibility of superinducing that nature upon all kinds of matter:’ that is to say, as he himself interprets this last expression, is able to superinduce the nature of gold upon silver, and to perform all those other marvels to which the alchemists pretended. The error of these last, as he is at great pains to convince us, did not consist in proposing to themselves things impossible to accomplish, but in hoping to arrive at their ends by fabulous and fantastical methods. Agreeably to this view of the subject, one leading object of the first part of his *Instauratio Magna* is to point out the necessity of resorting to more effectual and practicable methods of ascertaining the *formal causes* on which depend the effects he hopes to produce; and the *Novum Organon* (which forms the second part of his *Instauratio*) consists altogether of a set of logical rules for conducting the investigation. That the rules which he lays down, are wise and salutary *with reference to physics*, and such as do infinite credit to his acuteness, we are happy to admit; how far we are indebted to them for the rapid progress which these last sciences have made subsequent to the times of Bacon, is a question about which it is difficult to form an explicit opinion. But this we think is sufficiently clear, that if Bacon is to be allowed any considerable share in the honours which modern experimentalists have acquired, he may in many respects be compared to the husbandman in *Æsop’s* fable: ‘Who when he died told his sons that he had left them gold buried under ground in his vineyard; and they digged all over the ground, and gold they found none; but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines, they had a great vintage the year following.’

We have expatiated so largely upon the opinions which Mr.  
Stewart

Stewart holds, respecting Bacon's metaphysical merits, that it is not in our power to enter into any detailed examination of the judgment which he passes upon the services that Bacon has rendered to political and ethical science. Indeed our sentiments upon this subject so entirely coincide with Mr. Stewart's, that we could do little more than repeat and enlarge upon the very just observations which he has made; and expressed much better than we could hope to do. If we have any thing to desire (we do not say to blame) in this part of our author's essay, it is that, in the attention which he bestows upon the merits of Bacon, he has not spoken more of his rich imagination, his powerful wit, and the penetrating wisdom which he displays upon that useful, and, to the greater number of persons, most interesting of all subjects, commonly called the *world*. This last appears to us to have been the characteristic quality of Bacon's genius; and which he carried with him to the consideration of every subject to which he directed his thoughts.\* For, as we may partly perceive in those remarks which our author quotes from his works, it was *men* rather than *things* that he had studied, the mistakes of *philosophers* rather than the errors of *philosophy*. In fact, he was no lover of abstract reasoning; his writings are indeed full of refined and most acute observations, but it seldom requires any effort of reason on our part to apprehend their wisdom. His judgments are commonly delivered *ex cathedra*; or if he endeavours to elucidate them, it is by simile and illustration and pointed animadversion, more than by direct and appropriate arguments. No doubt, the qualities which we are now attributing to him, are of a high order; and in the degree in which he possessed them, much more rare and valuable than a mere talent for general reasoning; this last, however, is absolutely indispensable in philosophy; it admits of no substitute, and the want of it is so marked in Bacon's philosophical writings, that whatever merits they may possess, considered as a map in which the relative position of the sciences is noted down, or however useful they may be with reference to the many sound practical remarks which they may contain, upon the various mistakes and prejudices to which mankind are liable; yet

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\* "“I remember,” says he, (Sir Joshua Reynolds) “Mr. Burke, speaking of the Essays of Sir Francis Bacon, said he thought them the best of his works.” Dr. Johnson was of opinion “that their excellence and their value consisted in their being observations of a strong mind operating upon life; and in consequence you find there what you seldom find in other works.”—*Some account of Sir Joshua Reynolds, prefixed to Malone's Edition of his Discourses*, p. xxviii.

We are glad to be able to defend our opinions concerning the inferior merits of Bacon's philosophical writings compared with his other works, from the charge of singularity or presumption, by sheltering ourselves under the authority of such names as Burke and Johnson.

to speak of them in the unqualified terms of admiration which Mr. Stewart is in the habit of using, to place them in a higher or even in the same rank as the philosophical writings of Locke, affords only another instance to shew how necessary it is for us to be upon our guard against the eloquence and imagination of a writer, in questions that do not properly fall within their provinces. Had Bacon possessed no more imagination than Locke, or had Locke possessed all the imagination of Bacon, the *philosophical* merits of each would have remained the same; but how different would have been the respective judgment which Mr. Stewart passes! And here our excellent author must excuse us for saying, that we think we have perceived both in his writings and in those of Dr. Reid, a studious design, we will not say of detracting from the reputation of Locke, but certainly of very greatly lessening the praise to which his writings have hitherto, both in this country and abroad, been thought entitled.\* But we dare not trust ourselves upon this subject at present; the singular veneration, not to call it gratitude, which we feel for a writer, to whose works we think ourselves indebted for more valuable improvement than to any single human production, would otherwise lead us into a discussion which will be more properly placed in our examination of the sequel, which our author promises us, to the present Dissertation. In the mean time we shall keep the road which he himself has taken.

The next succession of writers who pass in review, are Hobbes, Cudworth, Montaigne, Charron, De la Rochefoucauld. With respect to the first of these, Mr. Stewart very justly remarks, 'that it is only by considering Hobbes's opinions in connection with the

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\* It would be easy to verify what we have here said from other parts of Mr. Stewart's writings; but the following note is, we think, sufficiently characteristic of his sentiments. Mr. Stewart is, in general, so profuse in his applause of common-place writers, that his liberality savours sometimes even of affectation: the extract, however, will shew that he can, when he pleases, be more discriminating. In a letter of Warburton's to Hurd, a comparison is instituted between the merits of Locke and Malebranche. After noticing the comparative neglect into which the writings of the latter had gradually fallen, Warburton continues—'But the sage Locke supported himself by no system on the one hand, nor on the other did he dishonour himself by any whimsies. The consequence of which was, that neither following the fashion, nor striking the imagination, he, at first, had neither followers nor admirers; but every where clear and every where solid, he at length worked his way, and afterwards was subject to no reverses. He was not affected by the new fashions in philosophy, who leaned upon none of the old; nor did he afford ground for the after-attacks of envy and folly by any fanciful hypothesis, which, when grown stale, are the most nauseous of all things.'

'The foregoing reflections,' says Mr. Stewart, 'on the opposite fates of these two philosophers, do honour, on the whole, to Warburton's penetration; but the unqualified panegyric on Locke will be now very generally allowed to furnish an additional example of that "national spirit which," according to Hume, "forms the greatest happiness of the English, and leads them to bestow on all their eminent writers such praises and acclamations as may often appear partial and excessive."'—p. 122.

circumstances of the times and the fortunes of the writer, that a just notion can be formed of their spirit and tendency.' The extraordinary interest which the political writings of Hobbes excited in his own age, arose almost entirely from the political events by which the minds of men were then agitated. Now, that his opinions possess no other interest except what they derive from their intrinsic value, they are deservedly fallen into neglect; nor can it be the wish of those who are friends to religion and rational liberty, to recal them into notice. In other respects, however, his writings are entitled to some consideration: he was a man of a powerful and penetrating understanding, and as Mr. Stewart, with an unwonted familiarity of expression observes, 'even when he thinks most unsoundly himself, has that power of *setting his readers a-thinking*, which is one of the most unequivocal marks of original genius.' The great antagonist of Hobbes, in his own age, was Cudworth; it is principally against the philosophical opinions of the former that the ponderous artillery of the treatise of *Immutable Morality* and the *Intellectual System* was directed. But those who have ceased to think about the opinions of the *Philosopher of Malmesbury*, are still less likely to think much about Cudworth's refutation of them. Respecting the works of this last, indeed, we cannot speak with confidence; we have made more than one attempt upon them, but always found ourselves in a short time so suffocated with learning, and blinded with the dust and rubbish of the Alexandrine philosophy, that we were fain to desist. Mr. Stewart, however, tells us, that some gold may nevertheless be found in Cudworth's writings; and we have, in fact, no doubt, that those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the ancient theories, will really find in him much that is valuable.

From Cudworth our author passes to the continent; and the first writer whom we find him noticing is Montaigne; in considering whose writings, Mr. Stewart says—

'I need scarcely say that I leave entirely out of the account what constitutes (and justly constitutes) to the generality of readers, the principal charm of his Essays; the good nature, humanity, and unaffected sensibility which so irresistibly attach us to his character,—lending, it must be owned, but too often, a fascination to his *talk*, when he cannot be recommended as the safest of companions. Nor do I lay much stress on the inviting frankness and vivacity with which he unbosoms himself about all his domestic habits and concerns; and which render his book so expressive a portrait, not only of the author but of the Gascon country gentleman two hundred years ago. I have in view chiefly the minuteness and good faith of his details concerning his own personal qualities, both intellectual and moral. The only study that seems ever to have engaged his attention, was that of *man*; and for this he was singularly

gularly fitted by a rare combination of that talent for observation which belongs to men of the world, with those habits of abstracted reflexion, which men of the world have commonly so little disposition to cultivate. "I study myself," says he, "more than any other subject; this is my metaphysic, this is my natural philosophy." He has accordingly produced a work *unique* in its kind; valuable in an eminent degree, as an authentic record of many interesting facts relative to human nature; but more valuable by far, as holding up a mirror in which every individual, if he does not see his own image, will at least occasionally perceive so many traits of resemblance to it, as can scarcely fail to incite his curiosity to a more careful review of himself. In this respect, Montaigne's writings may be regarded in the light of what painters call *études*; in other words, of those slight sketches which were originally designed for the amusement or improvement of the artist; but which, on that account, are the more likely to be useful in developing the germs of similar endowments in others.'—76.

We do not exactly see the connection, nor indeed the exact sense which the two concluding members of the last sentence possess; but the account which is here given of the writings of Montaigne is lively, and upon the whole just. We doubt, however, whether his writings 'hold up a mirror' in which we are likely to correct the faults of our minds; for, like other vain people, Montaigne seems to have prided himself upon his defects quite as much as upon his perfections. Be this as it may, in what respect the qualities which our author points out can justify him, in placing Montaigne 'at the head of the French writers who contributed, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, to turn the thoughts of his countrymen to subjects connected with the philosophy of mind,' requires more explanation than Mr. Stewart seems to have thought necessary. According to the principle on which he proceeds, no line seems to be drawn, which would exclude Chaucer or Shakespeare, or any other writer whose productions evince an intimate acquaintance with human nature, from having in like manner 'assigned to them a distinguished rank in the history of modern philosophy.' It is indeed true, to use the words of his friend Charron, that Montaigne indulged himself *dans une pleine, entière, généreuse et seigneuriale liberté d'esprit*; and his writings, consequently, would naturally rise into high favour among the French wits of later times; but this *lordly liberty of thinking* which he exercised, was plainly a mere caprice of his, hanging so loosely upon him, and obviously so little founded in reason or reflection, that we feel some difficulty in supposing, with our author, that 'he has done more perhaps than any author to *introduce into men's houses* what is now called the *new philosophy*.' That his writings did not produce this bad effect upon his own age, or upon the age immediately succeeding, is, we think,

think, unquestionable; and we cannot but hope, that many satisfactory explanations are to be found of the scepticism by which the eighteenth century was so unfortunately distinguished, without charging any part of it upon a writer who has already more sins to answer for than his friends find it easy to excuse.

We have said thus much upon the subject of Montaigne, led away, rather by the kindness which we feel for a favourite companion, than by the importance which we conceive his writings possess, with reference to the history of metaphysics. As we have not the same motive for expatiating upon the subject of Charron—who in all his qualities, both good and bad, is directly opposite to Montaigne—we shall pass on to De la Rochefoucauld. The observations which Mr. Stewart makes upon the subject of this last—as is the case with most of the rapid criticisms with which the *Dissertation* before us abounds—are in themselves sensible and pleasing; if there be any fault to be found with them, it is, that in too many instances they are irrelevant to the subject-matter he has in hand. The professed object of the essay now before us is to give a view of the progress, not of *morals and politics*, but of moral and political *philosophy*. And accordingly it was not required of him, to estimate the merits of every writer whose productions may seem directly or indirectly connected with morality and politics, as exhibited in the *practice* of mankind at different periods of modern history, but of such writers only as have thrown, or attempted to throw light upon the *abstract principles* on which the politics, and morals, and opinions of mankind depend. This misapprehension, of what we conceive to be our author's real subject, is perhaps not so great in the instance of the writer whom we are now touching upon, as in Fenelon, the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, Cervantes, Pascal, and many others, whom it would be easy to name; because De la Rochefoucauld is very commonly considered as the author of a *theory of morals*, and not merely of certain opinions respecting the motives into which, speaking of men as he had found them, their actions were chiefly resolvable. This mistake our author has pointed out with his usual judgment.

'That the tendency of these Maxims,' says he, 'is upon the whole unfavourable to morality, and that they always leave a disagreeable impression upon the mind, must, I think, be granted. At the same time it may be fairly questioned, if the motives of the author have in general been well understood, either by his admirers or his opponents. In affirming that self-love is the spring of all our actions, there is no reason to suppose that he meant to deny the reality of moral distinctions, as a philosophical truth; a supposition quite inconsistent with his own fine and deep remark, that *hypocrisy is itself an homage which vice pays to virtue*. He states it merely as a *fact*, which, in the course of his experience as a man of the world, he had found very generally verified

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in the higher classes of society; and which he was induced to announce without any qualification or restriction, in order to give more force and poignancy to his satire.'—p. 83.

The justice of our author's opinion will immediately appear, if our readers will compare the eighty-first and eighty-third maxims, in which De la Rochefoucauld compares *that which men have called friendship*, with the feeling which alone is really entitled to the name. It is true he tells us, that in preferring others to ourselves, we are only consulting our own taste and gratification; but to infer from this that *self-love* is therefore, in his opinion, at the bottom even of our most disinterested feelings, is plainly nothing more than a verbal generalization. We were glad to find our author vindicating De la Rochefoucauld from so senseless and sophistical an opinion: when we say that he is too reserved in his commendation of the admirable good sense, as well as good taste, which the *Maximes Morales* display, we are perhaps only accusing him of the enviable fault of thinking too favourably of mankind. 'In reading De la Rochefoucauld,' says he, 'it should never be forgotten, that it was within the vortex of a court he enjoyed his chief opportunities of studying the world; and that the narrow and exclusive circle in which he moved was not likely to afford him the most favourable specimens of human nature.' We know not how this may be, but we think that there is scarcely a maxim of De la Rochefoucauld, but may be verified in one degree or other, among all classes of people: to say that each particular maxim will be found equally true in the case of every individual is another matter; but there are few of them, we apprehend, among those which are of a nature to be susceptible of general application, that will be found, even with respect to the best of us, *wholly* false. However, we have said more than enough upon the subject of De la Rochefoucauld; it is time to follow our author into his remarks upon a writer in whose works we shall find far fewer truths than among the *Maximes Morales*—we mean the celebrated Descartes; a person who occupies so conspicuous a situation in the history of modern philosophy, that we shall be under the necessity of bestowing much more attention upon him, than the intrinsic value of his philosophical writings would perhaps seem to require.

'The power of reflection,' says Mr. Stewart, 'it is well known, is the last that unfolds itself; and in by far the greater number of individuals it never unfolds itself in any considerable degree. It is a fact equally certain, that long before the period of life when this power begins to exercise its appropriate functions, the understanding is already pre-occupied with a chaos of opinions, notions, impressions, and associations, bearing on the most important objects of human inquiry; not to mention

tion the innumerable sources of error and delusion connected with the use of a vernacular language, learned in infancy by rote, and identified with the first processes of thought and perception. The consequence is, that when man begins to reflect, he finds himself (to use an expression of M. Turgot) lost in a labyrinth into which he had been led blindfolded. To the same purpose it was long ago complained of by Bacon, "That no one has yet been found of so constant and severe a mind, as to have determined and tasked himself utterly to abolish theories and common notions, and to have applied his intellect altogether smoothed and even to particulars anew. Accordingly, that human reason which we have is a kind of medley and unsorted collection, from much trust and much accident, and the childish notions which we first drank in. Whereas if one of ripe age and sound senses, and a mind thoroughly cleared, should apply himself freshly to experiments and particulars, of him better things were to be hoped."

'What Bacon has here recommended, Descartes attempted to execute; and so exact is the coincidence of his views on this fundamental point with those of his predecessor, that it is with difficulty I can persuade myself he had never read Bacon's works. In the prosecution of this undertaking, the first steps of Descartes are peculiarly interesting and instructive; and it is *these* alone which merit our attention and pursuit. As for the details of his system, they are now only curious as exhibiting an amusing contrast to the extreme rigour of the principle from which the author sets out; a contrast so very striking as to justify the epigrammatic saying of D'Alembert, that "Descartes began with doubting of every thing, and ended in believing that he had left nothing unexplained."—p. 90.

A method of philosophy, recommended by Bacon, and praised by so competent a judge as Mr. Stewart, necessarily possesses a weight of authority in its favour, which we can hardly hope to lessen by any remarks of ours. But, however, we can see things only in the light in which they appear to our apprehension; and accordingly we are obliged to state, that after an attentive consideration of the philosophy of Descartes, and of the views upon which it was projected, we are still incredulous of the claim which either of them possesses to much of our approbation. Descartes tells us, in his *Meditations*, that having shut himself up in a peaceable retirement, for the express purpose of erecting an entirely new system of philosophy; he began by dismissing from his mind, not only all the theories and opinions which preceding writers had delivered upon the subjects of his inquiries, but moreover all those common notions and axioms which mankind had till then regarded as self-evident and incontestable.

'I will suppose,' says he, 'not that God, who is the sovereign source of truth, but that some evil genius, no less crafty than treacherous and powerful, has used all his industry to deceive me. I will imagine that the



the heavens, the air, and earth, colours and sounds and figures, and all external objects are mere reveries ;—snares laid for the express purpose of entrapping my credulity. I will consider myself, as having neither hands, nor eyes, nor flesh, nor blood ; as having no senses, in short ; but as believing in all things contrary to reason. I will obstinately adhere to this opinion ; by which means, even if I should not be so fortunate as to arrive at the knowledge of any truth, at least I shall be able so to suspend my judgment as to avoid the admission of error, and so to prepare my mind against the acts of this arch-deceiver, as to render all his attempts to impose upon my credulity, fruitless.—*Med. i. § xiv.*

Having in this manner resolved to believe in nothing except upon demonstrative evidence, and to reject without any qualification whatever should appear to be in the *slightest degree* doubtful, he proceeds in quest of some truth upon which he may rely with confidence. The first which he discovers is, that *he thinks* ; upon this truth, then, he proposes to build up his system. First, he deduces from it the fact of his own existence as a thinking substance ; and then from the clearness and precision with which he was able to *conceive* the existence of some substance more perfect than himself, he infers the *fact* that such a being must actually have been from all eternity. Having thus proved to his own satisfaction, the existence of a Deity, he argues from the nature of those attributes which he must necessarily possess, that to suppose he would permit us to be deceived by the faculties with which he has endowed us, is a contradiction ; consequently whatever ideas we clearly and instinctively perceive must necessarily be true. In this manner, having demonstrated the existence of a Supreme Being from the clear conception which we are able to form of his attributes, and demonstrated back again from those attributes, that whatever we are able to conceive with clearness must of necessity be *truths*, Descartes imagined that he had laid the foundations of our knowledge upon grounds not to be disputed, and proceeded accordingly in the erection of his superstructure.

Such are the *first steps* which Descartes took towards the accomplishment of his enterprize ; it would be superfluous to notice the many evident errors which they exhibit, in point of logic ; the principles of philosophy which they imply are worthy of more attention perhaps ; but we fear, that if we can at all agree with Mr. Stewart, in designating them as *interesting and instructive*, it is only by turning his expression towards a sense which is the opposite of that in which he uses it.

Mr. Stewart dates from the inventions of Descartes ‘ the origin of the true Philosophy of the Mind.’ By which, if he means the philosophy of Berkeley, or Hume, or Dr. Reid, the *fact* is perhaps  
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correctly stated; our doubt is, with respect to the propriety with which the expression 'true philosophy' is used; and the reasons upon which we ground our doubts, will partly be gathered from the remarks which we shall have occasion to offer upon the philosophical project which we have just been explaining; and which, in some points of view, our author seems to look upon with a degree of admiration which we find it difficult to participate.

To begin then with that part of it which consisted in rejecting, without distinction, all that former writers had thought, and trusting entirely to the unassisted light of his own understanding for the attainment of truth; when we consider how inconsiderable the results were, and still are, by which the labours of metaphysical writers have been attended, this practice may seem not without plausibility; but the advantages of it, we apprehend, are only in appearance. When people are travelling to an object of which they do not know before-hand the exact position, they cannot expect to reach it, on the first trial, by the shortest and most direct road. For a similar reason we cannot always march straight forwards to our objects in philosophy; it is more frequently only by examining the opinions of others, and observing the grounds and causes of the mistakes which they committed, that we are ourselves conducted eventually to the truth. But even were it otherwise, to reject the experience of others without examination, and to make the systematic exclusion of their opinions an essential part of our plan, would not seem to be a very judicious contrivance. If the reasons on which they are grounded be wrong, of course we are not obliged to adopt them; but if on the contrary they be in any respect grounded on solid foundations, not to avail ourselves of the assistance they might afford merely because others were the authors of them, would seem to be the part of a writer who may be suspected of having other feelings to gratify besides his love of truth.

But it may be asked by what rule are we to distinguish between the comparative probability of the many contradictory opinions that we meet with in the writings of philosophers? We answer; by the same rule by which we distinguish among our own opinions; and he who has not the presumption to suppose himself capable of forming a judgment upon the reasonings of others, ought, we apprehend, in most instances, to have the modesty to be very doubtful about his own. If there be any exceptions to this we will venture to say that it is only in the case of subjects manifestly placed beyond the reach of human reason. So that the true conclusion to be drawn whenever contradictory opinions in philosophy may be supported by equally probable arguments, is, that those who maintain them are alike unprovided with the necessary data to proceed upon; in which case it is the duty of a sensible man

man not to resume the discussion from the beginning, as Descartes did, but rather to abandon it altogether.

So much then for that part of Descartes's method, which consisted in rejecting the opinions of others; and, with respect to the particular plan which he himself attempted to execute, we are so far from acquiescing in the approbation which Mr. Stewart seems disposed to feel, of the principle on which it rests, that we cannot help regarding it as founded upon a total misconception of the real object of science.

The business of natural history is to record particular facts, and the business of philosophy, as is now well understood, is simply to explain them by others more general. Accordingly, in the same manner as the proper object of that part of the science of the mind, which is usually called *moral philosophy*, is to ascertain the *general principles* upon which our particular *feelings* depend, so it is the business of what is called *logic* (taking the word in the comprehensive sense in which it was used by the ancients) to give a similar account of our *opinions*. When metaphysicians shall have succeeded in accomplishing this, so as to give a satisfactory explanation of the nature and degree of evidence which naturally belongs to these last, according to the different circumstances connected with the respective sources from which our various opinions proceed, they will have fulfilled every thing which they ought to engage themselves to perform. How far the assurance which all men necessarily feel in their own existence, and in the existence of the things around them, in the truth of the geometrical axioms, and so forth, be, *speculatively* speaking, too great or otherwise, are points which beings endowed with other faculties may determine, and which those who are anxious about such sort of questions may discuss; but which, whether determinable or indeterminable, have nothing that we are able to perceive in common with the object of real and legitimate philosophy. The question which the metaphysician has to ask is simply this: Whether the account he gives of the phenomena he attempted to explain be correct *in point of fact*? If this be conceded to him he may pile his arms; he has performed all that he undertook to accomplish: those who still continue doubtful about the evidence which the Almighty has thought a sufficient ground for their belief, may state their difficulties, if they please, to those who are willing to examine them, but they have no right to lay either the blame or the burthen of them upon philosophy. If it be asked how do we know that there is an earth and a heaven, that we have eyes and ears, that two and two make four, and that the whole is greater than its part? it belongs to the province of the metaphysician to furnish the information which is required; but if the inquiry be continued, and it be asked accord-  
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ing to Descartes; but how do we know that neither our reason nor our senses *deceive* us? he may, we think, very fairly reply, that these are questions which he is not called upon to answer, and that those who interrogate him concerning them have misunderstood the real object of the science which he professes. The former of these questions, however, Descartes seems to have thought of little or no importance, except in subordination to the latter; it is to this that he points the interest of his reader, and the consequence has been, that the greater part of the metaphysical speculations which have attracted attention in latter years, have been occupied in settling a set of subtle problems, which whether reasonable or unreasonable, practicable or impracticable, belong, we conceive, to a sort of *transcendental theology*, and not to any thing which can properly be called *science*.

Dr. Reid, we remember, observes somewhere, that he believes there is no man endowed with a turn for metaphysical disquisition, but has at one period of his life felt the doubts which Descartes proposed to remove. If this be so, it only shews how little a metaphysical turn of mind has to do with a sound judgment in philosophy: for we cannot but think it to be an imputation upon the good sense of any man of mature age to have been ever really and seriously bewildered by such insipid speculations. If once we suppose, with Descartes, that the evidence of our senses, and of our reason, may be made a question; that the existence of a material world, and the truth of the geometrical axioms are points that may be debated, the discussion which arises is manifestly and *prima facie* indeterminable; because the only testimony by which we can decide it is disqualified by the *hypothesis*. As well might we take out our eyes to examine their construction as hope to shew by *reasoning* the abstract credibility of our *reason*. No doubt it is possible to conceive, in the way of a supposition,—for we may *conceive* any thing, however chimerical,—that the only evidence which we possess, or are even able in our imaginations to require, for the perception of truth, is nevertheless uncertain; nature, however, has taken care that we shall *feel* it to be quite otherwise, and whoever asserts that he believes it to be not so, is either imposing upon himself, or endeavouring to impose upon others.

Abstractedly such speculations as these which we are now speaking of, are merely foolish; and if they were confined to those who interest themselves about opinions no farther than as they are matters of curiosity, they would be as harmless as any other of those ‘laborious effects of idleness,’ as Cowley phrases it, with which idle men amuse themselves. But when they are promulgated by authority, as questions of great importance to determine in morals and philosophy, and debated, as such, with seriousness and gravity

gravity by men who are well known to be really zealous for truth, the agitation of them, in that case, becomes by no means a matter of so much indifference. We do not wish to impute blame to Descartes for the abuses which have been made by others of his philosophical opinions, nor are we desirous of putting any uncharitable construction upon the motives of these last; but we think that we are now justified by experience of the fact in saying, that future writers will do well to give the matter some previous consideration before they venture upon similar experiments. The truths which Descartes called into question are the pillars upon which all human opinion ultimately rests; and before he gave the sanction of his then celebrated name to the renewal of the obsolete discussion, as to the safety of their foundations, it would have been praiseworthy in him to consider beforehand a little more maturely what additional security he had it in his power to offer. It is much more easy to doubt that which is certain than to prove that which is doubtful; *mihi enim*, says a more acute thinker than Descartes, *non tam facile in mentem venire solet quare verum aliquid sit, quam quare falsum*. But the chance of any good to result in the former case bears no sort of proportion to the injury that may possibly be occasioned. For to take the instance before us,—supposing Descartes had perfectly succeeded in demonstrating, *after a scientific manner*, the propositions which he affects to believe doubtful,—it is extremely difficult to see to what useful conclusion the fullest acknowledgment of such truths could by possibility lead. But the necessity of the attempt being once admitted its failure is by no means to be looked at with equal indifference; the assumption that they may be doubted implies that they require a proof; and this failing, as we have endeavoured to shew from the nature of the case it necessarily must do, indiscriminate scepticism becomes a common-place, which, as experience has proved, may be directed to subjects that are of more importance than philosophy to the happiness of mankind.

That the doubts and difficulties which are still supposed to hang upon the questions to which we are now alluding, are merely verbal, and derive all their weight from the technical language in which they are proposed, we are fully convinced. But when we consider how little Descartes assisted to lay the shadows by which the science of the mind has been haunted ever since the publication of his *Meditations*, and what discredit has been brought upon it in consequence of his rashness, we certainly cannot agree with Mr. Stewart in looking upon him as a writer to whom the world has any debt of gratitude to pay,—on the score of metaphysics at least. Neither can we agree in thinking that the mistakes which we have endeavoured to point out,

out in the first conception of the plan which Descartes projected, was in any degree redeemed by the ability displayed in the attempt which he made to put it into execution. With respect to the greater number of his opinions, our author agrees with us in thinking, that they were wild and extravagant; but still he seems to imagine that Descartes's metaphysical writings display, in general, great power of genius; we confess we cannot bring ourselves to view them in the same light; nor do we think that the instances which Mr. Stewart selects as specimens of his author's talents for speculative philosophy, are either so important or so original as to require any very strong expressions of praise.

'Descartes,' Mr. Stewart tells us, 'was the *first who clearly saw that our idea of mind is not direct but relative*,—relative to the various operations of which we are conscious. What am I? he asks in his second meditation: A thinking being—that is, a being doubting, knowing, affirming, denying, consenting, refusing, susceptible of pleasure and pain. *Of all these things I might have had complete experience without any previous acquaintance with the laws and qualities of matter*; and therefore it is impossible that the study of matter can avail me aught in the study of myself. This accordingly Descartes laid down as a first principle; that *nothing comprehensible by the imagination can be at all subservient to the knowledge of the mind*; and that the sensible images involved in all our common forms of speaking concerning its operations, are to be guarded against with the most anxious care as tending to confound, in our apprehension, two classes of phenomena, which it is of the last importance to distinguish accurately from each other.'—'If anything,' he continues, 'can add to our admiration of a train of thought, manifesting in its author so unexampled a triumph over the strongest prejudices of sense, it is the extraordinary circumstance of its having first occurred to a young man who had spent years, commonly devoted to academical study, amid the dissipation and tumult of camps. Nothing could make this conceivable but the very liberal education which he had previously received under the Jesuits at their College of la Flèche, where we are told that, while yet a boy, he was so distinguished by habits of deep meditation, that he went among his companions by the name of *the philosopher*. Indeed it is only at that early age that such habits can be cultivated with success.'—p. 94.

Now we cannot help thinking, that the approbation which Mr. Stewart bestows upon the greatness of Descartes's merits, as explained in the extract just given, is expressed with much more emphasis than the reasons which he states render necessary. To describe the reasoning of a writer as 'an *unexampled* triumph over the strongest prejudices of sense' would be an exaggerated expression, in almost any case; and with respect to the particular 'train of thought' to which it is in the present instance applied, we doubt whether it be quite correct in point of *fact*. When our author points out Descartes as 'being the *first who clearly saw* that our idea of mind is not

direct but relative,—relative to the various operations of which we are conscious, and who accordingly laid it down as a first principle, that nothing comprehensible by the imagination can be at all subservient to the knowledge of mind;’ we own (even supposing the fact to be as here stated, that Descartes *was* the *first* who saw this) that we see nothing in the discovery which any man of good sense, whose ideas had not been confused by metaphysical distinctions, might not, without any extraordinary effort of meditation, have arrived at. As a proof of this, and at the same time as a proof that, in point of fact, Descartes was not the *first* who perceived these incontestible truths, we may adduce the following passages which occur to us, from the writings of Cicero. *Non valet tantum animus, ut se ipsum videt; at ut oculus, sese non videns, alia cernit. Non videt, autem, quod minimum est, formam suam. Fortasse; sed id quoque: sed relinquemus; vim certe, sagacitatem, memoriam, motum, celeritatem, videt. Quâ facie quidem sit, aut ubi habitet, ne querendum quidem est.* And in another place: *Sic mentem hominis, quamvis eam non videas, et Deum non vides, tamen ut Deum agnoscis ex operibus ejus, sic ex memoria rerum et inventione, &c.* We think the above quotations sufficiently prove that ‘Descartes was not the *first* who perceived that our idea of mind was relative;’ and although the ancient philosophers may not have deemed it necessary to lay down formally as a *first principle* that ‘nothing comprehensible by the imagination can be at all subservient to the knowledge of mind:’ yet so fully aware were some of them of the principle itself, that the same admirable writer whom we have just quoted, and who in his philosophical works may generally be considered as speaking the sentiments of a school, urges this very topic in his first *Tusculan* as an argument to refute the objections of those, who denied the immortality of the soul merely from the difficulty which they found in conceiving it to exist in a state of separation from the body. We may also observe, that when Descartes defines himself to be ‘a doubting, knowing, affirming, denying being,’ and so on, and affirms that he might have learned this without any *previous experience of the laws and qualities of matter*, he would have found it difficult, we apprehend, to make good his assertion, except upon the hypothesis of *innate ideas*. It is true, a knowledge of our minds is not to be acquired by ‘studying matter;’ but if our author agrees with Descartes in thinking that we might have discovered the attributes of our minds, independently of, and previous to, the exercise of our external senses, he must have in his eye, we suspect, some theory of his own upon the subject, with which we are not acquainted.

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all the admiration which Mr. Stewart expresses for the 'train of thought' which appears to him 'so *unexampled* a triumph over the strongest prejudices of sense.' Before we conclude our strictures upon his account of the Cartesian Philosophy, we may perhaps as well notice one or two other inaccuracies into which we think he has fallen in the estimate of its merits. Mr. Stewart observes—

'Among the principal articles of the Cartesian Philosophy which are now incorporated with our prevailing and most accredited doctrines, the following seem to be chiefly entitled to notice.

'1. His luminous exposition of the common logical error of attempting to define words which express notions too simple to admit of analysis. Mr. Locke claims this improvement as entirely his own; but the merit of it unquestionably belongs to Descartes, although it must be owned that he has not sufficiently attended to it in his own researches.

'2. His observations on the different classes of our prejudices; particularly on the errors to which we are liable in consequence of a careless use of language as the instrument of thought—the greater part of these observations, if not the whole, had been previously hinted at by Bacon; but they are expressed by Descartes with greater precision and simplicity, and in a style better adapted to the taste of the present age.

'3. The paramount and indisputable authority, which in all our reasonings concerning the human mind, he ascribes to the evidence of consciousness.

'4. The most important, however, of all his improvements in metaphysics, is the distinction which he has so clearly and so strongly drawn between the *primary* and the *secondary* qualities of matter. This distinction was not unknown to some of the ancient schools in philosophy; but it was afterwards rejected by Aristotle and by the schoolmen; and it was reserved for Descartes to place it in such a light, as (with the exception of a very few sceptical or rather paradoxical theorists) to unite the opinions of all succeeding inquirers. It may be proper to add, that the epithets *primary* and *secondary*, now universally employed to mark the distinction in question, were first introduced by Locke; a circumstance which may have contributed to throw into the shade, the merits of those inquirers who had previously struck into the same path.' (p. 95.)

Now, with respect to the second and third of the articles which Mr. Stewart here enumerates, we might perhaps pass them over in silence; 'to express with greater precision and simplicity, and in a style better adapted to the taste of the present age,' the observations of another, no doubt, may sometimes be rendering great service, but it is not exactly to be mentioned among a writer's contributions to the *prevailing and accredited doctrines of philosophy*. With regard also, to the 'paramount and indisputable authority which in all our reasonings concerning the human mind, he ascribes



to the evidence of consciousness,'—if Descartes had simply said, that we can have no knowledge of any kind except by means of those feelings and ideas of which we are conscious; he would not indeed have made a very original and profound remark; but, however, he would have made a just one. But the peculiarity of Descartes's opinions on the subject of consciousness consists in supposing, that truth is not merely made known to us by means of consciousness, which would be a self-evident observation; but that it essentially and *by definition* depends upon this last; in such a manner as that whatever ideas we perceive with clearness and precision, are necessarily true. This doctrine approaches, we are aware, very nearly to what may be called the leading article in the Philosophy of Dr. Reid: Mr. Stewart, however, is hasty in taking it for granted, that it is on that account 'admitted into the prevailing and accredited doctrines' of the present day; and perhaps still more precipitate in concluding that it is, for the same reason, true.

Our author is also hardly correct in stating that the merit of having first noted the error of attempting 'to define words too simple to admit of analysis belongs unquestionably to Descartes rather than to Locke.' We can easily conceive, that both the one and the other may deserve the praise of having made this useful observation, but the praise of having made it *first* belongs in reality to neither. Andrew Cisalpine, a writer whose fame was by no means extinguished in the time of Descartes, in his book '*Peripateticorum questionum libri quinque*,' on the subject of the *Philosophia prima*, lays down the canon here alluded to, in a very philosophical manner; and refers it, if we remember rightly, to Aristotle, who in the seventh book of his *Metaphysics*, more than once observes, that the nature of simple ideas is not to be discovered by reasoning and definition.\*

Mr. Stewart is also, we conceive, incorrect in stating that the distinction which Descartes pointed out between the primary and secondary qualities of matter, though known to some of the ancient schools of philosophy in Greece, *was afterwards rejected by Aristotle*. Upon what passage in Aristotle's works Mr. Stewart grounds this assertion, he does not mention; but the following quotation will shew that if Aristotle really be guilty of the error which is attributed to him, he incurred it with his eyes open; for we think the distinction between the objective and subjective reality of our perceptions, is as plainly pointed out in Aristotle's *Metaphysics* as in any of the passages which our author adduces from Descartes.

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\* Φανερὸν τοιούτῳ, ὅτι ἐπὶ τῶν ἀπλῶν οὐκ ἔστι ζήτησις οὐδὲ διδασκίς, ἀλλὰ ἕτερος τρόπος τῆς ζήτησεως τῶν τεινυτῶν. *Metaph.* I. vii. c. xvi.

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'That the immediate objects of our perceptions, as well as our perceptions themselves, do not really exist, is perhaps true; for these are affections and actions of the percipient; but that the substances which cause sensation in us, should not really exist, is impossible. For sensation does not come of itself into the mind, but there is something besides sensation which much necessarily exist previously to it. For that which causes motion must necessarily precede the motion that it communicates; nor is this the less true because these two are relative to each other.\* We can hardly believe that a writer who appears to have understood thus accurately the reasons upon which the distinction between the *primary* and *secondary qualities of matter* is founded, should nevertheless have rejected the distinction itself, in the unrestricted sense which the words of Mr. Stewart would lead us to suppose. One word more upon the subject of this famed distinction, and we have done.

Those who are familiar with the writings of Mr. Stewart will probably have observed that he entertains no very profound respect for the character of our English seats of learning; 'immoveably moored to the same station,' to use his own ingenious illustration, 'by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors,' he seems to think them of no other use than to enable 'the historian of the human mind to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of the world are borne along.' We certainly do not feel flattered by the opinion here expressed of the seminaries in which we received our education; but, however, we have no quarrel with Mr. Stewart on this score. Considering universities in the light in which he views them, as mere societies of learned men incorporated for the purpose of facilitating the progress of science and rearing a succession of professors and philosophers, we can easily conceive that he should see much to disapprove of, in institutions that are manifestly projected with a view to many other objects. But although Mr. Stewart is at liberty to think lowly of the usefulness of our universities, he ought still to speak of them with fairness; and not shew a disposition to find fault upon imperfect evidence. On this account, we were sorry to observe that his prejudices should have made him so far forget the liberality which he displays upon most subjects, as the following passage seems to imply:—

'So slow,' says he, speaking of the distinction between the *primary* and *secondary qualities*, 'is the progress of good sense, when it has to struggle

\* το μὲν οὐν μᾶλλον τὰ αἰσθητὰ εἶναι, μᾶλλον τὰ αἰσθητά, ἢ τὰ ἀσθητὰ, τοῦ γὰρ αἰσθητοῦ παθὸς τοῦτο ἐστὶ· τὸ δὲ τὰ ὑποκειμένα μὴ εἶναι ἃ ποιεῖ τὴν αἰσθησιν, ἀδύνατον οὐ γὰρ δι' ἣν αἰσθησὶς αὐτὴ ἑαυτῆς ἐστίν, ἀλλὰ ἐστὶ τι ἕτερον παρὰ τὴν αἰσθησιν, ὃ ἀναγκὴ πρότερον εἶναι τῆς αἰσθησὶς· τὸ γὰρ κινεῖν τοῦ κινουμένου, φυσικῶς πρότερον ἐστὶ· καὶ εἰ ληγῆται, πρὸς ἀλλήλα ταῦτα οὕτως, οὐδὲν ἥττον Met. lib. iv. c. v.

against the prejudices of the learned, that as lately as 1718, the paradox so clearly explained and refuted by Descartes, appears to have kept some footing in that University from which, about thirty years before, Mr. Locke had been expelled. In a paper of the Guardian, giving an account of a visit paid by Jack Lizard to his mother and sisters, after a year and a half's residence at Oxford, the following *precis* is given of his logical attainment. "For the first week (it is said) Jack dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbons were of the same colour; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvement, was one day almost angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her finger as she was lighting the lamp of her tea-pot, in the midst of her anguish, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her, that there was no such thing as heat in the fire."—p. 97.

What the state of logical science may have been at the university of Oxford in the year 1718, we do not pretend to know, nor are we solicitous to inquire; but that a writer so much above the influence of vulgar feelings as the author before us generally is, should nevertheless, in a grave dissertation upon the progress of philosophy, venture to deduce any conclusion whatever upon the subject on such slight grounds as are here stated, has, we confess, made *us* also moralize 'upon the slow progress of good sense when it has to struggle with the prejudices of the learned.'

In the first place, the metaphysical opinions with which Jack Lizard amused his mother and sisters, are surely not given by Mr. Addison as a *precis* of the attainments to be made by those who were educated at the University of Oxford at the time when he was writing; and supposing them to be the only acquisitions which, after a year and a half's residence, Jack had obtained, this would only prove how little proficiency he must have made in the philosophy which he had been taught. For we think we may take upon ourselves to say, that neither Aristotle nor the schoolmen, nor any sect of philosophers as yet heard of, ever maintained that *lap-dogs when pinched feel no pain*. As to the young philosopher's belief that the colour was not in the ribbon, nor the heat in the fire, we apprehend it to be sound doctrine, and obviously borrowed more immediately from that writer whom, Mr. Stewart takes an opportunity of sarcastically observing, *the University of Oxford had expelled thirty years before*. As if the University of Oxford had any exclusive reason to blush for having yielded in common with the rest of the nation to the violence of an arbitrary ruler! The act itself was not the act of the University, but of James the Second, by whose express command, and under

under the peremptory authority of whose written warrant, as *Visitor of Christ-church*, the expulsion took place. Whether James could legally insist upon compliance we are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to decide. It is however evident, from the correspondence which took place, that the college unwillingly submitted as to a measure which it could not resist without obviously compromising the peace and safety of its members; and under such circumstances to designate Oxford, not by its proper name, nor by any epithet of civility, but, periphrastically, as *the University which expelled Locke*, is we really think neither candid nor courteous.

The writers who next pass in review are Gassepdi, Malebranche, and the author\* of the *Art de Penser*. The criticisms which Mr. Stewart passes upon their writings are lively and elegant, and such as will probably conduce to render his essay more acceptable to the general reader, than a graver view of his subject might have done. But his subject is, *a review of the progress of Philosophy in Europe*; and on this account, whatever pleasure we may have received from the characteristic observations which he extracts from the writings of his authors, and the literary anecdotes with which he intersperses his strictures, still we cannot help saying, that they take up room which might have been occupied by more appropriate matter. It is the absence of this of which we complain, and not the presence of the other. Those who have read the works of Malebranche and Gassendi, will learn nothing more of their *philosophy* than they were previously acquainted with; and those who have not read them, will find it difficult, we think, even to understand the exact scope of many of our author's observations. In saying this, we speak from experience of the fact; for we have read Malebranche and have not read Gassendi; and as our knowledge of the philosophical tenets of the former was in no respect increased, so neither was our ignorance of the writings of the latter at all removed, by the view which our author has taken of them. In the praise which he bestows upon the *Recherche de la Vérité*, we heartily acquiesce; with the exception, *perhaps*, of the *Art de Penser*, it is, we think, the best philosophical work in the French language, and, with the exception of the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*, at least equal to any *metaphysical* production that is to be found in ours. The arguments by which Malebranche endeavours to shew that our knowledge of a material world is only *occasional and intermediate*, is founded, we think, upon a much more philosophical view of the subject than Berkeley's

\* The author of this admirable treatise is commonly supposed to be Anthony Arnauld, to whom our author ascribes it; we may, however, just notice that Baillet, in his *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. i. p. 52, imputes it to a person of the name of le Bon.

theory, to which it very nearly approaches; and although the arguments by which he supports his opinions are not put into so logical a shape and kept so close together as in the writings of the latter, yet Malebranche reasons much the more accurately of the two, and exhibits a much more comprehensive acquaintance with the real grounds of his argument. This, however, is a subject upon which we hope to have an opportunity of speaking more at large on a future occasion; Mr. Stewart promises us a sequel to the *Dissertation* now before us, in which the writings of Berkeley and Hume will probably occupy a prominent situation.

With the expectation of being shortly gratified by the fulfilment of this promise, we shall now bring our remarks to a close. We owe Mr. Stewart many thanks for the amusement which he has afforded us: to make any apologies for the freedom which we have taken of differing from him in opinion on so many occasions, would be paying him a compliment, which, we are persuaded, he himself would think unnecessary.

ART. III.—*The History of Java*. By Thomas Stamford Raffles, Esq. late Lieut.-Governor of that Island and its Dependencies, F. R. S. and A. S. &c. In two Volumes, with a Map and Plates. pp. 1072. London. 1817.

**F**EELINGS of regret have accompanied us through the perusal of much the greater part of these two bulky volumes—that one of the finest islands in the world should, with so little ceremony as it would seem, have been consigned over to its former oppressors. Perhaps, however, on this point neither Governor Raffles nor ourselves will be admitted as competent judges; there may have been, and doubtless were, substantial reasons on general principles of policy for forcing on the Dutch the re-possession of an island, ‘the loss of which was no immediate or positive evil to them.’

‘For many years’ (it is Mr. Raffles who speaks) ‘prior to the British expedition, Holland had derived little or no advantage from the nominal sovereignty which she continued to exercise over its internal affairs. All trade and intercourse between Java and Europe was interrupted and nearly destroyed; it added nothing to the commercial wealth or the naval means of the mother country; the controul of the latter over the agents she employed had proportionally diminished; she continued to send out governors, counsellors, and commissioners, but she gained from their inquiries little information on the causes of her failure, and no aid from their exertions in improving her resources, or retarding the approach of ruin. The colony became a burthen on the mother country instead of assisting her, and the Company which had so long governed

governed it, being itself ruined, threw the load of its debts and obligations on the rest of the nation.'

The Commission which, in 1790, was sent out to ascertain the real state of the Company's finances, reported the arrears of their debt to amount to about eighty-five millions of florins; and they observe—

'When we take a view of our chief possession and establishment, and when we attend to the real situation of the internal trade of India, the still increasing and exorbitant rates of the expenses, the incessant want of cash, the mass of paper money in circulation, the unrestrained speculations and faithlessness of many of the Company's servants, the consequent clandestine trade of foreign nations, the perfidy of the native princes, the weakness and connivance of the Indian government, the excessive expenses in the military department and for the public defence; in a word, when we take a view of all this collectively, we should almost despair of being able to fulfil our task, if some persons of great talents and ability among the Directors had not stepped forward to devise means by which, if not to eradicate, at least to stop the further progress of corruption, and to prevent the total ruin of the Company.'—*Introd.* p. xxxi.

As these Commissioners did not consider the affairs of the Company to be quite hopeless, the Directors, 'men of great talents and ability,' among other sagacious measures, curtailed the salaries of their civil servants, which were already far too small to enable them to live honestly, and keep up that appearance which is so essentially necessary where a few hundreds are to lord it over as many millions—as if men, who had fled from a state of poverty in Europe, would submit to remain in the same state among the tepid swamps of Batavia and Bantam, and to sweat and groan under velvet coats and plush breeches in an equinoctial climate and under a vertical sun, with the daily dread and monthly certainty of a fever, a flux, or a quotidian ague! The evils which must have resulted from this economical system are fully stated by Mr. Raffles; (*Introd.* p. xli;) but the final expiration of the Company followed so closely on the heels of these sage regulations, as not to allow them time to operate. Another plan was then adopted: the councils of the French prevailed in Holland, and Daendels, the creature of Buonaparte, was sent out to see whether any and what spoils could be collected from this once splendid seat of the Oriental empire of the Batavian republic. This man succeeded in raising a larger revenue from the island than any of his predecessors had been able to do, but it was effected by 'forced services and contingents, and all the tyranny which they render necessary.' He tells his employers, indeed, that, in the midst of the disastrous circumstances with which he was surrounded,—'he found it necessary to place himself above the usual formalities, and to disregard every law, but that which en-  
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joined the preservation of the colony entrusted to his management:—the meaning of which cannot be misunderstood, and will not easily be forgotten by those who were the victims of its practical application.

It was from a knowledge of the wretched state to which the Dutch dependencies in India had been reduced, that we were disposed to call in question the splendid prospects of 'an augmentation of British power and prosperity,' held forth by Lord Minto on its capture in 1810; and induced to think that, 'having dispossessed the enemy, the wisest and most profitable policy would be that of delivering the island into the hands of the natives.\*' The perusal of Mr. Raffles's book has tended to confirm us in that opinion; the more so, as we are given to understand, that the Dutch are rapidly falling into their old state of misgovernment, and have it in contemplation not only to forbid all foreigners from frequenting the ports of Java; but, under some antiquated treaties, to prohibit the sovereigns of several of the great islands of the archipelago from admitting foreign ships into their ports, and to compel them to trade exclusively with themselves. Such preposterous pretensions should be resisted in limine. If, however, the Dutch can be so utterly regardless of their own interests, after the experience which the Javans have had of a better government, as to renew their odious imposts, and forced services, we shall hear, without surprise, that the native chiefs have at length united with the determination of driving them from the island. Men who have felt the mild and equitable sway of the British government; who have been relieved from all 'forced services,' from all undefined and vexatious imposts, and not only allowed, but encouraged, to bring their commodities to a free and open market, will not easily be persuaded to place their necks again under the galling yoke from which they had so recently escaped. They heard of the restitution of the island to the Dutch with terror and dismay, and nothing but the strong assurance of the continuance of the system adopted by the British government, and steadily pursued by Mr. Raffles to their entire satisfaction, was able to tranquillize their fears. For the sake then of this 'amiable and ingenuous,' this 'mild, generous, and warm-hearted people,' as Governor Raffles terms the Javanese, more than for that of any fancied 'augmentation of British power and prosperity,' we could wish, as it was not surrendered to the natives, that we had kept possession of the island.

Of the vast mass of information respecting Java, which Mr. Raffles has collected on the spot, and thrown somewhat hastily together, we must content ourselves with a very brief analysis; and

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\* No. XII. Art. X.

we believe the best and indeed only way of putting our readers in possession of the contents of the two volumes, will be to follow the author regularly through them, according to his own arrangement of the materials, which however is not the best, either for perspicuity or compression. The first volume treats of—the geography, geology, meteorology, zoology, and botany of Java—of the several natives and foreign settlers, the amount of the population, &c.—of the agriculture and condition of the peasantry—of the manufactures and commerce of the island—of the character of its inhabitants, the nature of the native government, judicial institutions, laws, police regulations, military establishments, and revenue—of the court ceremonies, rank and titles, festivals, amusements, dramas, bull-fights, and other customs—of the language, literature, and fine arts.

The second volume contains an account of the religion, antiquities, temples, sculpture, inscriptions, coins, ruins, &c. the history of Java from the earliest traditions to the establishment of Mahometanism, and from that period till the arrival of the British forces in 1811—with an Appendix of 260 pages, on many curious subjects—specimens of languages, vocabularies, alphabets, numerals, translations of inscriptions, &c.

Passing over the uncertain etymology of the *Java* of Europeans, or *Jawa* of the natives, we proceed to give a sketch of its actual state and condition. 'When it was determined,' says our author, 'to introduce an entirely new system of internal management, by the abolition of the feudal service, and the establishment of a more permanent property in the soil, it was deemed essential that a detailed survey should be made of the different districts successively in which the new system was to be introduced.' This survey furnished the principal data for constructing a very excellent chart of Java, of which the least praise that can be bestowed on it is, 'that its superiority over those which have previously appeared is such as to justify its publication.' From this chart it appears, that the extreme length of the island is about 660 miles, the breadth from 130 in some places to 50 or 60 in others, and the area about 50,000 square miles. The island of Madúra on the east, being separated only by a strait in some parts not more than a mile broad, is considered as one of the provinces of the Javan empire; the strait itself forms the important harbour of Surabáya. Madúra is about 90 miles in length by 30 in breadth. A part of Java is still known by its division into *native provinces*, being nominally divided between two native sovereigns—the *Susuhúnan*, or Emperor of Java, who resides at *Súra-kérta*, on the *Solo* river; and the Sultan, who resides at *Yúgya-kérta*, near the south coast, in the province of *Matárem*.

The principal harbour, next to Surabáya, is that of Batavia, which



which is a kind of roadstead sheltered by several islands. The best, perhaps, is that of Marák, on the north western point next the Strait of Sunda; but it is so unhealthy, that a party of men from one of our ships of war, who were sent to make a survey of it, after the capture of the island, almost all perished during the operation. Indeed the whole of the northern coast, from the smoothness of the sea, and the numerous islands with which it is studded, may be considered as a harbour. The most important river is that of Solo, which, at *Súra-kérta*, becomes a stream of considerable breadth and depth, and is navigable from that place to the sea at *Grésik* by vessels of a peculiar construction, very flat and long, and carrying from ten to two hundred tons: they take pepper, coffee, and other articles of produce, from the interior provinces to *Grésik*, and return with salt and foreign merchandize; they arrive at *Grésik* in eight days from *Súra-kérta*, but they make only a single voyage in a season, as they require nearly four months to work up the stream. The river of Surabáya is the second in point of magnitude; it is formed from numerous streams uniting in the interior, and discharges itself into the ocean by five outlets. Several other rivers fall into the sea along the northern coast; and countless rivulets, which, though not navigable, serve to irrigate the plains and valleys through which they flow. 'It would be vain to attempt,' says our author, 'numbering those which are precious to the agriculturist; they are many hundreds, if not thousands.' A few insignificant streams discharge their waters into the sea on the southern coast, which is for the most part precipitous, and very little known or frequented. Among the mountains of the interior are scattered several small but beautiful lakes, most of them supposed to be the craters of extinct volcanoes.

Java is almost wholly volcanic; and a series of mountains, evidently betraying their origin, and varying in their elevation from five to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, extends through the whole length of the island. 'The several large mountains in this series,' says Mr. Raffles, 'and which are in number thirty-eight, though different from each other in external figure, agree in the general attribute of volcanoes, having a broad base gradually verging towards the summit in the form of a cone; but they exhibit indications less equivocal of their origin; craters completely extinct; others with small apertures which continually discharge sulphureous vapours or smoke, and some which have emitted flame within a recent period.'

The ridges of smaller mountains or hills, extending in different directions, also exhibit traces of a volcanic origin, though in many of them a stratified structure and submarine origin may be discovered. They are said to be generally covered with large rocks  
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of basalt; and, in some instances, to consist of wacken and hornblende, which is found along their base in immense piles. Hills of calcareous constitution, with flat or tabular tops, and others of a mixed nature, partly calcareous and partly volcanic, are also found; the latter mostly on the southern coast: as they branch inward, and approach the central or higher districts, they gradually disappear, and give place to the volcanic series, or alternate with huge masses of basaltic hornblende, at whose base, or in the beds of rivers which proceed from them, are frequently found various kinds of siliceous stones, as common flints, prase, hornstone, jasper, porphyry, agate, cornelian, &c.; no granite has hitherto been discovered.

Mr. Raffles says that the constitution of the island is unfavourable to metals; that the only notice of the existence of gold or silver is contained in the first volume of the *Batavian Transactions*, and that the attempts recently made held out no encouragement to reward the operations of the miner, and were, therefore, soon abandoned. No diamonds are found, nor any other precious stones—‘but schist,’ he says, ‘quartz, potstone, feldspar, and trap are abundant,’ so that though there is no granite, the component parts of granite are not wanting; porphyry is also said to be found in Java.

The soil is for the most part rich and of remarkable depth; for rice it requires no manure, and will bear, without impoverishment, one heavy and one light crop in the year. The seasons, as in all countries situated within a certain distance from the equator, are distinguished not by hot and cold, but by wet and dry. The westerly winds, which bring rain, generally set in during the month of October, become more steady in November and December, and gradually subside, till, in March or April, they are succeeded by the easterly winds and fair weather, which continues for the remaining half year. The heaviest rains are in December and January, and the driest weather in July and August, when the nights are coldest and the days hottest. Thunder and lightning are very frequent. Occasional showers, even in the driest season, refresh the air, ‘and the landscape is at all times of the year covered with the brightest verdure.’ The thermometer of Fahrenheit has been observed on the northern coast, and particularly in the large and low capitals of Batavia, Samaráng, and Surabáya, above 90°; but by a series of observations published under the authority of the Dutch government, it has been found usually to range between 70° and 74° in the evenings and mornings, and to stand about 83° at noon. In the interior, among the hills, it seldom runs higher than from 67° to 70°, and on the summit of Sindóro it has been observed as low as 27°. On the whole, the climate of the island, with the exception of Batavia and some other low swampy

swampy places on the northern coast, is considered by professional men as on a level, in point of salubrity, with the healthiest parts of British India, or of any tropical country in the world. But Batavia was the storehouse of disease and mortality. Mr. Raffles gives a Table (in the Appendix, No. 2) discovered among the Dutch records, by which it would appear that the amount of deaths in this city, from the year 1730 to the year 1752, exceeded a million of souls, nearly 50,000 a year!

The vegetable productions of Java, which contribute to the food and sustenance of man, are of great richness and variety. Rice is here, as almost every where else in the east, the staff of life:—that there are ‘ upwards of a hundred varieties of this grain ’ is however about as correct as if we should say there are above a hundred varieties of wheat or barley in England. The mays, or Indian corn, is an important article in the agriculture of the island, as is the *kachang* (*dolichos*). The sugar cane, coffee shrub, pepper, indigo, tobacco; several tuberous roots of the *convolvulus*, *dioscorea* and *arum*; the *dolichos bulbosus* and *ocymum tuberosum*; the *iatropha manihot*; nutmegs, cloves, and cinnamon; most of the European plants, and great numbers that afford oils, all contribute abundantly to the necessities and luxuries of the inhabitants, and furnish valuable articles for commercial export, more especially those of coffee and pepper.

Of fruits they have the cocoa nut, the mangustan, the durian, the rambutan, the jack, the mango, the plaintain, the pine-apple, the guava, the custard-apple, the papaw, the pomegranate, and the tamarind, besides great variety of oranges, lemons, citrons and the shaddock; together with peaches, pears of China, and other fruits peculiar to that empire and the islands of Japan.

Plants for ornament, and plants famed for their medical qualities, are not wanting in Java: equally abundant are those whose fibres are convertible into rope, thread, and cloth. The teak grows in considerable forests; but it does not appear that many trees exist of a size sufficient for ship building. Like the oak, it requires the growth of a century before it arrives at perfection. The island produces besides, a great variety of other trees for house carpentry, furniture, &c., and some which yield resins and gums.

There is a fine breed of small horses on the island, strong, fleet, and well made, and a superior race from Sumbáwa, said to resemble the Arab in every respect except size. They have buffalos, cows, sheep, (with hair,) goats, and hogs. Tigers and jackalls abound; the woods are infested with the rhinoceros, the wild buffalo, and the wild hog; and the aggregate number of mammalia, Mr. Raffles says, amounts to about fifty.

Among the domestic fowls the turkey is the scarcest; the goose the

the next; but the common fowl, the duck and pigeon are abundant. The peacock flies wild in the forests. The number of distinct species of birds is stated to be somewhat more than two hundred, of which one hundred and seventy have been described. The edible birds-nests, exported in large quantities to the Chinese market, have long been known as the production of a small swallow, (*hirundo esculenta*;) but the process of forming them was not understood. The inference turns out to be true, as Mr. Raffles has observed, 'that the mucilaginous substance of which the nests are formed, is not, as has been generally supposed, obtained from the ocean;' and Dr. Horsfield is also right in conceiving it to be 'an animal elaboration.' On the dissection of one of these birds by Sir E. Home, he discovered a set of secretory organs peculiar to itself, by which there is little doubt the mucilaginous matter of these nests is elaborated. This little animal, frequenting the rocks and caverns of Java, furnishes an article of commerce, the annual value of which exceeds half a million of Spanish dollars. The best nests are those which are found in the bottom of deep, damp caverns, where they imbibe a nitrous taste, well suited to the palate of the Chinese. The collectors of these birds-nests are at great pains to cleanse the rocks, and to fumigate the caverns by burning sulphur in them, when they are left undisturbed for two or three years. The most valuable nests are those newly built, and taken before the eggs are laid; but to collect them in this state would be at once to destroy the breed, and therefore the usual time of gathering them is just after the young ones are fledged. Slaves are generally employed in the European part of the island; they are lowered by ropes down yawning chasms of immense depth into which the sea gushes with the most tremendous roar beneath them; others cling to the narrow ledges of rocks suspended between sea and air 'like one that gathers samphire;' and, with that occupation, bird-nesting in Java may truly be called a 'dreadful trade:' the poor slaves, however, think themselves well rewarded for their toil and danger with a buffalo, of which they make a feast, not a *sacrifice*, as it has been called, and at which no priests attend either to give a blessing or to charm away the danger.

The crocodile of Egypt is found in the rivers, and that species of lizard usually, but erroneously, called the guana, but which, Mr. Raffles says, is the *Iacerta monitor*. Turtles and tortoises, frogs, snakes, and insects, are numerous. Of esculent fish there is great variety; Doctor Horsfield, it seems, has enumerated thirty-four species that frequent the rivers, seven the pools or stagnant waters, and sixteen that are caught in the sea. This hasty sketch is sufficient to shew how plentifully this island is stored with productions

tions that are valuable both in a domestic and commercial point of view.

The Javans exhibit the general traces of their origin from a Tartar stock; and still retain so striking an affinity in their usages and customs, as, in the opinion of our author, 'to warrant the hypothesis, that the tide of population originally flowed towards the islands, from that quarter of the continent lying between Siam and China:' they exhibit also the milder features of the Hindoo.—Mr. Raffles seems to think that the Asiatic islands were peopled at a very remote period, and long before the Birman and Siamese nations rose into notice: this, however, is mere conjecture; nor do we exactly see how it could well be, if the tide of emigration to the islands flowed from Siam. We may venture however to concur with Mr. Raffles in another opinion, that the 'striking resemblance in person, feature, language, and customs, which prevails throughout the whole Archipelago, justifies the conclusion, that its original population issued from the same source;' and that the peculiarities which now distinguish them, 'are the result of a long separation, local circumstances, and the intercourse of foreign traders, emigrants, or settlers:'—thus, the Javans of Java, the Malays of Sumatra, and the Bugis of the Celebes, evidently betray, in their features and language, the same original stock; but the first, by their moral habits, superior civilization, attachment to soil and agriculture, have obtained a broader and more marked characteristic than the other two, who are more maritime and commercial, more devoted to speculations of gain, and more accustomed to distant and hazardous enterprizes. We do not, however, think that this superiority of the Javanese character is so much owing to the greater fertility of the island, as to its being the refuge of an ingenious and highly polished people from the peninsula of Hindostan, of which fact Mr. Raffles has afforded the most unequivocal proofs, which we shall have occasion hereafter to mention more at large.

The Javans are in general of a taller stature than the Bugis, but inferior to the Malays. Their colour is that of 'virgin gold;' their limbs are slender, their wrists and ankles particularly small; the forehead high; the eye of Tartar cast; the nose small and somewhat flattened; the mouth well formed; the cheeks prominent; the beard scanty; the hair lank and black. 'The countenance is mild, placid, and thoughtful; and easily expresses respect, gaiety, earnestness, indifference, bashfulness, or anxiety.' The women are in general less good-looking than the men, and when old appear hideously ugly; those of the higher class, who are not exposed to hard labour and to the weather, have a greater share of personal beauty.

beauty. The manners of the Javans are easy, courteous, and respectful even to timidity: pliant and graceful, the people of condition carry with them an air of fashion and good breeding, and are not in the least disconcerted by the stare of the curious.

Mr. Raffles has given two Tables of the population of Java. The first was taken by the Dutch, and, we are told, is not much to be depended on: the second, by the English government, and under far more favourable circumstances for ensuring accuracy. From the latter it appears, that the population of Java and Madúra, according to a census taken in the year 1815, amounted to 4,615,270 souls, the number of males and females being nearly equal; the average is therefore above one hundred to a square mile. The population of the native capital, *Súra-kérta*, is estimated at 105,000, and that of *Yúgya-kérta* at something short of this: that of Batavia had dwindled to 60,000, or about one-half of its former number; on which Governor Raffles observes,

‘If we look at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, the capitals of the British government in India—if we look at the great cities of every nation in Europe—nay, if we even confine ourselves to the capitals of the native princes of Java, we shall find that population has always accumulated in their vicinity;—and why was this not the case with the Dutch capital? The climate alone will not explain it. Bad government was the principal cause; a system of policy which secured neither person nor property—selfish, jealous, vexatious, and tyrannical. It is no less true than remarkable, that, wherever the Dutch influence has prevailed in the Eastern seas, depopulation has followed. The Moluccas, particularly, have suffered at least as much as any part of Java, and the population of those islands, reduced as it is, has been equally oppressed and degraded.’—p. 65.

It appears from the records of the Dutch Companies, that the tyranny and extortion of their servants frequently caused the natives to abandon their villages—and drove whole districts into the interior and native provinces. The measures of Marshal Daendels went still farther in producing emigration, by instituting a rigorous conscription of the Javan peasantry. The conscripts were generally sent by water, and ‘a mortality similar to that of a slave ship in the middle passage, took place on board these receptacles of reluctant recruits.’ Besides this supply for the army, one half of the male population were ordered to be held in readiness for other public services:—the making of roads alone, during the administration of Daendels, is stated to have cost the lives of at least ten thousand persons. Other drains are enumerated by Governor Raffles, all of which, however, were immediately removed on our taking possession of the island—and this gave such a stimulus to industry, and begot such a confidence in the people towards the rulers, that the short period even of three or four years afforded the

strongest reason to believe that the population of the island was rapidly increasing.

Among the foreign settlers, the Chinese are the most numerous, as well as the most important; these quiet and industrious people, under a system of free trade and free cultivation, would have rapidly accumulated. 'They arrive at Batavia from China,' says Governor Raffles, 'to the amount of a thousand or more annually, in Chinese junks, carrying three, four, and five hundred each, without money or resources; but by dint of their industry, soon acquire comparative opulence.' They have few religious scruples; none that prevent them from intermarrying with Javan women, or with the slaves whom they purchase; their progeny are called by the Dutch *per-nákas*: vast numbers, however, who have made their fortunes, return in the annual junks to China. In Java they live under their own chiefs, subject to their own laws; they are more intelligent, more laborious, and more luxurious than the natives; in a word, 'they are the life and soul of the commerce of the country.'

The Bugis and Malays are established in the maritime towns only; and, like the Chinese, have their own officers, who are responsible to the government for the conduct of the people under their command. The majority of the Arabs on the island are priests; they are a mixed race, and prevail most on the eastern extremity of the island, where Mahomedanism was first planted. The Javans possess no slaves; those which are found on the island are the property of Europeans and Chinese alone, and are generally procured from the islands of Bali and Celebes; they amount to about 30,000. The Dutch did not, especially of late years, encourage the traffic in slaves; and those unfortunate beings who were reduced to that condition, were generally well treated by them.

The condition of the peasant of Java would, under a mild and equitable system of government, be truly enviable. His cottage or hut costs him not more than from two to four rupees, or from five to ten shillings; the pliant bamboo furnishes him with the materials for the walls, the partitions, and the roof: the dwellings of the petty chiefs are larger, but do not exceed in value forty shillings each. Those of the chiefs and nobles are still larger; they have supports and beams of timber, and cost about ten or fifteen pounds. The Chinese have buildings of brick and mortar.

The cottages of the Javans are never insulated, but formed into villages, whose population extends from fifty to two or three hundred inhabitants; each has its garden; and this spot of ground surrounding his simple habitation, the cottager considers as his peculiar patrimony, and cultivates with peculiar care.

'He labours to plant and to rear in it those vegetables that may be most useful to his family, and those shrubs and trees which may at once yield

yield him their fruit and their shade; nor does he waste his efforts on a thankless soil. The cottages, or the assemblage of huts that compose the village, become thus completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun, and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a human dwelling can be discovered; and the residence of a numerous society appears only a verdant grove or a clump of evergreens. Nothing can exceed the beauty or the interest which such detached masses of verdure, scattered over the face of the country, and indicating each the abode of a collection of happy peasantry, add to scenery otherwise rich, whether viewed on the sides of the mountains, in the narrow vales, or on the extensive plains. In the last case, before the grain is planted, and during the season of irrigation, when the rice fields are inundated, they appear like so many small islands rising out of the water. As the young plant advances, their deep rich foliage contrasts pleasingly with its lighter tints, and when the full-eared grain, with a luxuriance that exceeds an European harvest, invests the earth with its richest yellow, they give a variety to the prospect, and afford a most refreshing relief to the eye. The clumps of trees, with which art attempts to diversify and adorn the most skilfully arranged park, can bear no comparison with them in rural beauty or picturesque effect.'—p. 82.

Every village forms a community within itself, each having its officers, its priest, and its temple appropriated to religious worship—forming a true picture of the ancient and original form of patriarchal administration. The towns are divided into squares and streets; and the palaces of the princes or sultans are composed of several squares 'of gradually decreasing sizes, and arranged one above and within the other; a style which is general among the Hindoos, and strongly marks the architecture of the Burmans and Siamese.'

The furniture of the cottage is equally simple with the cottage that contains it, and consists but of few articles; the bed is nothing more than a mat with pillows; the inhabitants use neither tables nor chairs; but sit cross-legged, and, in common with other Mahomedans, make use of the right hand only at their meals. As Mahomedans, they have an aversion from swine's flesh and intoxicating liquors; and many families, preserving the remains of a superstition derived from their Hindoo ancestors, abstain from the flesh of the bull or the cow. Rice is in fact the chief article of their subsistence; they use no milk nor any preparation from it: white ants, grubs and worms are common articles of food. Their rice is frequently boiled in steam, and in this case is beautifully white. Indian corn is usually roasted in the ear; curry, pastry, and sweetmeats are almost in universal use. Various pungent pickles and condiments are used with almost every species of food. There are few, Mr. Raffles says, who are not able to obtain the



*káti*, or pound and a quarter of rice a day, with fish, greens, and salt, if not other articles to season their meal. Famine is unknown; and although partial failures of the crop may occur, they are seldom so extensive as to be felt by the whole community. Water is the principal and almost exclusive beverage; it is generally drank warm; sometimes a little cinnamon or other spice is thrown into it; and tea is commonly taken between meals. Of these there are two a day—one just before noon, and the other between seven and eight in the evening. The betel leaf and areca nut are indispensable articles for all classes: and the use of that deleterious drug, opium, is far too extensive for the health and happiness of the inhabitants—but it raises a revenue for the government, and on this ground the consumption of it is encouraged.

We must pass over the chapter on the importance of the Agriculture of Java, in which, however, will be found many very curious particulars. It may suffice to state that the Javans are a nation of husbandmen, that 'to the crop, the mechanic looks immediately for his wages, the soldier for his pay, the magistrate for his salary, the priest for his stipend, and the government for its tribute. The wealth of a province or village is measured by the extent and fertility of its land, its facilities for rice irrigation, and the number of its buffaloes.' This number in the provinces under the British government, containing about half the population, or two millions and a half, was, by a return of stock taken in 1813, found to be 402,054, and of oxen 122,691, while that of sheep did not exceed 5000: of goats there were about 24,000. For the mode of cultivating rice, maize, cocoa-nut, oil-plants, sugar-cane, coffee, pepper, indigo, cotton, and tobacco; and the nature of the tenure on which lands are held, and which is not very dissimilar from that system which, in India, regulates the respective claims of the Ryot and the Zemindar, we must refer the reader to the work itself; in which he will not be disappointed in his research for information on all these subjects. Our limits equally forbid us to dwell on the chapters in which are described the manufactures of Java and its handicraft trades, in all of which, however, it may be observed that the Chinese have a very considerable share. As little could we attempt, in our contracted space, to give any intelligible account of the trade of the island, or follow Mr. Raffles in describing its advantageous situation for commercial intercourse with the Oriental Islands, India, China, Japan, &c. &c.—These chapters would, in our opinion, have come in better after the Manners, Customs, and Character of the natives had been described. To this part of the book we hasten.

The Javanese are far from being deficient in natural sagacity or docility. Like most eastern nations, they are enthusiastic admirers

mirers of poetry, and are said to possess a delicate ear for music. Though ignorant and unimproved, they are far from wanting intelligence in the general objects of their pursuit; they are very tractable; possess a quick apprehension of what is clearly stated, and attain a rapid proficiency in what they have a desire to learn. They are remarkable for an unsuspecting and almost infantine credulity; lending an easy credence to omens, prognostics, soothsayers, and quacks; they are the ready dupes of any religious fanatic, and give credit, without scruple or examination, to the claims of every pretender to supernatural powers. Listless and unenterprising, as they generally are, no sooner is their religious enthusiasm excited, than they become at once adventurous and persevering, esteeming no labour arduous, no result impossible, and no privation painful.

‘We witnessed (Mr. Raffles says) an instance, both of their simplicity and of their energy, connected with this part of their character, which excited our astonishment. The population of some of the districts of *Banyamás* contributed their voluntary labour in 1814 to the construction of a broad high road, from the base to the summit of one of the loftiest mountains on the island, (the mountain *Súmbing*), and this extraordinary public work was almost completed before intelligence of its commencement reached the government. It was in consequence examined, and found to be a work of immense labour and care, but without the least appearance of object or utility. Upon inquiring into the motive of such a singular undertaking, it was learnt that a general belief prevailed that there was a very holy man at the top of the mountain, who would not come down till there should be a good road made for him.’—(p. 246.)

Their village settlements constitute so many patriarchal societies, in which a spirit of kindness and benevolence almost universally prevails. This patriarchal spirit is traced in the reverence paid to age, in the veneration for the counsels of experience, in the submission to the commands of their superiors, in the warmth of their domestic attachments, and the affectionate and sacred awe with which they regard and protect the tombs and the ashes of their fathers. Our author thus describes the general moral character of the Javans.

‘When not corrupted by indulgence on the one hand, or stupified by oppression on the other, the Javans appear to be a generous and warm-hearted people. In their domestic relations they are kind, affectionate, gentle, and contented; in their public, they are obedient, honest, and faithful. In their intercourse with society they display, in a high degree, the virtues of honesty, plain dealing, and candour. Their ingenuousness is such that, as the first Dutch authorities have acknowledged, prisoners brought to the bar on criminal charges, if really guilty, nine times out of ten confess, without disguise or equivocation, the full extent and exact circumstances of their offences, and communicate, when  
F 3
required,

required, more information on the matter at issue than all the rest of the evidence. Although this may, in some degree, be the result of the former use of torture, it cannot be wholly so.'—p. 248.

Mr. Raffles says it is a mistake to suppose this people addicted to those acts of vengeance proceeding from an irresistible phrenzy, called *mucks*, where the unhappy sufferer aims at indiscriminate destruction, till he himself is killed like a wild beast, whom it is impossible to take alive. These fits of desperation, he tells us, are peculiar to the class of slaves, and take place exclusively in Batavia, Samarang, and Surabáya—that is to say, in the large towns containing a mixture of all nations. Without questioning the superior authority of Mr. Raffles over that of casual visitors, we may venture to say that on Celebes, and many other of the Asiatic islands, it is not merely the slave,

'Who runs a *muck* and tilts at all he meets;'

there are instances on record where whole villages, nay whole armies, have madly devoted themselves to inevitable destruction to avenge an injury or an insult. Indeed in a subsequent page Mr. Raffles himself says,

'The phrenzy generally known by the term *muck* or *ámok* is only another form of that fit of desperation which bears the same name among the military, and under the influence of which they rush upon the enemy, or attack a battery, in the manner of a forlorn hope. The accounts of the wars of the Javans, as well as of the Maláýus, abound with instances of warriors running *ámok*; of combatants, giving up all idea of preserving their own lives, rushing on the enemy, committing indiscriminate slaughter, and never surrendering themselves alive.'—p. 298.

It has been truly said that men are just what their rulers make them; and there is much reason to think that if the Javans were really guilty of the robberies and assassinations of which they are accused, the crimes were more owing to the misgovernment of the Dutch, than to any natural propensity in the people to such atrocities.

'The English,' says Mr. Raffles, 'never used bars or bolts to their houses, never travelled with arms, and no instance occurred of their being ill-used. The Dutch, on the contrary, placed no confidence: all their windows were barred, and all their doors locked, to keep out the treacherous natives, as they called them; and they never moved five miles abroad without pistols and swords.'

The nature of the government, as exercised by their own princes before the arrival of the Dutch, and at present by the Susuhúnán, or Sultan, or, as he is sometimes termed, the Emperor of Java, in the native provinces, is little calculated to improve the mind or condition of the subject. It is

'in principle a pure unmixt despotism; but there are customs of the country

country of which the people are very tenacious, and which the sovereign seldom invades. His subjects have no rights, or liberty of person or property: his breath can raise the humblest individual from the dust to the highest distinction, or wither the honours of the most exalted. There is no hereditary rank, nothing to oppose his will. Not only honours, posts, and distinctions depend upon his pleasure, but all the landed property of his dominions remains at his disposal, and may, together with its cultivators, be parcelled out by his order among the officers of his household, the members of his family, the ministers of his pleasures, or the useful servants of the state. Every officer is paid by grants of land, or by a power to receive from the peasantry a certain proportion of the produce of certain villages or districts.—p. 267.

After this it is almost a mockery to talk of the administration of justice; the duties prescribed for the judge are such as they ought to be, but they are only on paper; it is here as in China,—the practice of the people differs from what they profess. Justice, however, is said to be administered and the courts regulated according to the Mahomedan law, tempered by the ancient superstitions and local customs of the country. The villages, each, possess a constitution within themselves, independent of the supreme governing power, precisely similar to that of a Hindoo village, and here, at least, the inhabitants have a chance of meeting with justice, especially as the right of election of their own chief is acknowledged, though not always allowed to be practised. It is scarcely necessary to say that the British government on the island shewed its desire to protect the privileges of these societies, and in particular that of electing their own chief.

The external marks of that excessive humiliation which forbids a man to stand erect in the presence of his superior, are so little considered here as a degradation that they are practised in all ranks. When a native chief moves abroad, all whom he passes must lower their bodies to the ground till they actually sit on their heels; and instead of an assembly of people rising on the entrance of a great man, as in Europe, they all sink to the ground, and remain in that attitude during his presence; this posture is called *dódok*, and may be translated into English by the word *squatting*. Mr. Raffles gives a ludicrous instance of its inconveniences.

‘ In travelling myself through some of the native provinces, and particularly in Madúra, where the forms of the native government are particularly observed, I have often observed some hundreds drop on my approach, the cultivator quitting his plough, and the porter his load, on the sight of the *Tuan Besar*’s carriage. At the court of *Súra-kérta*, I recollect that once, when holding a private conference with the *Susúnan* at the residency, it became necessary for the *Ráden Adipúti* (prime minister) to be dispatched to the palace for the royal seal: the poor old man was, as usual, squatting, and, as the *Susúnan* happened to be seated with his

face towards the door, it was full ten minutes before his minister, after repeated ineffectual attempts, could obtain an opportunity of rising sufficiently to reach the latch, without being seen by his royal master. The mission on which he was dispatched was urgent, and the Susunan himself inconvenienced by the delay; but these inconveniences were insignificant, compared with the indecorum of being seen out of the *dódok* posture. Where it is necessary for an inferior to move, he must still retain that position, and walk with his hands upon his heels until he is out of his superior's sight.'—p. 309.

The Hindoo origin of these simple people is sufficiently indicated by the vestiges of their institutions, which the Mahomedanism of three centuries has not been able to obliterate. To the eastward of Surabáya, are the *Zeng'ger* mountains, on which is found the remnant of a people who still follow the Hindoo worship, and who, with the *Bédúi* of Bantam, are the depositaries of that religion existing at this day in Java. These people exhibit an interesting singularity and simplicity of character: they occupy about forty villages, the site of which, as well as the construction of the houses, differs entirely from what is elsewhere observed in Java. The latter are not shaded by trees, but built on spacious open terraces, rising one above the other, each house occupying a terrace, and being in length from thirty to seventy, or eighty feet. The head of the village takes the name of *Peting'gi*, and the *Dúkuns*, or priests, have the care of the state records and the sacred books: they know nothing of those from whom they received these books; they were handed down (they say) by their forefathers, and they consider it as a sacred duty to transmit them to their children, and to perform the *puga* (praisegiving) according to their directions: these books are written on the *loutar*-leaf, and contain an account of the origin of the world, and the attributes of the Deity; they also prescribe the various forms of worship. The whole population does not exceed twelve hundred souls; and Mr. Raffles says 'they occupy, without exception, the most beautifully rich and romantic spots in Java;' a region where the thermometer is frequently as low as 42°; where the summits and slopes of the hills are covered with Alpine firs, and where plants common to an European climate flourish in luxuriance. He describes them as a quiet, inoffensive people, whose moral character is highly extolled by the native agents and European residents; 'they seem (he adds) to be almost without crime, and are universally peaceable, orderly, honest, industrious and happy.'

At the opposite extremity of the island, in the interior of Bantam, is another tribe of people called the *Bédúi*, the descendants of those who escaped into the woods after the fall of the western capital of *Pajaj'aran* in the fifteenth century, because they would  
not

not change their religion; and who, when at length they submitted to the Sultan of Bantam, did it on condition that they should not be compelled to adopt the doctrine of the Koran: they retain some singular customs, but their numbers are inconsiderable. In the island of Bali, however, to the eastward of Java, containing nearly a million of inhabitants, a perfect system of Hindooism prevails.

‘ In Bali not more than one in two hundred, if so many, are Mahomedans, and the great body of the people profess the creed, and observe the institutions of a religion which has become extinct in the rest of the archipelago. On Java we find Hinduism only amid the ruins of temples, images, and inscriptions; on Bali, in the laws, ideas, and worship of the people. On Java this singular and interesting system of religion is classed among the antiquities of the island; here it is a living source of action, and universal rule of conduct. The present state of Bali, therefore, may be considered as a kind of commentary on the ancient condition of the natives of Java. Hinduism has here severed society into castes; it has introduced its divinities; it has extended its ceremonies into most of the transactions of life; it has enjoined or recommended some of its severest sacrifices, such as the burning of a widow on the funeral pile of her husband: but yet the individual retains all the native manliness of his character, and all the fire of the savage state.’—Vol. ii. App. p. 235.

But in Java still enough remains to make their Hindoo origin sufficiently apparent—in their drama—their *wayangs*, or scenic shadows, a sort of *Ombres Chinoises*—in their *dálangs*, or ancient bards, their dancing girls, &c. One generic language prevails through the whole of Java, Madúra, and Bali; the dialects indeed are different, but the root of all is the Sanscrit, and the written character closely resembles, and is constructed on the principle of, the Devanagari. Their classic or poetic language is called *Kawi*, (the Sanscrit word for *poetry*,) and Mr. Raffles endeavours (E. No. 2.) to shew how very nearly the Sanscrit, the Pali, and the Káwi, are allied. In Bali, the Káwi is still the language of religion and law; in Java it is only that of poetry and ancient fable; in the former, the knowledge of it is almost exclusively confined to the Bramins; in the latter a slight knowledge of it is deemed essential for every man of condition. From the vocabularies which we now possess, it is pretty clear that the Sanscrit language has not only furnished words for all the languages of Europe, but constitutes the principal part of the language of almost all the innumerable islands of the South Sea and the eastern Pacific. Mr. Raffles observes—

‘ One original language seems, in a very remote period, to have pervaded the whole Archipelago, and to have spread (perhaps with the population) towards Madagascar on one side, and the islands in the South Sea on the other; but in the proportion that we find any of these tribes more highly advanced in the arts of civilized life than others, in  
nearly

nearly the same proportion do we find the language enriched by a corresponding accession of Sanscrit terms, directing us at once to the source whence civilization flowed towards these regions.'—p. 369.

The account which Mr. Raffles gives of the alphabets and the dialects of the Javan language and of its literature is detailed and full, and cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to the oriental scholar. The poetry is, in general, far superior to any which we had imagined to exist in any part of the Asiatic archipelago; but we presume it must have been imported from the continent; it is, at any rate, descended from a Hindoo stock. The literary compositions in the Arabic character are chiefly confined to matters of religion. Copious examples are given of the various measures and stanzas of Javan poetry. From these it will be seen that it is by no means deficient in moral sentiment, in accurate description, and bold metaphor; although it abounds, at the same time, in all that extravagant imagery, far-fetched resemblance, and outrageous hyperbole which characterize oriental fable and romance. The following is a specimen—

‘ Stumbling as she went,  
The princess walked with faltering pace,  
Laying hold of her under garment, she unconsciously drew  
it up,  
When from the exposed calf of her leg  
A flash like lightning darted,  
Which illumin'd the Hall of Audience.’

The *Bráta Yúdhá*, or ‘The War of Woe,’ an epic poem, in the *Káwi*, is said to be the most popular and celebrated work in that language. Of this poem a great part has been translated by Mr. Raffles, with the assistance of a learned native, and of the remainder he has given an analysis. His object has been to keep as close to the original as possible, but he thinks it proper to state that ‘the illustrations now given afford but a very imperfect specimen of the beauty, sublimity, and real poetry of the original.’ It contains 719 *páda*, or metrical stanzas, of four long lines each, and is said to have been composed by a learned pundit, in the year 1079. The Javans claim it as their own, but it is not certain whether it was actually written on the island or brought thither by some of the early colonists. The subject of the poem is a destructive war in consequence of a rejection of the proposal of the incarnate *Déwa*, or deity, *Krésna*, to divide the kingdom of Astina, between the *Kuráwa* and *Pandáwa*. The repose of a country, under a good prince, when its enemies have been vanquished, is thus described :

‘Tranquil and happy was every country. The thief stood  
aloof during the reign of this prince,

And

And the lover alone stole his pleasure, seeking his object by  
the light of the moon.'

The procession of Kréstna, and his reception at the city of Astina, the crowds of men, women and children, hastening to procure a sight of 'the blessed among men,' are well described, but too long for us to extract. Kréstna's anger, on being told that a plot was laid to slay him, 'was like unto the fury of the god Kala.'

'The power and divinity of every deity now entered into his person—

Brâma, the saints, the powerful deities, the chiefs of the  
Rasâksas.

Then swaying his body from side to side, and breathing hard  
like the roar of the lion,

The earth shook to its base, disturbing the foundation of  
every thing;

The mountain tops nodding, and the mountains themselves  
rocking to and fro;

The waves of the sea rising like mountains, forming whirl-  
pools, and casting the deep-sea fish on the adjacent shore.'

The march of the Pandâwa and his chiefs to meet the enemy, with their war-elephants, their horses and chariots, 'in numbers great, compact, and like an overwhelming sea,' is extravagantly but finely described; and so is the first onset of the battle:

'Quickly the contending armies mutually and fearlessly rush  
upon each other,

Amid the roar of elephants, the neighing of steeds, the beat-  
ing of drums, and the shouts of the troops,

Till the whole air and sky are filled with the jarring sounds,  
And the earth is shaken with the tumultuous din of war.'

The feats of valour on either side are then described, and the battle ceases only with night. The King of Wirata and his wife weep over the dead bodies of their three sons slain in battle, and vainly endeavour, by shaking them, to recal their departed spirits; the dead are burned by moonlight; next day the battle again rages. The air is darkened with dust, which clearing away, the field of battle is described as appearing like a sea of blood, in which the dead bodies of elephants, horses, and men, with the fragments of chariots, weapons, &c. resemble so many rocks and stones. For three days the enraged armies contend with various success, and wonderful deeds of valour are performed on both sides. They continue the fight after sunset; friends and foes mingle together and kill each other by mistake in the dark. Thus day after day the battle rages for about a month, when the *Kurâwa* are ultimately defeated, and the kingdom of *Astîna* recovered by the *Pandâwa*.

There are in this Epic of the 'War of Woe' a multitude of oc-  
currences



currences which forcibly remind the reader of the Iliad—the interposition of the divine aid of Krestna in enveloping the sun in a dark cloud, &c.—the parting of *Sália* and his wife *Sátia Wáti*—the death of *Sália*, and the prowess of the several chiefs who are slain, may be said, and it is saying the least of it, to be very much in the manner of Homer. The following passage, which describes the faithful *Sátia Wáti* wandering over the field of battle in search of the dead body of *Sália*, abounds with true touches of nature:—it was put into a poetical dress by the Rev. Thomas Raffles of Liverpool, from the verbal translation of our author, to which it adheres with an unusual degree of closeness. It is indeed so exquisitely beautiful, and the subject is so new and so interesting, that we are inclined to regret, with Mr. Raffles, that the limits of his work would admit of no further extracts: we hope, however, not only in justice to the poetry of Java, but to the talent displayed by this gentleman, that the whole of his metrical version will be given to the public.

- ‘ 603. Wearied with fruitless search, and in despair  
To find the object of her pious care,  
Her murder’d lord, who on the battle plain  
Lay all neglected mid the thousand slain,  
She drew the dagger from its sheath of rest,  
Intent to plunge it in her heaving breast.  
Just then, as if in pity to her grief,  
Flash’d the red lightning to the maid’s relief,  
And shew’d with horrid glare the bloody way  
To where her husband’s mangled body lay.
604. Another flash, indulgent from the skies,  
Points to the spot where *Sália*’s carriage lies,  
And *Sália*’s self, whom living she adored,  
The bleeding body of her murder’d lord.  
The richest flowers by heavenly influence shed  
Their sweetest odours o’er his honoured head,  
The muttering thunder mourn’d his early tomb,  
And heaven in showers bewail’d the hero’s doom.
605. With eager grasp the livid corpse she press’d  
In frantic wildness to her throbbing breast;  
Tried every art of love that might beguile  
Its sullen features to one cheerful smile;  
Kiss’d those dear lips so late of coral red,  
As if unconscious that the soul had fled;  
Then in her folded arms his head she rais’d,  
And long on those beloved features gazed.  
With *sári*-juice his pallid lips she died,  
And to his wounds its healing balm applied;  
While with the skirt of her embroidered vest,  
She wip’d the blood-drops from his mangled breast.

606. “ Ah!

606. " Ah ! then, my princely lord, whom I have found  
 Bleeding and mangled on this cursed ground !  
 Why are thy lips in sullen silence seal'd  
 To her who sought thee on this battle field ?  
 Wilt thou not speak—my love, my lord, my all,  
 Or still in vain must *Sátia Wáti* call !  
 Say, shall my copious tears in torrents flow  
 And thus express my agony and woe ?  
 How shall I move thee, by what art beguile  
 The ghastly air of that unmeaning smile ?"
607. Thus soft and tender were the words she pour'd,  
 To move the pity of her murder'd lord ;  
 But ah ! no sound the unconscious dead return'd,  
 No fire of love within his bosom burn'd ;  
 While at each pause a death-like stillness stole  
 O'er the deep anguish of the mourner's soul.  
 " And was it thus to bow thy honour'd head  
 Amid the thousands of the mingled dead,  
 That on that fatal morning thou didst glide  
 With gentle footsteps from thy consort's side ?  
 And thus to reach the glorious realms above  
 Without the faithful partner of thy love ?  
 But earth has lost its fleeting charms for me,  
 And, happy spirit, I will follow thee !
608. " Oh ! meet and bear me o'er that fatal stone,  
 Nor let me pass it, trembling and alone.  
 Though *Widadáris* shall obey thy call,  
 Yet keep for me a place above them all.  
 To whom but me does that first place belong,  
 Who sought and found thee mid this ghastly throng ;  
 And who, unable to survive thy doom,  
 Thus shed my blood and share thy honour'd tomb ?"
610. Then with a steady hand the noble maid  
 Drew from its peaceful sheath the gleaming blade ;  
 From her fair bosom tore th' embroidered vest,  
 And plunged it deep within her heaving breast.  
 Rich was the blood that issued from the wound  
 And stream'd like liquid gold upon the ground.
611. And while the ebbing tide of life remain'd,  
 And thought and reason were a while sustain'd,  
 She call'd her maiden with her feeble breath,  
 And thus address'd her from the arms of death.
612. " Oh ! when my spirit soars to realms above,  
 Take this my last request to those I love :  
 Tell them to think of *Sátia Wáti's* fate,  
 And oft the story of her love relate ;  
 Then o'er her woes the tender heart shall sigh,  
 And the big tear-drop roll from pity's eye."

614. " Ah

614. "Ah my lov'd mistress," cried the faithful maid,  
 "In every scene by thee I gladly staid.  
 Whate'er the state of being thou must know,  
 Thy faithful maiden will partake it too.  
 'What hand but mine the cooling stream shall pour,  
 Or bathe the feet of her whom I adore?'"
617. Strong in despair, and starting from the ground,  
 She drew the dagger from her mistress' wound,  
 With deadly aim she plunged it in her breast,  
 And with her mistress sunk to endless rest.—vol. i. pp. 463  
 —466.

The arts cannot be expected to flourish in such a state of society and under such a government as that of Java: neither are we to look for system or science in oriental music: that of Java may be original; but from the specimens given by Mr. Raffles we should say that the first air is Chinese, the others Indian: the gong, cymbals, and stringed instruments figured by him (p. 470) are Chinese; some of the staccado kind appear to be their own; one of these, composed of mixed metal bars laid across the mouths of deep hollow tubes, emits a very powerful and by no means an unpleasant sound.

If any doubt remained of the general prevalence of Hindooism on this island, previous to the establishment of the Mahomedan religion about the year 1475, when the Hindoo empire of Majapáhit is supposed to have been overthrown, Mr. Raffles has completely removed it by the discovery and the description of the ruins of edifices, and in particular of temples sacred to the former worship; images of deities found within them and scattered throughout the country, either sculptured in stone or cast in metal; inscriptions on stone and copper, in ancient characters, and ancient coins, which are illustrated by a great number of well executed plates in the second volume of the work. 'These less perishable memorials of the ancient faith of the Javans, till of late, excited but little notice; nor are they yet sufficiently explored.' The narrow policy of the Dutch denied to the inquisitive traveller all facilities of research; and the generality of that nation were too much occupied in the pursuit of gain, or too much absorbed in habits of indolence, to be interested in matters of this kind. It is true there have been some exceptions, as the volumes of the *Batavian Transactions* testify; but 'the numerous and interesting remains of former art and grandeur, which exist in the ruins of temples and other edifices; the abundant treasures of sculpture and statuary with which some parts of the island are covered; and the evidences of a former state of religious belief and national improvement, which are presented in images, devices, and inscriptions, either lay

entirely

entirely buried under rubbish, or were but partially examined.' The most striking of these temples are those found at *Brambánan*, in the district of *Matárem*, near the middle of the island; at *Bóro Bódo*, in *Kedú*; on *Gúning Prádu* and its vicinity; in *Kediri*; and at *Sing'a Sári*, in the district of *Málang*, in the eastern part of the island. Those of *Brambánan* and *Bóro Bódo* are, as Mr. Raffles justly observes, 'admirable as majestic works of art.' They are composed of plain hewn stones, without the least mixture of brick, mortar, or rubbish of any kind, even in filling up the floors and basements of the largest structures. The rank vegetation of an equinoctial climate has not only given solemnity to the antiquity of these venerable edifices, but, by insinuating into the joints, has actually dislocated and almost overturned the heaviest masses. In the shape and ornaments many of them resemble the Boudh temples of *Ava* and *Siam*, though among the statues the Hindoo deities of *Bhavani*, *Siva*, and *Ganesa*, are easily recognized. The large temple at *Brambánan* is a magnificent object, and the two plates, shewing its present state, and what it has been, convey a better idea than the most lengthened description. It is surrounded by two hundred and ninety-six smaller temples, most of which are buried beneath a luxuriant vegetation, and display little more than so many heaps of ruins; enough however remained of some to admit of their being restored by the pencil to their original form which is neither deficient in beauty, symmetry of arrangement, nor in decoration. Each small temple had originally thirteen niches filled with as many statues of mythological characters, taken from the Hindoo legends; but the exterior of the great central temple had no human or emblematical figures, or niches, though it contained a great variety of ornamental sculpture. 'The style, taste, and manner of execution are every where light, chaste, and beautiful, evincing a fertile invention, most delicate workmanship, and experience in the art.'

*Bóro Bódo* is unquestionably a temple of Boudh; 'it is a square stone building, consisting of seven ranges of walls, each range decreasing as you ascend, till the building terminates in a kind of dome.' The style and ornament, we are told, are found to resemble very much those of the great Boudh temple at *Gai-ya*, on the continent of *India*. The extensive ruins on the elevated plain, or table land of *Dieng*, or *Práhu*, are, perhaps, the most interesting of all. This plain is ascended by a flight of huge stone steps on each of its four sides, consisting of not less than a thousand steps. The contiguous mountain seems to have been in a state of eruption since the formation of these ancient stair-cases, for it is stated that 'the greatest part of this wonderful memorial of human industry lies buried under huge masses of rock and lava.'

On

On another elevated plain near the former many temples remain in a tolerable state of preservation, with numerous images scattered about, mixed with large fragments of hewn stone. 'On a more minute examination of this plain,' says Mr. Raffles, 'traces of the site of nearly four hundred temples were discovered, having broad and extensive streets, or roads, running between them at right angles.'

Mr. Raffles states his reasons for supposing that these numerous temples must have been constructed between the sixth and ninth century of the Christian era; and the Devanagari characters on the inscription found at Brambánan are recognized by Mr. Wilkins to be such as were in use on the continent of Hindostan, about eight or nine hundred years ago.—When the followers of Boudh were persecuted by the Bramins, they spread their arts and their religion over the eastern archipelago, where they might still have flourished if the intolerant spirit of proselytism had not forced upon the islanders the faith of Mahomet with fire and sword.

We must now take leave of Mr. Raffles, of whose elaborate volumes we have scarcely been able to skim the surface: the mass and variety of matter which he has there brought together render it almost impossible to search them in vain for any species of information respecting Java, while whatever is found, may be depended on as strictly authentic; but we cannot avoid repeating that a better arrangement of the materials would have saved the necessity of many repetitions, and considerably reduced the size of the work. In the administration of the government of the island, Mr. Raffles's conduct has been above all praise; the East India Company could not possibly have had a better servant; the Javanese cannot hope to find again so good a friend. By the abolition of forced services and arbitrary and vexatious imposts, and by the establishment of a moderate and equitable land-tax, the commerce and the agriculture of the island so rapidly improved, that the amount of the revenue received in three years, from 1812 to 1815, was 18,810,149 Java rupees, while the amount of the preceding three years, under the extortions practised by Marshal Daendels, who 'placed himself above the usual formalities, and disregarded every law,' was no more than 8,425,765 rupees: the expenditure, however, it must be admitted, was proportionably great.

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ART. IV. *Comic Dramas, in Three Acts.* By Maria Edgeworth, Author of *Tales of Fashionable Life*, &c. &c. London. 1817.

THE late Mr. Sheridan, as we are informed in the Preface to this work, advised Miss Edgeworth to turn her thoughts to the composition of comedy. Report adds that the novel of *Belinda* was

was the performance, whence he derived so high an opinion of his countrywoman's talents. The authority of Mr. Sheridan was more than sufficient to justify an attempt in that walk of literature which he himself adorned: yet the attempt might fail without much imputation on his sagacity, and without discredit to the genius of Miss Edgeworth. His judgment must have proceeded upon analogies somewhat remote, the exact value of which he was, perhaps, not sufficiently at leisure to estimate. He read some of the scenes of *Belinda* with a pleasure not unlike that which comedy imparts; and hence he inferred, that the talents which produced them might be exerted with success in a new direction. The pleasure which we derive from a novel bears, indeed, in its general character, a resemblance to that which the drama gives; yet each has peculiar tints to distinguish it, and is excited by appropriate means. We shall briefly trace the general similarity and the specific differences: as, in attempting to detail the grounds of Mr. Sheridan's judgment and the causes of his mistake, we shall, at the same time, diminish the surprize which many may be disposed to feel, at finding that the work now before us cannot claim, among the productions of the comic drama, a rank corresponding to that which is held by some of Miss Edgeworth's tales in their proper department.

Many have framed ingenious speculations concerning the sources of the delight which we receive from compositions that represent a series of fictitious adventures, and concerning the reasons why this is more lively, and felt more generally, than the satisfaction imparted by the truth of history. Some\* have looked upon it as an effect of the weakness and degeneracy of our nature, which, too grovelling to relish the majestic loveliness of truth, surrenders itself a willing captive to the meretricious allurements of fiction. Others†, of a better and a loftier school, have told us that the soul, tired with the dull uniformity of life, disgusted with the tameness of real characters and events so disproportionate to its exalted nature and to the dignity of its final destination, rejoices to escape into the regions of fancy, where it can luxuriate in ever-varying combinations, and gratify its high aspirings by the contemplation of personages rich in the assemblage of all possible perfections. The true sources of the pleasure derived from fictitious narratives and dramatic compositions, are our sympathy with the feelings, and our curiosity concerning the fate of the persons introduced to our notice. Why the exercise of sympathy is agreeable, why the sentiment as well as the gratification of curiosity is accompanied with pleasant emotions, we do not stop to inquire. It is enough for us that the facts are cer-

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\* Beattie in his *Essay on Fable and Romance*, and many others.

† Lord Bacon, &c.

tain, and that they account for the satisfaction which a well written tale or drama diffuses through us.

The pleasure of sympathy and that of curiosity have so little mutual dependence, that a work may communicate the one with scarcely any intermixture of the other. But our participation in passions delineated soon begins to flag, unless we are enlivened by a series of critical situations; while the interest awakened by a well connected succession of adventures, where we are not led into the feelings of the characters, is not much superior to that which we sometimes take in the solution of a riddle or the disentanglement of a puzzle. The two species of delight should, therefore, be combined, though in the united effect either may prevail over its fellow. In the tale, curiosity generally predominates; but sympathy in the drama; which, however, on the modern stage borrows more aid from the artifice of the plot, than the example of antiquity would authorize. The tales first relished in the nursery are generally mere tissues of strange adventures; to this class of fictions, narratives which deal in the terrific for the most part succeed. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances usually become favourites with us at an early age: the uncommonness of the transactions keeps us in suspense for the result; the scenes delineated are such as inspire terror; and terror is a passion which we are soon capable of feeling. In the progress of years the whole train of our affections and passions is developed. Then, and not till then, do we derive much delight from the lively exhibition of their workings.

If, from the pleasure itself, we turn our thoughts to the means by which it is imparted, we shall find a wide difference between the drama and fictitious narrative. The novelist leads us through a long and varied series of critical situations, where new sources of interest are continually opening, and where one perplexing intricacy is no sooner removed than another appears. As he is at liberty to enumerate every incident, his story is followed with ease by the reader. He is under no limitation with respect to the number of characters introduced, except what is imposed by the necessity of avoiding confusion; nor does he need to be very scrupulous as to the time during which the same actors may continue to occupy his page. In painting the emotions of his personages, he may avail himself of an infinite diversity of situations to bring into view a corresponding diversity of shades in disposition and feeling. He has no peculiar difficulties of style to overcome; and can give variety to his work by making it narrative at one time, and at another throwing it into the dramatic form.

In the drama the case is otherwise. Here the action must consist of a much smaller number of parts than fictitious narrative admits; so that in adhering to the unity requisite in the construction

tion of the fable, we are deprived of the means of holding curiosity in suspense by that copiousness of incident which so frequently charms in the novel. Add to this, that in proportion as we succeed in reducing the plot to a proper state of simplicity, we increase the labour of inventing a succession of adventures which may unravel the story and fill up the duration which custom has prescribed to legitimate comedy. From this difficulty Miss Edgeworth has, in part, escaped by the form of her dramas. We have no right to quarrel with such an arrangement; for it would be unfair to blame a work, because it is not different from what it professes to be. Yet we may be allowed to hint, that a play in three acts is not a work of the same difficulty, or of the same merit with one in five: and that, not on account of its shortness, but because, less incident being requisite, less skill is necessary in framing the plot.

There are other circumstances in the conduct of the fable, in consequence of which the task of the dramatic writer becomes much more arduous than the composition of a fictitious narrative. The novelist can accompany his hero through long periods of months and years; and, when the convenience of his story prompts, can transfer him from one kingdom into another. The drama has much narrower limits. The strict unities of time and place may, no doubt, be dispensed with. That there shall be no change of place, and that the duration of the action shall not much exceed the time of representation, are restrictions which load the writer with heavy incumbrances, without any adequate addition to the pleasure of the spectator. But good reasons may be assigned why, during the same act, the place should not be supposed to be changed, nor any time to elapse beyond what is occupied in the exhibition. From the rule, even when thus modified, the custom of the English theatre allows some further relaxation. We are often, in the course of the same act, carried from one place to another, a removal which, for the most part, implies a longer lapse of time than what is actually spent in shifting the scenes. Yet after every indulgence, the limitations which still remain operate like so many new conditions introduced into an algebraical problem and render a higher degree of genius requisite in the writer. This is not all. In the drama a hero can seldom be trusted alone upon the stage for any length of time. A soliloquy is always dangerous, because it is generally a tiresome expedient for telling the audience something which could not be inserted in the dialogue. It can go no farther than the expression of the feelings which agitate the bosom of the speaker, and appears to be a kind of substitute for the chorus of the ancients. The novelist, on the contrary, can fix our attention by a series of incidents into which only one personage is introduced. Of this solitary nature are many of the most powerful

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erful passages of fictitious narratives. The novelist has likewise the advantage of leading us by degrees from adventure to adventure; while the drama is compelled to seize affairs in their crisis, and to resign all the interest which would be raised by contemplating the gradation of minute circumstances from which they originate. Indeed one of the principal difficulties of the dramatic art, is to contrive means of explaining what the nature of the subject and of the work will not allow to be exhibited. But it would be endless to attempt an enumeration of all the reasons which prove that in the drama the due conduct of the plot is a much more arduous undertaking than in the tale. Who is there that cannot recollect in the novels which he has read, a multitude of interesting scenes, which it would be nearly impossible to introduce into any composition thrown into the form that suits the stage?

If the language of the novelist flows in a clear, untroubled stream, he escapes without condemnation. But from comedy peculiar excellences of style are demanded; and these, too, excellences of no easy attainment—what they are, will be better learned from Terence and Molière, than from the vagueness of indefinite description. In general terms we can only say, that the dialogue should be concise, energetic, and sprightly; that it ought to be suggested by present circumstances, and unpolled by that snappish flippancy which is too often mistaken for the playfulness of the comic muse; that wit is rather a becoming ornament to it than an indispensable requisite, and should be so diffused as to enliven every part, without degenerating, as in Congreve's scenes, into continual repartee.

Thus widely do the paths of the novelist and the dramatic writer diverge, though at first they appear nearly to coincide. The result is, that scarcely any author has pursued both tracks with eminent success. Who now reads 'Love and Duty Reconciled,' the novel with which Congreve commenced his literary career? Arundel, Henry, John of Lancaster, bring no additional honours to the author of the *West Indian* and the *Fashionable Lover*. Smollet has written little for the theatre, but that little excites no wish for more. Even Fielding's genius fails him, when he attempts dramatic composition. The literature of France resembles, in this respect, the literature of England; it boasts of no comic writers who produced good novels, of no distinguished novelists who added to the wealth of their national drama. Marmontel might, perhaps, have been expected to hold a respectable rank in both classes; for he composed his tales with an express view to the theatre, selecting for his subjects foibles which had not been touched upon by Molière, and which he thought capable of being moulded into a shape suited to the stage. Yet the general opinion is, that his plays possess little merit. An exception seems, and only seems, to present

sent itself in the person of Voltaire, who has written both comedies and tales, to which the light graces of his style, aided by the popularity of his name, have given some currency. But his comedies are, in general, very flimsy performances, unworthy of the genius that produced *Zaire*; and his tales are not so much pictures of life and manners, as satirical exposures and misrepresentations of what the author conceived (in many cases wickedly and foolishly conceived) to be prevalent errors in morals, philosophy, and politics.

We have thus attempted to delineate the difference between the class of compositions to which the present work belongs, and those which Miss Edgeworth produced formerly; because many may be surprised that a writer, whose novels are read with mingled amusement and instruction, should have given to the world dramas of no higher merit than the three contained in the volume now before us. The first and the last are appropriated chiefly to the delineation of Irish characters. The *Two Guardians*, which is the second in order, is intended to exhibit a picture of the fashionable society of London. We shall, therefore, begin with it; because it refers to originals with which many of our readers have an acquaintance sufficient to enable them to estimate the merits of the imitation.

Mr. St. Albans, a young West Indian of large fortune and ardent character, is a ward of Lord Courtington and Mr. Ouslow. Which of the two shall be acting guardian is left to the determination of his mother, Mrs. St. Albans. Lady Courtington is eager that the preference may be given to her husband, principally with a view to ensnare St. Albans into marriage with her daughter Juliana, an unfeeling beauty, rich in all the graces and accomplishments of fashion, as well as in all the follies and minor vices of female dissipation. The first act opens with a soliloquy of one of Lady Courtington's footmen, who afterwards enters into conversation with Blagrove the coachman. We are next transported to the drawing-room, where we are entertained with some reflections from Juliana, followed by a dialogue between her and her brother, illustrative of the education, character, and designs of both. To this succeeds a scene between St. Albans and his black servant Quaco, which exhibits to us the affectionate simplicity of the negro, and the warm, unsuspecting generosity of his master. The second act opens with a dance in Lady Courtington's drawing-room. Juliana is, of course, St. Albans's partner, and, aided by her mother, plays off her artifices against him with apparent success. The footman enters with solicitations from Mrs. Beauchamp, the widowed mother of a starving family, for the payment of money due to her on account of lessons in music. The purchase of some artificial flowers does not permit Juliana to send her more than one pound: but in the next scene, Quaco, moved by her sorrows,

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drops

drops privately into her basket a purse of gold which he had received from his master. Mr. Onslow is now introduced to us, and, in consequence of assurances from Lady Courtington of the absence of his ward's mother, is preparing to depart, when Mrs. St. Albans, who has been informed of his visit by Quaco, makes her appearance. To counteract Onslow's influence, Lady Courtington affects to be thrown into hysterics: but no decision is adopted except that the choice of a guardian shall be left to the determination of the young man himself. At the commencement of the third act, after some conversation between the coachman and the footman, St. Albans and young Courtington ride out together, the former mounted on a blemished and unsound horse, which his friend wishes to sell to him. Next we are entertained by a conversation between Juliana and her mother, which is interrupted by intelligence that St. Albans has met with a dangerous accident in consequence of his horse having fallen. The last scene is in Mrs. Beauchamp's house, whither St. Albans has been carried, and where it is ascertained that he has received no serious injury. Juliana and her mother arrive; amid their inquiries and congratulations Mrs. Beauchamp enters, and, under a persuasion that the purse which she has just found in her basket, must have been put there by order of Juliana, returns her ardent thanks to her supposed benefactress. The young lady, without disclaiming the good deed, seems to shrink from the warm acknowledgments of gratitude. But the sight of the purse discovers to St. Albans that Quaco must have been the giver: and this detection proving the worthlessness of the daughter, as the misfortune of the horse showed the roguery of the son, he suppresses the rising passion which the arts of Juliana had kindled, and chuses Onslow for his guardian.

From this sketch of the fable, it is sufficiently obvious that the plot is meagre in the extreme. The first act contains not a single incident which tends to further the final issue, except that St. Albans gives Quaco a purse of gold. The second act drops this purse into Mrs. Beauchamp's basket: the only other use which any part of the act serves, is to exhibit the characters of the personages of the drama. The third act is somewhat more bustling; for in it St. Albans meets with his fall, and detects the heartlessness of Juliana. The plot, therefore, is deficient in what should constitute its most essential quality, abundance of incident; and this deficiency, of itself fatal to the interest of the piece, is aggravated by the loose and unnatural connection of the scenes.

We subjoin the opening of the drama.

'*Pop. (Reads)* "Wants a situation as footman,—young man undeniable good character."—"Wants a situation as own man."—"Own man and butler—character bear the strictest scrutiny—honesty and sobriety."

sobriety."—Some low fellow.—"No objection to look after a horse, or to go behind a carriage, no objection to town or country." (*Rising, throws the paper from him.*)—"No objection!"—Now this is the way masters and mistresses is spoilt and set up by these pitiful, famishing, out of place rascals, that makes no objection to nothing.—Well, thank my stars and myself, I'm none of your wants-a-sitation scrubs.

*Enter Blagrave.*

*Bla.* How are you, Mr. Popkin?—Do you know where is Mr. Beauchamp, or Mr. St. Albans?

*Pop.* Not I.—I reckoned they was in the stable with you.

*Bla.* No, they ha'n't been wi' me yet, and I must see master, about his horse Cacafofo.

*Pop.* Harkee, Blag!—a word with you.—(*Holding out his hand.*) Touch there, Blag.—Shake hands upon it,—draw together, Coachy, and we two will have it all our own way, above and below stairs.

*Bla.* They say these St. Albans's is rolling in gold.

*Pop.* Aye, quite a West Indian nabob, that the mother has brought over to us here for edication.

*Bla.* And we'll teach him a thing or two.—If he puts up his horses with us, there will be fine doings, I warrant.

*Pop.* And there'll be a brave match for Miss Juliana in due course; and meantime he and our Mr. Beauchamp will be cutting a fine dash about town, for this minor's to have a swinging allowance—may play away as he pleases, if my lord's acting guardian.—This guardianship will be a pretty penny, I warrant, in my lord's pocket, who, between you and I, wants a ready penny as bad as any one man in the house of Lords, or Commons either.

*Bla.* Then that's a bold word, Pop, but I believe you're not much out:—the turf for that.—When's my lord to be up from Newmarket?

*Pop.* I can't say—they expect him to-day; and for sartin, I know my lady's on thorns till he comes, for fear this young heir should slip through their fingers.'—pp. 141—144.

Here we have little of the character of genuine comedy. Such conversation may, doubtless, be expected from coachmen and footmen, but does not deserve to be recorded by the pen of Miss Edgeworth. 'Nothing,' says Johnson, 'can please long and please many, but just delineations of general nature.' Grammatical inaccuracies paint neither character nor passion: they are proofs merely of ignorance and want of education. They give no pleasure to the reader, and therefore a writer of taste should reject them; they are a work of no difficulty, and therefore a writer of talents should despise them.

We are not aware that this drama contains any passages more smart or more elegant than the following.

'*Jul.* My mamma sighs, and says, in her moralizing tone, "*Beauty is such a dangerous thing for young girls,*"—that it ought to be kept only for old women, I suppose. Then while she is dressing me—no, while she

she is dressing herself, she is so sentimental about it,—“ My dear Juliana, (*mimicking a sentimental tone.*) one must be at the trouble of dressing, because one must sacrifice to appearances in this world; but I value only the graces of the mind.” Yes, mamma,—(*as if spoken aside,*) that’s the reason you are *rouging* yourself.—(*In the mother’s tone.*) “ Beauty after all is such a transient flower.”—“ So I see, mamma”—(*she starts.*) Mercy!—here’s mamma coming!—I must be found practising.—(*Begins to play a serious lesson.*)

*Enter Beauchamp.*

*Beau.* Practising, Ju!—Practising for ever!—What a bore!

*Jul.* La! brother, you frightened me so!—I thought it was mamma, and after all ’tis only you.

*Beau.* Only me! That’s a good one!—Cool! faith.—But come here now, Ju; if you’ve any taste, admire me, just as I stand!—from top to toe!—all the go!—Hey?

*Jul.* No, this thing about your neck is horrid—I’ll make it right.

*Beau.* Hands off!—not for your life.

*Jul.* As you please; but I assure you, you are all wrong.

*Beau.* All right—

*Jul.* At Eton, may be, but not in Lon’on, I can tell you.

*Beau.* You can tell me!—and how should you know, when you are *not out yet?*—

*Jul.* You have no notion what I have been going through all this time here at home in this course of education—a master for every hour, and sometimes two in one hour.

*Beau.* Faith, that’s too bad!—to set ’em riding double on your hours!—But why didn’t ye kick, or take a sulk, or grow *rusty*, as Blagrave says?

*Jul.* No use in kicking.—Sulky I was, as ever I could be, but then somehow they coaxed and flattered me out of it.

*Beau.* Aye, flattery!—not a woman or a girl that ever was born can stand flattery, so they had you there, Ju!—Hey?—and the bear that has danced, is in chains for ever.

*Jul.* That is the misery! Oh, if it had not been for Popkin, who taught me to slip out of my chains, I must have died of the confinement.

*Beau.* Famous wife you’ll make, Ju!—Capital hand you’ll be at bamboozling a husband, when you’ve had such practice.

*Jul.* La! now don’t you say that, Beauchamp—don’t you say that, or you’ll make the young men afraid of me.

*Beau.* Well, I won’t tell St. Albans.—pp. 147—152.

These extracts can claim no merit of a very high kind; but they are, at least, lively. It must likewise be admitted that two of the subjects which furnish a great part of the dialogue of this drama, we mean the fashionable mode of educating girls, and the schemes of mothers to promote the marriage of their daughters, seem peculiarly susceptible of being wrought into a form proper for the stage. They would supply very ridiculous situations, as well as most instructive

structive lessons, and unfortunately for private happiness and public morals, the perversion of character to which they refer abounds so much in real life, that the dramatic writer would find no lack of originals from which his imagination might derive proper materials.

We shall pass more cursorily over the two remaining dramas. They are occupied chiefly with delineations of peculiarities of Irish country life, that do not add much to those amusing pictures which Miss Edgeworth has drawn in some of her earlier works. In 'Love and Law,' she introduces to us an Irish grazier, Macbride by name, with his son Philip, and his daughter Honor. In his neighbourhood lives Catty Rooney, now in a situation not more exalted than Macbride, but proud of her descent from Irish kings, and furious in animosity against the grazier on account of a quarrel concerning a small extent of bog. In spite of these direful feuds, Randal Rooney, Catty's son, loves and is loved by Honor; but their mutual passion is opposed by their respective relations. In the vicinity lives Gerald O'Blaney, a distiller, in embarrassed circumstances, with an outward show of wealth, who wishing, partly from avarice, partly from passion, to marry Honor, employs his servant Pat Coxe to inflame the resentment of the Rooneys against the Macbrides. A falsehood propagated by Coxe, gives rise to a battle between the two parties at a neighbouring fair. The Rooneys are routed, and appear before Justice Carver to invoke from the law that vengeance which violence had failed to obtain. The examination before the magistrate is painted in very lively colours. The result of it is, that the complaint of the Rooneys is dismissed, and that the lies of Pat Coxe are detected. Catty is then convinced that she has been in the wrong; and, by what startled us as rather too sudden a transformation of character, renounces her feud, together with her claim to the long contested piece of bog. The union of Randal and Honor is the consequence. The characters are sufficiently diversified, and drawn with considerable force. Carver is perhaps loaded with a superfluous quantity of stupidity. 'I protest,' says he on one occasion, where he means to express his deep sympathy with the feelings of those around them, 'I protest that it almost makes me blow my nose.' It would be absurd to criticise minutely the dialogue of a piece, in which Mrs. Carver is the only person who speaks English; for we cannot give that epithet to the jargon uttered by her husband: yet the language of some of the personages is occasionally unnatural. 'By all the pride of man and vanity of woman' is a very pretty antithetical oath for the uneducated son of an Irish grazier! O'Blaney is represented as a man of ingenuity, but his ingenuity is all exerted in the puns and metaphors. He tells us that it is a troublesome occupation 'to take the inventory of your stock, when you are reduced

duced to invent the stock itself,' and that a distiller can never be dejected, 'because he has always proof spirits.' He is quite the Catiline of distillers and loves the danger of fraud for its own sake. 'I'd desire no better sport, (he says,) than to hear the whole pack (of excisemen) in full cry after me, and I doubling and doubling, and safe at my form at last, with you, Pat, my precious, to drag the herring over the ground previous to the hunt, to distract the scent and defy the nose of the dogs.'

'The Rose and Shamrock' contains many passages, which will be read with interest by those who are partial to pictures of the ruder classes of Irish society. The interior of an Irish inn,—the thoughtless, drunken, yet crafty innkeeper,—the affectation and coquetry of his half educated daughter,—the active good nature of the servant—are delineated with no small vivacity. The Scotchman and the Englishman, who are introduced, are very good and very dull: they are evidently drawn according to an abstract notion which Miss Edgeworth has formed of the respective national characters of England and Scotland, and not from an actual survey of individuals. The plot is meagre and imperfect. On the style we have the same remark to make as on 'Love and Law,'—that the dialogue is for the most part, not English, but, if we may use the expression, Anglo-Irish. This, however, we are as far from noting as a fault, as from blaming the Scottish dialect in the 'Tales of my Landlord.' The coarse violations of grammar, which we condemned in the 'Two Guardians,' by no means stand upon the same footing: for, first, national peculiarities of dialect are essential to a faithful representation of national manners, or at least, add much to its force; whereas the gross vulgarities of the lowest of the rabble can never give a dramatic picture any new power of pleasing; and secondly, it would be absurd to put pure English into the mouth of Catty Rooney, or an Irish boor; but by no means so to make Lady Courtington's smart footmen speak with tolerable correctness.

The sketch which we have given of this work and our extracts from it, will probably induce our readers to conclude, that it is a book which may be read with amusement and which yet does not demand great praise. Miss Edgeworth has too much good sense to write ill, though she has not the peculiar talent which dramatic composition requires. The rarity of this talent is truly wonderful. We cannot ascribe it to poverty of genius in the present age. In the walks both of science and of imagination we can boast of men, whom any country and any period might be proud to claim. Neither can it be attributed to the uninteresting nature of the study: for if any mental employment is its own reward, it must be that of fixing in permanent colours the fleeting follies of mankind. Is then the

the comic drama a field where success is scantily recompensed? Far otherwise: few productions of genius have been more liberally rewarded than comedies of superior merit. Or shall we say that preceding authors have anticipated us, or that no foibles adapted to the stage remain for us to delineate? Such an opinion would rather be a cause of future sterility than an explanation of that which exists; and might have been maintained before the time of Murphy, Cumberland, and Sheridan, as plausibly as at this moment. If we can imagine that the few good comedies in the English language have exposed all the laughable frailties of our nature, which could instruct and amuse upon the stage, we must be persuaded that mankind are more exempt from weaknesses than any moralist has hitherto taught. We have indeed been told that the progress of education, the extensive intercourse of all classes of men with each other, and the general diffusion of wealth, have removed those peculiarities which comedy delights to trace. Some peculiarities may have been thus removed, but others have been produced: such circumstances may alter outward manners, but cannot diminish the variety of human passions and interests.—But this is not a point to be lightly discussed: and we shall find other opportunities of returning to the subject.

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- ART. V.—1. *Statements respecting the East India College, with an Appeal to Facts, in refutation of the Charges lately brought against it in the Court of Proprietors.* By the Rev. T. R. Malthus, Professor of History and Political Economy in the East India College, Hertfordshire, and late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. London: Murray. 1817.
2. *Minute of the Marquis Wellesley, relative to the College of Fort William, dated the 18th August, 1800.* (*Asiatic Register*, 1800.)

ENGLAND has almost always extended her territorial greatness beyond her own narrow pale. It might seem as if an imprescriptible privilege had been conferred on us, of possessing a sort of *outer-court* of dominion, and as if this magnificent birth-right had still prevailed over the tempests of human vicissitude. The loss of the noble provinces which formerly belonged to us on the European continent created a sensible chasm in the magnitude of our possessions. We retreated within our own limits; but this retrogression, if the phrase may be used, of power near home, was gradually repaired by a corresponding advance on the opposite shore of the Atlantic; and the soil which we were compelled to relinquish in Europe, we more than regained in America. Another season



season of revolutions snatched from us the greater part even of those acquisitions; but we had already laid broad and deep the foundations of a second supply. While British America shrunk from an empire into a few provinces, British India rapidly expanded from a few provinces into an empire. The glory departed from us in the west only to reappear in the east with increased force and with heightened brilliancy.

‘Our empire in India (says a great writer) is an awful thing.’ The sentiment was originally uttered in 1793, and certainly has lost none of its force by the lapse of time. The history of conquests contains no chapter more curious than the narrative of the territorial connexion between Great Britain and the East Indies, from the capture of Arcot in 1754 to the present time. It is a sustained and a splendid piece of action. The growth of such power from such beginnings might remind us of a striking legend in Hindoo mythology, where Vishnù, under the disguise of a human form, requests from some great king or rajah the grant of as much land as he can cover, in point of length, by the flight of an arrow. The grant is obtained; but the arrow, when shot, flies to the utmost horizon. With equal humility of commencement, with a similar effect in the sequel, the British were permitted to build a few rude factories in the east; and their sway, in the shape either of avowed supremacy or of irresistible influence, already comprehends an area of Indian territory equal to the proudest kingdoms of Europe. Even now all is not accomplished;—this mighty dominion yet continues in progress:—nor can human sagacity divine its future boundaries, or compute its probable maximum. The bow was drawn by no measurable strength, and the shaft is still flying—

‘*Stridens et celeres incognita transilit umbras.*’

The natural effect of acquisition is possession; and possession draws after it innumerable duties. Amidst the crowd of warriors whose names stand emblazoned in the annals of conquest, perhaps only two can be found who have conquered purely for the sake of conquering, and have thrown aside their prizes when they had done—Sesostris and Charles the Twelfth. Such disinterestedness of ambition might befit a fabulous conqueror; and it might befit one whose history has almost realized fable; but, in general, the hunters of mankind, however they may prefer the chase to the game, are yet content to retain the fruits of their achievements, and to wear the spoils which they have been at the trouble of winning. Indeed, it may be thought one instance of that principle of compensation, which the moral world so beautifully exemplifies in a thousand others, that conquerors insensibly contract an interest in the welfare and improvement of that which, by dint of exertion, they have made their own. When once it is appropriated, it acquires the

the ordinary claims of property on the proprietor; it becomes an object of his solicitude; and falls within that narrow circle in which selfishness itself inculcates the lessons of justice.

How far the acquisitions, warlike or pacific, of the British in the East Indies, can be deemed justifiable, it were irrelevant in this place to inquire. The question is probably a mixed one, requiring much detailed research and much cautious discrimination; and this only forms an additional reason why, on an occasion like the present, the consideration of it should be avoided. Neither is it here necessary to describe at large the nature, or accurately to estimate the weight, of the obligations which the possession of such a dominion entails on the British nation. Still less need we discuss the precise form of government by which those valuable dependencies may best be ruled;—a point long since decided, and, as we are disposed to believe, decided wisely. But there is one question connected with these subjects, to which recent controversy has given peculiar prominence, and on which therefore we would offer a few remarks. The nature of that question is sufficiently indicated by the title of the work which stands foremost at the head of the present Article.

If the British possessions in the east were simply a dependent or subordinate country, subject indeed to the political controul of the ruling state, but free as to the regulation and conduct of their domestic concerns, the question referred to could scarcely arise. In that case, the individuals by whom the affairs of the local government were to be managed would not be derived from England, but, generally speaking, would be persons born and educated in India. Even in colonies properly so called, the task of supplying the great body of the public functionaries required belongs to the colonists themselves. The mother-country moves in a sort of exterior circle of power; while the management of the local administration is almost wholly left to the energies of local wisdom and genius. British India, however, is not a colony; neither would the complex and singular relations which bind it to this kingdom be satisfied by the general appellation of a dependent country. It is a dependency; but one of a very anomalous kind. By the peculiar system of Indian polity which we have established, it is provided that we should govern those regions, not by delegation to a secondary or colonial state, but directly and at first hand. The functionaries, to whom the internal administration of Indian affairs is principally confided, are not grown and trained on the spot, but are drawn from the population of the Britannic islands. The vigour and intelligence demanded for the business of government are not left to be furnished by the progressive accumulations of provincial wisdom  
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and genius, but are transported at once from the west. In a word, we have monopolized the Indian market for those commodities.

It must therefore be considered a very serious question in what manner we may best fulfil the trust with which we have thus charged ourselves; a trust in its own nature most sacred, and which surely loses nothing of its sanctity because it has been voluntarily assumed.

The force of these considerations is greatly enhanced by another peculiarity in our Indian system. The European functionaries employed in the administration of Indian affairs are not selected promiscuously from the population of Great Britain, nor even from the higher classes of that population; nor are they chosen out of persons of mature age and whose talents have been satisfactorily tried at home. They are a body formed by annual supplies of thirty or forty youths, sent out on account of their connexion with the Directors, and at an age little exceeding childhood. Among the members of this body, thus brought together, almost all the powers, privileges and emoluments of Indian offices are shared. By such an arrangement it is obvious that all the excellent effects which the complete *openness* of the political department produces in free countries,—effects luminously visible in our own island,—the inspiring influence of generous rivalry—the introduction of talents of late development—the ultimate success of untamable perseverance—the irresistible irruption of low-born merit,—are in a considerable degree excluded. True it is that many evils are excluded at the same time; for there seems great reason to believe that the unrestricted entrance of Europeans into India, which is perhaps the only possible alternative, would be a disastrous event for the natives. But let it not be forgotten that we buy off this mass of evils by paying a very heavy composition of inconvenience; and surely it is our duty to lighten and palliate the pressure of the necessary tax by all practicable means. In other words, if the Indian offices in question are to be the perquisites of a privileged few, let us use even extraordinary means that those few may be properly qualified.

These remarks do not decide the specific question respecting the East-India College, which has recently excited so much keen discussion; but they shew its importance. The question has indeed been disposed of in the place where it originated; but we have thought that it would not, for that reason, the less profitably engage the attention of our readers; since it may be considered as released from the contending influences of local interests, and as submitted to the unclouded review of public opinion. Nor can it be doubted that this is strictly a public question, in virtue of all those admitted principles

principles which oblige the British nation to regard her Indian provinces as vital portions of herself.

The greater part of the 'Statements' of Mr. Malthus appears to have been composed some time since, on occasion of a prevalent rumour that the College would be the subject of discussion in the Court of East India Proprietors. No discussion, however, then taking place, nor any being specifically announced, the author withheld his work from the press; but the animadversions lately made on the subject, both in the Court of Proprietors and elsewhere, induced him to publish what he had prepared, with such additions as appeared necessary. It is certainly fortunate that so considerable a portion of the pamphlet should already have been in existence; since it has enabled the author to meet the exigencies of a sudden and unforeseen controversy with a treatise containing much matter of a general and comprehensive nature.

The frequent and very honourable mention which the writer makes of the Marquis Wellesley's Minute in Council, containing the reasons for the establishment of a College at Calcutta, led us to re-peruse that paper, and, in the sequel, to comprise it within the scope of the present Article. We have done so, because the two compositions reflect great light on each other, and, collectively taken, appear to supply a very sufficient mass of information and disquisition for the purposes of the intended inquiry.

The pamphlet of Mr. Malthus seems to have acquired a considerable reputation, and, we think, very deservedly. It throughout exhibits a clear good sense and calm ability, which are highly impressive and satisfactory; and with these qualities are united others to which we cannot help attaching peculiar value,—great fairness and sincerity. We do not here allude to the veracity of his statements, which we should of course presume to be beyond suspicion; but to his good faith and honesty as a debater. The question is encountered plainly and directly, without any of that nervousness and anxiety with which ordinary disputants march into the field of battle. The topics are arranged skilfully; but it is with that sort of art which would be called judgment rather than address. There is no studied or solicitous amplification of what seem strong or popular points; and, when the writer has to meet an adverse assertion or argument, he disposes of it fairly, and without stopping either to mangle its remains or to exult over its fall. This species of plain dealing,—this freedom from finesse or exaggeration,—united as they here are with a strong power of reasoning,—impress on the work a very singular character of persuasiveness; but we doubt whether those qualities will be fully appreciated, except by such persons as possess the questionable advantage of a considerable experience in controversial reading.

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Of the 'Minute' of Lord Wellesley, it is also necessary, we presume, to give some general account. It is an official document indeed, and may therefore seem a quarry too lofty for the talons of literary criticism. It stands, however, in the rare position of a state-paper immediately bearing on the interests of learning; and in this view, even if in no other, appears very fairly accountable to the tribunals of the republic of letters. It may appeal, perhaps, against their sentence, but surely cannot disclaim their jurisdiction.

One of the greatest of ancient critics very beautifully observes, respecting one of the greatest of ancient warriors and statesmen, that he spoke with the same mind with which he fought: '*Tanta in eo vis est, id acumen, ea concitatio, ut illum eodem animo dixisse, quo bellavit, appareat.*'\* Such analogies are captivating, and perhaps therefore often delusive; yet there can be no doubt that the different exercises of the same mind will be distinguished by some common features. In the 'Minute' of Lord Wellesley, a fanciful observer might without difficulty discover traces of those qualities which are generally confessed to have characterized his Indian administration. It clearly indicates, on the one hand, that spirit, decision, rapidity, and comprehensiveness of genius, the praise of which has never been denied him by his enemies; and is perhaps not untinctured, on the other, by somewhat of that tendency to profusion and magnificence, which, within venial limits, would scarcely be disclaimed for him by his friends. The distinguished author has been blamed for an Asiatic style of writing; a criticism manifestly unjust, if that phrase is meant to imply, what it conveyed in the mouths of the detractors of Cicero,† a weak and empty verbosity. Yet, in a better sense, there certainly is a tinge of what may be called *Orientalism* in the cast of Lord Wellesley's composition; and, perhaps, the costume with which imagination naturally invests the heroes of Eastern romance, would be no unapt representative of its character, which seems every where to exhibit the strong and well-knit armour of reason, circumfused by the flowered and flowing drapery of a certain copious and noble eloquence.

We must not, however, forget that our immediate concern is rather with the subject discussed by Mr. Malthus, than with Lord Wellesley. Yet, in pursuing our course, we do not hold ourselves bound to a very nice study of method; but shall be content to present our reflections in the order in which they have occurred, although not the most scientifically exact. It may not be inexpedient to commence with a rapid glance at some former passages in the history of British India.

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\* Quint. Inst. lib. x. c. 4.

† Quint. Inst. lib. xii. c. 10.

The change of fortune which transformed the India Company into the territorial masters of countries where they had subsisted only as privileged traders, had of course the effect of greatly enlarging their establishment of European agents in the East; or, to speak technically, of *writers*. In the first instance, however, the number of writers employed was, comparatively speaking, moderate. In imitation of many other conquerors, the Company chose to govern their new dominions, in a great measure, by the agency of native instruments; a plan recommended by considerations not only of obvious policy, but of economy also; for, on a superficial view at least, the machinery of government would much more cheaply be provided on the spot, than imported from an immense distance. But it was not possible that this arrangement, which left so considerable a portion of political power in the hands of the natives, should long continue. The iron and the clay could not subsist together. Whether the country were justly conquered or not, there might be a doubt; there could be none that, when once in fact made a British province, it should receive the cherishing and effectual protection of a British government. Naturally sordid, however, and rapacious, and now placed in a situation of servile dependence very unfavourable to public spirit or virtue, the native agents proved a body of low oppressors; the system was not only injurious to the country, but threatened to be wastefully expensive; and the Company became convinced that, if they intended to discharge their imperial functions with advantage either to themselves or to their subjects, they must be content to assume both the praise and the odium of an undivided responsibility, and to displace the delegates whom they had raised.

The idea seems to have been but partially adopted at first; and, at all events, could not be carried into effect without management and gradation. Accordingly, it was not fully realized till upwards of thirty years after the conquest of Bengal, although in progress during the greater part of that interval. In 1765, the collection and administration of the revenues of the three provinces, and the dispensation of civil justice, were transferred from the Nabob of Bengal to the Company. Yet the Company exercised these functions through the medium of native ministers, though with a gradually increasing degree of British superintendence, down to the year 1772. At that period it was resolved that European officers, being covenanted servants of the Company, should be employed in both departments. The management of criminal justice, meanwhile, a prerogative which, by the constitution of the Mogul empire, was considered as peculiarly attached to the dignity of Nabob, continued in the hands of the native government; but was deformed by abuses so flagrant as at length forced on the British, after some

ineffectual attempts at regulation, the assumption of the whole judicial power. This arrangement, the dictate of an imperious necessity, did not finally take place before the year 1790.

When, in addition to the circumstances just detailed, it is remembered how great an accession of power and territory the Company received during the thirty years in question, it will be seen that, in the course of that period, the demand for European functionaries in the East must have considerably increased: yet that demand was by no means small, even at the outset. The departments of politics and of the Company's commerce would alone have held out sufficient attractions to the spirit of European enterprize; even had not the country then opened many shorter avenues to the acquisition of wealth; avenues, which the Directors, in their corporate capacity, made frequent though ineffectual attempts to close; but which, while they subsisted, could not fail to increase the appetite and to multiply the applications for Indian appointments. Without searching, however, for reasons, there can be no doubt that, even in the early times, the influx of Europeans into India was in point of fact very considerable.

What might be the character or the conduct of those adventurers, is a distinct question. The vulgar opinion certainly places them in no very amiable or prepossessing light. It describes them as successive flights of gloomy plunderers, who visited one of the choicest portions of the globe, only to consume its wealth and destroy its resources. They were living clouds of locusts, which periodically darkened the land with their numbers and desolated it by their voracity. The reader well knows all this; for doubtless he has read it in the terrific representations of Burke. Those representations, indeed, were very greatly overcharged. The extraordinary person from whom they proceeded appears to have early formed a very vivid idea of the importance and dignity of a denouncer of great national crimes. The idea, beyond question, was strongly and profoundly rooted in a principle of public virtue; but it seems to have taken a still stronger hold on an imagination, naturally capacious of whatever was romantic or prodigious, aided perhaps in its appetite for sublime horrors by some defectiveness of taste, and at the same time deeply charged with classic recollections of oppressed provinces, prætorian rapacity, and avenging eloquence. A mind so constituted and so prepared would instinctively seek for some lofty theatre on which it might exhaust at once its genius and its rage;—but the time was not yet arrived;—these portentous visions of fancy had not yet found their destined and too faithful anti-type in the horrible grandeur of the French Revolution. In this position,—India, interesting as a renowned region of romance, magnificent as a waste of ruined empires,—India, sacked, ravaged, destroyed,

destroyed, by hordes of civil and military adventurers from the west,—presented to the piercing eyes of the orator a field of criminatory power too tempting to be resisted; and he may be said to have lighted on the shores of the Ganges with the ominous and awful descent of an accusing angel. It was then that those harrowing descriptions and thrilling denunciations were uttered, which will be perused by the latest posterity with mingled impressions of horror, admiration, and incredulity.

Yet it must be owned that these pictures, though conceived and executed in the most daring and poetic style of portrait-painting, did not wholly want fidelity. The nation was, at that period, possessed with the most extravagant notions of Asiatic wealth. Every Indian river was conceived to roll over a bed of gold; every plain to conceal inexhaustible mines of rubies and diamonds. It is a very curious circumstance, that the earliest interference of parliament in the territorial management of British India did not take place till ten years after the conquest of Bengal by Lord Clive; and that this interference was confined to the object of securing for the public a participation in the Indian revenues.\* If, at a time when England and Europe were ringing with tales, on whatever foundation framed, of the devastations sustained from British subjects by the prostrate empire of the Moguls, so august an authority as the legislature could thus act, we may less wonder that private individuals, and especially those within the more immediate influence of the magnetic attraction, should have forgotten more exalted principles in a thirst for barbarian gold.

Under such circumstances, it was natural that abuses should more or less take place;—it was, perhaps, equally natural that, with or without justice, they should be imputed. For the possessors of the envied and corrupting advantages of an appointment in the Indian service could expect little quarter either from the virtue or from the jealousy of those who were unable to command the same prizes. Accordingly, the adventurers were not unfrequently represented as persons of shattered fortune and character, who had found it convenient to perform a sort of lucrative quarantine in a remote country, and to redeem their credit by an expatriation which bore to a transportation for fourteen years the same sort of noble relationship which the ostracism of Athens is said to have borne to vulgar exile.

This idea, considered as of general, or even of sensibly frequent application, appears to have been without any foundation. So far as evils really existed in the administration of the Indo-British provinces—as in too great a degree they certainly did exist,—and so

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\* 7 Geo. III. c. 57.



far as those evils might be ascribed to the imperfect qualification of the persons sent out—as in a measure they certainly might be ascribed,—they admit of being accounted for from a very simple cause. The object of a nomination in the Company's service being what is commonly called a *fortune*, and the policy of the Company in many ways preventing the persons sent out from regularly *settling* or *colonizing* in India, the career of Indian service was invariably commenced with the twofold purpose of returning to Europe, and of returning rich; and, for these ends, it apparently could not be commenced too early. Further, by an early embarkation, the young writer not only more quickly enabled himself to realize the provision to which he looked, but also more speedily relieved the funds employed for his maintenance by his parents. He was too often, therefore, hurried away at a tender age, with principles unconfirmed, and with little education in any science beyond the management of a ledger and a cash-book. In other cases, young men of more advanced age, and already employed in other callings, unexpectedly obtained the boon of a writership; but the same principle was still acted upon;—however scanty his intellectual furniture, the favourite of fortune could not afford to wait;—he was appointed, fitted-out, and forthwith shipped. Besides this, it may be believed that, in some instances, a parent would select the most untoward or unpromising subject among his children, possibly the hopeless *rejeté* of a public school, for an expedition to the Indies; delighted that so comfortable a resource could be found for an *Arcadicus juvenis*, whom nature had fitted only to be rich, and persuaded that the gracelessness of his disposition either would be left behind him in the bosom of the Atlantic, or burned out by the blaze of a tropical sun:—

‘————— sub gurgite vasto  
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni.’

Let us not be understood to insinuate that honourable and even splendid exceptions to the whole of this representation may not be cited; but, at that early period, and under all the circumstances of the case, it was scarcely in the nature of things that a service so constituted should not be subject to the evils described. This season of darkness, however, seems to have rolled away;—we trust, never to return. For it is a matter not to be questioned that very great and effectual improvements have been introduced into our Indian system,—improvements which, while they eminently redound to the credit of the British nation, must be allowed to reflect a divided glory on the Company and their servants. In these ameliorations, very good beginnings had been made by other governors; but the principal instrument in them was undoubtedly the late Marquis Cornwallis; and certainly no fitter agent could have been found for the

the purpose than that great and amiable man, who, to eminent rectitude of understanding, and to the soundest practical wisdom, united a peculiar dignity and integrity of principle, and so unaffected a simplicity of character, as made him appear like the posthumous offspring of an elder age. Lord Cornwallis was inflexibly resolute in the encouragement of merit, and in promoting, by every means of authority and example, the general establishment of strict principles of public conduct. In these objects, he seems to have been very decisively seconded by the authorities at home; and his efforts succeeded accordingly. The civil service of the Company rose to a high standard of zeal, correctness, and purity; and that elevation it has since sustained.

But Lord Cornwallis could not build without materials. His choice of instruments was restricted to a given muster-roll; while the work to be done was not only vast, but grew daily. The consequence was that, with all his exertions, he experienced great difficulty in adequately supplying the important offices of the state. Mr. Malthus observes,—we believe very truly,—that, in his search for the requisite qualifications, many of the older civil servants were passed over, and that, even with the utmost range which the rules of the service would admit, the search did not always prove successful.

By the governors who followed, the same obligations and the same difficulties were felt; and, at length, the Marquis Wellesley proposed that corrective for the evil, of which the 'Minute' already described, so powerfully enforces the necessity and details the nature. It has sometimes been maintained that the real aims of Lord Wellesley were directed to some other object than the education of the civil servants, or at least to some object greatly more extensive. In the College of Fort William, he is supposed to have projected a magnificent repository of European principles and Asiatic erudition; a vast moral treasury, in which the stores of written learning and recorded wisdom might indefinitely accumulate, and in which the sages of the East might find studious solitudes still more deeply attractive than the sacred shades of Benares. There certainly is no reason to question the truth of this notion. Nothing is more credible than that such prospects as these might fill up the *distance* of the picture which Lord Wellesley had framed to himself; but the utmost injustice would be done to the views of that enlightened statesman, if it were not distinctly admitted that his great object was one of a nature more pressing, more practical, and more closely congenial with that solicitude for the rights and happiness of the people, which, after all, constitutes the true sublime of legislation and government. Throughout his Minute,—the actual deficiencies of the civil service,—and the

*means of supplying those deficiencies*,—form the grand and the solitary theme of discussion. He has no time to speak or to think of any thing else; and his reasoning must have been sadly thrown away on those whom it has not convinced that this subject alone might worthily exercise the united reflection and eloquence of India and of England.

The foundation of Lord Wellesley's propositions is laid in a clear and accurate view of the qualifications requisite for the civil servants of the Company. His statements on this head highly deserve consideration, on account of certain strange misapprehensions that seem but too prevalent. An idea seems to be entertained that those civil servants, with the exception perhaps of a small minority selected for high official situations, are mere commercial agents, the underlings of a great house of business; petty clerks or accountants, whose chief accomplishment it is, to understand the Italian method of book-keeping by double entry,—to be expert in the whole mystery of invoices and sale-prices,—and to be *neat hands* at weighing silks, measuring piece-goods, and counting bales of cotton. Some perhaps think it a more correct notion, to consider them as of the nature of that useful and respectable order of persons called *travelling clerks* or *riders*; and as sent by the Company to traverse those distant and immense regions, stuffed with choice specimens of hard-ware and long-ells; only that, on the luxurious plains of India, the English equipage of horses and gigs must, we suppose, give place to the more gorgeous and nabob-like apparatus of palanquins and elephants.

Since such an idea obviously strikes at the very root of all plans for the liberal education of the civil servants of the Company, Lord Wellesley has set himself to overthrow it at the outset; and the able exposition which it has drawn from him, of the duties of that class of persons, is quoted with much commendation by Mr. Malthus. We cannot afford to be equally copious in citation; but shall yet gratify the reader by a few short extracts.

‘The denominations of *writer*, *factor* and *merchant*, by which the several classes of the civil service are still distinguished, are now utterly inapplicable to the nature and extent of the duties discharged and of the occupations pursued by the civil servants of the Company.

‘To dispense justice to millions of people of various languages, manners, usages, and religions; to administer a vast and complicated system of revenue, through districts equal in extent to some of the most considerable kingdoms in Europe; to maintain civil order in one of the most populous and litigious regions in the world; these are now the duties of the larger portion of the civil servants of the Company. The senior merchants, composing the Courts of Circuit and Appeal under the presidency of Bengal, exercise in each of these courts a jurisdiction of greater local extent, applicable to a larger population, and occupied in  
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the determination of causes infinitely more intricate and numerous, than that of any regularly constituted courts of justice in any part of Europe. The senior or junior merchants employed in the several magistracies and Zillah courts, the writers or factors filling the stations of registers and assistants to the several courts and magistrates, exercise, in different degrees, functions of a nature either purely judicial, or intimately connected with the administration of the police, and with the maintenance of the peace and good order of their respective districts. Commercial and mercantile knowledge is not only unnecessary throughout every branch of the judicial department; but those civil servants, who are invested with the powers of magistracy, or attached to the judicial department in any ministerial capacity, although bearing the denomination of merchants, factors, or writers, are bound by law, and by the solemn obligation of an oath, to abstain from every commercial and mercantile pursuit. The mercantile title which they bear not only affords no description of their duty, but is entirely at variance with it.—*Statements*, pp. 6, 7.

‘The civil servants of the East-India Company, therefore, can no longer be considered as the agents of a *commercial concern*: they are, in fact, the ministers and officers of a *powerful sovereign*: they must now be viewed in that capacity with a reference not to their nominal, but to their real occupations. They are required to discharge the functions of magistrates, judges, ambassadors, and governors of provinces, in all the complicated and extensive relations of those sacred trusts and exalted stations, and under peculiar circumstances, which greatly enhance the solemnity of every public obligation, and the difficulty of every public charge. Their duties are those of statesmen in every other part of the world; with no other characteristic differences than the obstacles opposed by an unfavourable climate, a foreign language, the peculiar usages and laws of India, and the manners of its inhabitants.’—*Statements*, p. 11.

These observations appear to set the matter at rest. We will not further dwell on the topic, therefore, except to express our utter surprize that such an error as we have been commenting on, should still subsist; nay, that, by all accounts, it should be dragging on its miserable existence even within the walls of the Court of Proprietors.—‘*Vivit? Imò verò etiàm in Senatum venit.*’—Would it be believed that, in the nineteenth century, there should occur instances of that delusion which Adam Smith charged on the Company, but with which we hope and trust the majority of the Company are no longer chargeable,—the delusion of forgetting their sovereignty in their mercantile character? For it is evident that the duties of the agents must have undergone a parallel change with those of their employers; and that the idle appellations of *writers*, *factors*, and *merchants*, can no more be used to describe the real occupations of the civil servants in India, than the title of ‘The United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies’

can be accurately employed to express the complicated and imperial functions of the body whom they serve.

With regard to the actual state of the qualifications of the civil servants before the existence of the Calcutta College, the declarations of Lord Wellesley are perfectly frank and explicit. Compared with the vast disadvantages under which the service had laboured, he admits that those qualifications were great and even wonderful; compared with the exigencies of the state, with the number of the servants, and with the magnitude and arduous nature of the trusts confided to them, he pronounces them decidedly inadequate.

*'It must be admitted that the great body of the civil servants in Bengal is not at present sufficiently qualified to discharge the duties of the several arduous stations in the administration of this empire; and that it is particularly deficient in the judicial, fiscal, financial, and political branches of the government.'*

*'The state of the civil services of Madras and Bombay is still more defective than that of Bengal.'*—Statements, p. 17.

Yet it is not unnatural for an objector to ask, Whence then the past glory and prosperity of British India? That a succession of able men has arisen in the civil service of the Company,—that those able men have acted with extraordinary effect,—that the effect of their action has, in truth, been the advancement of our Indian empire to a high pitch of fame and power,—these are propositions not to be denied. The splendid characters in question, however, were the spontaneous growth of the Indian system; and why should we distrust the future productiveness of a soil which has hitherto proved so fertile of public talent and virtue?

To this objection, Lord Wellesley more eloquently, and Mr. Malthus more exactly, return what amounts to the same answer. The substance of their observations seems to be, that the emergencies of war and revolution usually call up one or two daring and capacious minds into situations of command, and that the talents thus raised govern the crisis which has produced them:—that the duties, meanwhile, of the inferior citizens on such occasions are nearly limited to the exercise of courage and obedience, duties simple in their nature, and which, no less than the more difficult vocations of loftier men, are imperiously enforced by the exigence of the moment:—but that the internal happiness of a people follows a different law from their national glory,—that this must in a considerable degree depend on the qualifications of the subordinate functionaries, whether financial or judicial, in immediate contact with them,—and is of too delicate a texture to be regulated by the fiat of a great leader. For the purposes of conquest, the qualities of rude energy or fortunate boldness may suffice; but other virtues must

must be called into use, if we would secure the stability of the empire thus acquired, or, as Lord Wellesley characteristically expresses it, the empire 'whose magnitude is the accumulated result of former enterprize, activity and resolution.' Mr. Malthus further remarks that the commercial, financial and territorial prosperity of British India has, not, in fact, kept pace with the brilliant career of its arms and councils.

To these sound and discriminating observations little need be added. That the internal prosperity of a country (which is its *real* prosperity) cannot exactly be estimated from the grandeur and ascendancy of its foreign fortunes, is sufficiently proved by European experience of no old date; and this in cases happily far stronger than that of British India. The events of the last twenty years have been lost on us indeed, if they have not taught us that a nation may combine a course of the most towering success in arms and policy with almost any assignable degree of oppression and impoverishment at home. The lesson does not stop even here:—the resources of a nation may be so adjusted and applied, that it shall, for many years together, purchase political aggrandisement precisely at the expense of private happiness, and grow great and splendid by its very sufferings. War, conquest and negotiation may be termed the *foreign trade of glory*; which, like the foreign trade of wealth, has not only acquired an unmerited pre-eminence in the eyes of mankind, but is often fed by the sacrifice of those more valuable interests that, in promoting the domestic welfare and virtue of a people, raise the most enduring though not the most brilliant monument to the fame of its rulers.

Incited and fortified by the considerations which his 'Minute' so powerfully enforces, Lord Wellesley proceeded to establish, by public regulation, the college of Fort William. It was placed under the immediate government of a provost and a vice-provost. Professorships were instituted in a great variety of departments. An attendance on the college for three years was made compulsory on all persons appointed to the civil service of Bengal; but the junior servants at the other Presidencies were also to be admissible. Degrees were instituted as indispensable qualifications for certain offices in the service. The branches of knowledge for which provision was to be made, were the Oriental languages, nine in number; the Mahomedan and Hindù systems of law; the principles of ethics, jurisprudence, and the law of nations; the English law; the regulations and laws of British India; the modern languages of Europe; classical literature; general history; the history of Hindostan; political economy, geography, mathematics, astronomy, natural history, botany, and chemistry.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this great project met with  
but

but partial countenance from the Directors of the Company at home. The college of Fort William was in the first instance suspended, but was afterwards continued on a reduced scale, which confined it to a seminary for the instruction of the Bengal civil servants in the Oriental languages appropriate to that presidency. At a subsequent period, a similar establishment, but proportionably smaller, was framed at Madras. The Directors urged various reasons for the rejection of the larger scheme proposed by their Governor General. They contended, that the European qualifications necessary for their civil servants ought clearly to be acquired, where they might be procured most easily, in Europe; while India should furnish, as she naturally might, the important addition of a proficiency in Indian literature. They objected also to the expense of the proposed college, as being enormous. But here, an unhappy little misadventure occurred. The Board of Controul had, of course, the revisal of the dispatch in which the Directors expressed their dissent from the plan of a collegiate institution meditated by Lord Wellesley. The Board adopted that dissent; but, being friendly to the eminent statesman concerned, were desirous of paring down their opposition to the smallest amount consistent with their object, and loved better to reverse his measures than to refute his reasoning. They therefore struck out of the dispatch of the Directors most of the objections urged against the plan, leaving little else than the plain and palpable plea of its expensiveness. Thus the disapprobation of the Directors, and of the Board, was made to stand mainly on the least popular and liberal ground which it could have assumed; the project dissented from, was left with the credit of the victory in argument; and the Board secured to themselves the conscientious comfort of knowing that they had done a good thing which could not fail to be evil spoken of.

For ourselves, we feel no disposition to rekindle extinct controversies. In the Prospectus of the Calcutta College, there is something imperial and imposing, against which an imagination tinged with academic associations is not altogether proof. Even on the calmest and most frigid view that we can take of the subject, we are not persuaded that much more of the plan might not have been retained, without any prejudice to the force of those considerations which were urged in justification of its partial overthrow. But, at the same time, it is difficult to resist the plain reasonableness of the principle, that the properly European acquirements which are deemed requisite for the young men appointed to the Indian civil service, should rather be laid in previously to their first departure from this country, than reserved for cultivation till their arrival on the scene of actual employment.

The education of a youth destined to the civil line in India, is, or should

should be, at once preparatory and probationary. It is the means by which his competence is both produced and ascertained. On both grounds, then, it seems evident that the *whole* intellectual equipment of the young writer should, if possible, be provided, before he takes the decisive and scarcely revocable step of an actual embarkation for the East. So serious a beginning should not be made, until he is ready, and until he is known to be so. This is merely saying, that a pilgrim should be thoroughly furnished before he commences his pilgrimage;—that a soldier should arm himself before he marches into battle.—‘*Galeatum serò duelli pœnitet.*’—Besides this, a premature exposure to the dangers both physical and moral, which a tender youth, committed to his own management, cannot fail to experience amidst the riches, the pleasures, and the climate, of the East, is manifestly in itself no great benefit, but on the contrary a great evil. Let an interval be first allowed, which may confirm both his strength and his principles. Let him be granted a period of training, which shall fortify him with English habits and English feelings. Let him have time to fall in love with his country; and, although such a sentiment cannot but render his departure somewhat more painful, yet, like other elevated and enlightened attachments, it will guard his absent virtue, and stimulate his exiled ambition. All his energies, both active and passive, will be exerted in order that he may be restored to the presence of his mistress, with unperverted innocence and unstained honour.

These certainly are arguments, not only for commencing, but for completing, the education of the writer-elect, before he quits Europe. Yet the principle will bear some modification. All competent authorities concur in the position that a full colloquial command of the Oriental languages, and an intimate acquaintance with Oriental letters and manners, cannot be gained except where those languages, letters, and manners, are indigenous, and in actual and constant exercise. The observations of Lord Wellesley on this head are perfectly irrefutable. So far, therefore, the plan of instructing the youthful writer in Europe must yield to an exception; but the reason which suggests this exception appears also to limit it. It does somewhat more: it justifies the general rule; since, in point of consistency, the same considerations which would induce us to send the young student for the Oriental part of his education to the East, would seem to make it expedient that his European qualifications should be provided in Europe. The *staple* of each country should be sought where it is raised. The fruit, in each case, should be plucked where it grows.

The best attention, therefore, that we have been able to bestow on this subject, has rather resulted in the opinion, that the institution



tion of the young student in the literature of his own country should be, in a great measure, completed at home, while his cultivation of Oriental literature should, in a great measure, be adjourned till his arrival in the East. This, however, is but the coarse outline of the plan: its perfection would appear to be that, with the European studies which principally occupy the first stage of his course, he should combine some rudimental insight into eastern literature; and, on the other hand, that, while he principally devotes himself to the prosecution of that literature in India, he should yet be incited to keep his European attainments in familiar exercise, and should even have the opportunity of repairing their deficiencies. For these latter objects, it does not appear that any provision is made by the system now established; and, with reference to these, we cannot help thinking that a portion of the European department of Lord Wellesley's establishment might properly have been spared.

It being once settled, however, that a proficiency in certain attainments was to be secured for the young persons appointed to India, before they should quit Europe, the question next arose what sort of provision ought to be made for this object. The decision of the Directors on the point needs hardly be stated. They established what is usually called the East India College, and made an attendance at this College obligatory on all those who had received India writerships. Even then, however, there were not wanting persons who contended that, instead of setting up any specific establishment, it might suffice to exact of the young men a certain prescribed proficiency in the requisite branches of knowledge; while others held that, if any establishment at all was to be erected, it should be one in the nature of a school rather than a college. These opinions seem of late to have found very zealous abettors; and, as they are of a general description, involving in nearly the same condemnation the College of Lord Wellesley, the College of the Directors, and all other colleges of a similar kind and with a like object, a few passing reflections on them may not be ill bestowed.

On the question between school and college, the doctrine maintained by some persons appears to be, that the introduction of youths of sixteen into a seminary of a collegiate structure and discipline is a most absurd transformation of boys into men;—that it initiates them into a liberty which they are capable only of abusing, and inflates them with a self-importance which renders that abuse but too probable. The reply of Mr. Malthus seems to us very satisfactory. From the moment of their arrival in India, these boys must and will be men; and, what is more, men exposed to temptations of no common magnitude, and in very peculiar need of a formed power of self-government. The object of their education,

tion, therefore, for the two or three years immediately previous to their departure, ought specifically to be that which has incurred so much shallow censure,—the infusion of manly feelings, and the formation of manly habits, at an earlier period than usual. It is not the education, but the appointment, which converts them into men; nor can any thing be plainer than the expedience of some intermediate and probationary state, which shall break the suddenness of the transition, and soften the shock of an abrupt prematurity. To say that the ordeal of this probationary state may itself prove hazardous, is to utter a mere truism. All probation implies hazard, and would be useless without it.

But the benefits of ‘a sound flogging,’ as an engine of literary improvement, have sunk with the deepest impression into the minds of some men. The praises of the rod, therefore, have loudly resounded on the present occasion. The rod has been hung aloft as a sort of magic wand of youthful virtue; and the absence of it from the College established by the Company has been represented as a fatal omission. So, we repeat, persons think:

‘ ——— for their minds  
Shape strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!  
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine  
Of the Orthyian goddess he bade flog  
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised  
Our Milton, when at college.’—

Some journalists of extensive circulation, who very early ‘seized a flambeau’ in the college-controversy, have expatiated on this topic with such amusing earnestness as could only be rivalled by the penal fury of old Hegio addressing his floggers in Plautus, ‘Colaphe, Cordalio, Corax, ite istuc atque efferte lora!’ The subject, however, need not detain us. Let us only be allowed to observe, that the project of governing young men up to the period of *twenty-two* (for so late they are permitted to remain in this country) by means of flagellation, might probably answer in the climates of Asia, but must not be introduced without great caution into England. In this lawless age, it will require some management to establish that wholesome practice; for which, however, there are very good precedents, both ancient and modern. For, to say nothing of those already referred to, Juvenal informs us that the divine Achilles, after he was well grown, learned to sing of the Centaur Chiron under terror of the rod; and, if any persons should be apt to think that this mode of teaching music was altogether worthy of a centaur, let them remember that, even in the middle of the seventeenth century, Dr. Potter, then tutor of Trinity College, whipt a collegian, though arrived at man’s estate, and wearing a sword by his side!

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If it be necessary to treat this subject seriously, we know not that we could better express our sentiments than in some very weighty words of Plutarch. At least they are applicable, where the question relates to the management of pupils bordering on mature age. 'I am of opinion (says that sensible writer) that youth should be impelled to the pursuit of liberal and laudable studies by exhortations and discourses, certainly not by blows and stripes. These are methods of incitement far more suitable to slaves than to the free, on whom they can produce no other effect than to induce torpor of mind and disgust for exertion, from a recollection of the pain and insult of the inflictions endured. With youths of ingenuous birth, commendation and reproof will ever be found more efficacious than contumelious treatment; commendation, in stimulating them to that which is good and honourable; reproof, in restraining them from that which is low and vicious.'\*

While some would thus substitute a school for a college, others declare against both. They contend that a certain given degree of proficiency in the proper branches of knowledge should be exacted from the young men destined for the Indies; but that they should be left to furnish themselves with this passport as they can.

The species of education requisite for the Indian civil service is at once determined by the nature of the qualities to be produced. The European branch of that education ought to comprise the several heads of classical and liberal learning; of mathematical and philosophical science; of civil polity and political economy; of the principles of ethics, public law, and municipal jurisprudence; of history, ancient and modern, national and universal; of the practical rules of morality, and the sacred sanctions of religion. With these great pursuits is to be interwoven an elementary cultivation of the Asiatic languages. Such are the subjects which the young candidates for Indian honours must study wherever their studies are to be followed. Not that it is intended, with the exception of the moral department, that all should be equally adepts in all; but that the worst should be conversant with each, and should, if possible, be strong in some.

If there be any English seminary, by whatever denomination called, in which this course of instruction, or the greater part of it, is statedly and systematically taught, we have not heard of it; and our belief is, that, unless the India College is to be excepted, no such seminary exists in any part of the United Kingdom. In the English Universities, the means of classical and mathematical proficiency abound; ethics and theology are also studied; and, in

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\* *κατὰ πλείονος ἀγωγῆς. 18.*

some (and only in some) of the remaining branches, University-lectures are given. But those university-lectures, however useful or excellent, make no part of the stated routine of academical education, they are lectures which no student is under the obligation of attending; which those who attend, need not hear; which those who hear, need not remember. Being intended for a public and promiscuous audience, they are necessarily rather popular than severely didactic. They are not followed up by public examinations; nor included among those subjects of study, which the separate colleges enforce by the impressive agency of collegiate prizes and examinations, and of that habitual inspection and incitement, which is a still more powerful engine of improvement than either.

To this account we are not aware of any exceptions; nor would one or two exceptions, supposing them to exist, make any material difference. The statement we have given, however, is not at all disparaging to the Universities; on the contrary, it is rather to their praise. The Universities probably are not perfect; but it is no proof of their imperfection that they are but little adapted to meet the peculiar exigencies of the Indian civil service. The Universities, preparing men for all the professions in existence, wisely confine the stated course of their instructions to such acquisitions as befit those professions in common; and they justly assume that, in a free country, the attainments appropriate to each profession severally may with confidence be left to the creative effect of competition. But the Indian service is peculiarly situated. The spring of competition here acts too feebly to produce the requisite effect without the aid of some strong extraneous power; and, on the other hand, the qualifications, at least the preparatory qualifications, necessary for the great body of the civil servants, are confessedly so much the same as easily to be comprised within one common scheme of instruction. In a word, all the members of the civil service may safely be taught the same things; and all who are not taught are not likely to learn.

It should besides be observed that the Company's writers could not easily afford time for the ordinary academic course, unless they were sent to the university at an age singularly early, and which would expose them to the most perilous temptations. While the ultimate return of the writers to Europe continues, what it now is, a vital part of the Indian system, all opinions agree that their first outset should not, in general, be delayed much beyond nineteen. We need not say how much this is short of the usual period of pupillage at the Universities; and, on the other hand, to attempt to take advantage of shreds and patches of the academic course for the purpose of properly qualifying the young writer, would be a device

device in the highest degree awkward and imperfect, not to say totally impracticable.

It is not, therefore, meant to cast blame on the Universities, or to describe the plan of crowding a number of distinct studies into a short period of time as eligible for its own sake. That plan is indeed unavoidable in the case of preparation for the Indian service, since, from what has appeared, the young tyro must not only learn much but is under an equal necessity of learning quickly. The Universities, proceeding on general rules, prescribe a course much more deliberate; and we know not that they would do well, or indeed would find it possible, in any considerable degree, to accelerate their pace. Even Milton, who complains so heavily of the time wasted at schools and colleges on 'pure trifling at grammar and sophistry,' and who avows it as one of his chief objects to abbreviate the ordinary term of pupillage, does not pretend that his scheme of what he calls 'a complete and generous education' could be carried into execution before the age of twenty.\* The truth is, that a *forcing* system of instruction, however it may sometimes be necessary, is, on the whole, an evil. The human faculties require leisure and gradation for their full development; and though, by the application of artificial heat, they may be made to ripen prematurely, their expansion in such cases will seldom be so rich and kindly as under the solicitation of a gentler culture. It is, however, material to remark, not only that there are instances in which the system of forcing is unavoidable, but that, by the judicious management of able teachers, this necessary evil may be considerably palliated, and even may be converted to some salutary purposes. Mr. Malthus states that the great variety of pursuits at the present East India College, far from distracting the attention of the students, has been found to teach them habits of arrangement, and to enlarge and invigorate their understandings; a fact, which related by an observer so competent, must be considered as one of singular interest and value.

But, although there certainly is no room to contend that any existing seminary will answer the purpose in view, yet it is said that, if the plan of a strict examination of the young men appointed writers were adopted, and all those who fell below the proclaimed standard of acquirements were invariably rejected, the competitors would soon find ways and means, no matter what, of qualifying themselves properly. A steady refusal, by the Directors, to accept a *short measure* of qualification,—a resolute exclusion of all deficient candidates, whoever they might be,—in short, an inflexible application of the test,—would speedily, it is thought, have the

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\* Of Education.

effect of creating teachers, either public or private, well able to furnish the candidates with the instruction necessary.

This plan is not so simple and practicable as it may at first sight appear. Where the subjects of examination are numerous and extensive, and the persons to be examined have acquired their knowledge from sources and under systems in no degree connected or similar, it is not easy to frame an adequate test of comparison. It is like finding a common measure for quantities of a totally different nature. There is also something painful in the idea of the repeated rejections which the plan supposes, and which indeed are plainly indispensable to its success; rejections, falling (as, from the admitted want of existing seminaries, they must do) on persons who might have done their very best to satisfy the requisition, but who had failed from a real dearth of the means. And, after all, would this system secure to the youths appointed that general knowledge, or that classical spirit, which are almost naturally caught by association with large literary bodies, but which can neither be communicated by direct lessons, nor ascertained by examination? Would it ensure to them the formation of those valuable, and, in this case, most essential habits of self-government, which, as has before been shewn, a place of collegiate discipline alone promises adequately to supply? And if, in any instances, it produced this effect, would it afford the examiners the means of discovering whether the effect had been produced or no?

These objections arise, even supposing the test to be enforced with inflexible rigour, and with all the success of which it is capable. The next question is, whether it is in fact likely to be so enforced.

It is evident that, if we fail here, we fail altogether; and that even a probability of unsoundness in so vital a part of the project must be conclusive against it. There is no great difficulty in describing the excellent effects which a free examination will be likely to produce,—the generous ardour it will excite among the combatants,—the complete satisfaction it will afford to the world. But all these common-places, however just, are built on the postulate that the prescribed qualification is exacted with a stern inflexibility, and that every candidate who falls below the mark is rejected as a matter of course: otherwise, we have thrown away the single fulcrum on which our whole machinery rests.

Where the candidates for literary honours are obliged to go through a stated course of instruction at some established seminary, there, even if the rewards finally bestowed on them should be distributed weakly or unjustly, all is not lost. The regular routine of study itself acts as a strong stimulus in such cases; and, supposing the teachers competent and attentive, the student may

gain much, without any reference to a prize. But, where the prize is the sole stimulus employed,—where the hopes and terrors of an examination form our only engine,—it is plain that, if we misuse this solitary power, our whole object is defeated. We have then sacrificed the very principle on which we exclusively depend.

It seems a fact, however, that mere tests of this kind are very apt to degenerate into a matter of form. Such are the carelessness and the goodnature of mankind, in cases which do not touch their interests or excite their passions, that, unless those who have the task of enforcing the tests be themselves acting under peculiar incentives to strictness, they insensibly learn to mitigate their requisitions. Instances of hardship occur, that seem to justify a breach of the law; and, when the rent is once made, it quickly widens. In short, there is a perpetual tendency to evade the performance of an ungracious and invidious duty. In the present case, there are circumstances that would much increase this tendency. Where the number of the competitors for a prize is unlimited, the disappointment of many or most of them is a necessary part of the system; but, there being only a given number of writers selected by the Company, the rejection of one of them for incompetency, would be the naked and absolute exclusion of an individual, unbalanced by any advantage to his antagonists. Besides this, the great value of the prizes at issue is a material point. Since the final rejection of a candidate would involve the loss of a provision for life, men would proceed to that extremity with great unwillingness, and would listen to a plea for indulgence with extreme favour. Their natural proneness to a relaxation of the rule would thus be increased; and, where every thing confessedly depends on the rigid maintenance of a standard, a few precedents of abatement must inevitably depress it past all recovery.

But the most important consideration is yet behind. If repeated rejections were menaced, is it to be supposed that the parents of the persons in danger would continue idle? Would not every channel of interest, every form of solicitation, be employed to avert the evil? If the Directors were invested with the power of reversing the decision of the Examiners, would they not be beset with applications from those friends and relatives on whom they had bestowed appointments, praying that they would not nullify their patronage by the unrelenting execution of a regulation confessedly severe and indiscriminate? And is it in human nature to sustain such solicitation unmoved? If, on the other hand, and as we should rather presume, the decision of the Examiners were made final, then would not the same siege be laid to *them*, as, on the former supposition, to the Directors? Would they not be implored, obtested, and remonstrated with, by every consideration that

that could possibly address itself to their feelings, if not to their interest? This is not matter of imagination, but of history. The valuable author of the 'Statements' assures us that, in the present College, whenever a student is dismissed for misconduct, the collegiate authorities are assailed by never-ending applications for his re-admission, applications assuming all the conceivable forms of flattery and menace. The firmness shewn by the Professors under these attacks deserves the highest praise: but it is no disparagement of the merit of their resistance to remark, that it has been confirmed by the aid of those extraneous supports which human virtue never finds superfluous. The natural effect of their situation, the impressive influence of their daily habits, a just sensibility to their own reputation, nay, a provident regard to the ease and tranquillity of their lives,—all have combined to inspire them with a warm interest in the credit and success of the institution, as a seat of letters and discipline. Even with all this, it has required, we have no doubt, great native resolution, and a strong sense of duty, to uphold them in the discharge of their painful and unpopular functions. To expect the same stern and persevering inflexibility from a mere Board of Examiners, would be very unreasonable. Appointed only to classify the apparent attainments of a set of young men whom they had never before beheld and were never to behold again,—prest, prayed, and conjured, in every case of the slightest doubt, to err on the side of indulgence,—dinned, even in cases of glaring failure, with pleas, not only very plausibly but often (from the real difficulty of finding instruction) very satisfactorily accounting for the deficiency,—occasionally subject to warm instances from powerful friends or acknowledged patrons,—it were too much to suppose that they would invariably maintain their ground. They would yield here and there; and the declension, once begun, could not but proceed with accelerated velocity.

These considerations seem to us insuperable against the idea of relying exclusively on a test. As a sort of compromise, however, between a test and a college, it has been proposed to establish both at once; the use of the college indeed to be optional; but the test to be enforced at all events, and by a body of Examiners independent of the college. By this expedient, it is rather ingeniously argued that all parties will be satisfied. On the one hand, the parents will have their choice of a seminary for their children; on the other, if a college be really as necessary as is pretended, the inevitable exercise of that choice will be to choose the college. The experiment, therefore, must end, either in establishing the college, or in proving that no such establishment is necessary.

Is it at all conceivable, however, that this experiment should be



made *fairly*, under the circumstances supposed? It is of course meant that the students who actually go to this college shall be subject, while members of it, to the same discipline, and to the same penalties for misconduct, as if they went there on compulsion. Otherwise, this is such a college as nobody has ever contemplated; a most important, if not the very principal, feature of it having been erased. But a seminary in which there should exist the twofold risk of a moral as well as a literary disqualification,—in which instances of misbehaviour, totally unconnected with literary pursuits, might expose the student to a forfeiture of his views for life,—with what advantage would such an institution run the race of popularity against a system clogged with no other evil chances than those that might attend a simple examination in learning and science? It is manifest that the value of an Indian appointment would always occasion a strong struggle to escape this double jeopardy. Every man who desired a good education for his son would rather seek it elsewhere, than purchase it with such hazard; and, even supposing other things equal, would prefer the peril, once for all, of a single and a final trial, to the multiplied and accumulating dangers of a long and continuous probation. Hence would arise a very general attempt to avoid the college.

Now the question whether this attempt would succeed, is precisely the question whether the *final* test, the primum mobile of the present plan as well as of the former, would be strictly enforced. What, however, can be more evident than that the very anxiety to escape the risks of the collegiate probation would occasion the most active exertions of interest for a lenient application of the test? Parents would procure qualifications for their children at places where knowledge was less attainable and misconduct less fatal than at the college, and would then use their utmost influence that those defective qualifications might be accepted. But, if (as has already been shewn) the indolent goodnature of mankind be alone sufficient to neutralize tests of proficiency,—if, from that cause, such tests are apt to die a natural death,—and, if it has been justly argued that their liability to decline is still stronger where the number of the candidates is limited and the value of the prizes is great,—surely, the clear addition of weighty and powerful interests to the sinking scale, must prove absolutely and perniciously conclusive.

The steps of this descending progression it is not hard either to count or to trace. A College and a test,—but a college half-full, and a test half-efficient,—the dislike of the college operating to increase the depression of the test, and the decline of the test tending to promote the desertion of the college,—till, at length, the heavy expense of an institution at which there were no students  
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either to learn or to pay,—and the heavy expense of a Board of Examiners whose examinations ascertained nothing,—would suggest a proposal for the abolition of both; and, to say the truth, the proposal could not, under such circumstances, be too speedily adopted.

If this statement be thought too strong, there is at least one opinion in which we are sure that all candid persons who reflect on the considerations that have just been brought forward, will, after every allowance for exaggeration, agree. It is, that there would be a hazard of the evils described. The inquiry then arises, for what purpose is this hazard, be it great or small, to be incurred? To what end introduce risk and doubt into a plan which has for its object the just and beneficent administration of British India? The danger, if it came, might be borne; but why should we voluntarily seek, and even actively provoke it?

In reply to this inquiry it appears to have been urged, that a *compulsory* education ought to be reprobated as a great hardship on the families of the young writers. Natural liberty, it is said, enjoins that men educate their children where they please; and to prescribe to them a particular seminary, instead of leaving them a free choice, is to commit a flagrant practical anomaly.

To our apprehension, however, the only question is, in what way the qualifications requisite for the Company's servants may best be procured; a question, full of important topics, and in the decision of which the consideration of compulsion really seems so slight as to be in fact evanescent. To say the truth, this argument of compulsion is one which it is not easy to hear with much endurance. If, in high disdain of the compulsory arrangement in question, the families connected with the Company were wholly to renounce the proffers of Indian patronage,—if they were altogether to retreat from so enslaving a connexion,—can it be doubted that multitudes of other families, equally well entitled in point of birth, of station, and of character, would instantly be found to supply candidates for the vacant places? Can it be doubted that patrician parents of the highest respectability would gladly contend for the hardship of an Indian appointment, even at the expense of first subjecting their children to the cruel ordeal of a liberal education? What in fact is the compulsion complained of? Is it that a vast majority of the middling classes in Great Britain are compelled to tolerate a system which places the whole patronage of India in a few chartered hands? Is it that sixty millions of persons in India are compelled to behold the official emoluments of their country absorbed by a handful of strangers, the privileged minority of a privileged nation? No: but the complaint is, that those for whose benefit this mighty mass of compulsion is maintained, find the

suings out of their patent of privileges a little onerous and expensive. Truly, this is a fearful grievance. To complain of a slight compulsory condition annexed to the enjoyment of a valuable and enviable monopoly, as a violent infraction of natural freedom, would make a new title in the rights of man. And what can be more strange than that the objection of anomaly should be raised against one particular part of a system, which avowedly is altogether made up of anomalies, and whose most judicious advocates vindicate it on the ground that the circumstances are as anomalous as the system, and that, in a case so peculiar, the worst of anomalies would be the arbitrary application of ordinary rules?

Besides this argument about compulsion, however, another ground has sometimes been taken by those who object to the erection of a specific seminary for the Indian service. Such a seminary, it is said, tends to form the persons nominated to the service into a sort of class resembling an Indian *caste*. Instead of being thus collected into a separate society at an early age, it would be better that, till the very moment of their departure for India, they should remain mingled with the other youth of the country, and should thus acquire British feelings and British habits. The whole force of this objection seems to lie in the use of that picturesque term *caste*. It is indeed amazing to observe with what effect a strong word may sometimes be employed in helping out a weak argument. The idea of a *caste of writers* strikes the mind with a vague apprehension of something very strange, very formidable, and which ought by all means to be avoided: and yet, on cooler reflection, it may not be easy to discover the propriety of the expression as applied to an institution, which should collect a great number of young persons of various births and education, and from various quarters,—which should so collect them at the age of sixteen, and no earlier,—which should detain them only two or three years,—and which should instruct them in the same branches of European knowledge as are taught in other British seminaries, and in more of those branches than any one other British seminary combines. In fact, the European part of the education which such a seminary would afford, would be peculiar only in this, that it would be *peculiarly general*; and as to the Oriental studies of the place, he who supposes that a society otherwise of British feelings and habits, could be converted into an Indian *caste* by a slight initiation into one or two foreign languages, must have a singular idea indeed of British feelings and British habits!

The topics on which we have been dwelling, have detained us much beyond our purpose. It will be seen, however, that they embrace almost the whole of the present subject, so far as respects *principles*. What next becomes necessary is, that we take a view of

of the College established by the Company at Hertford; and this we shall not attempt in the way of a continued historical deduction, but rather in that of synopsis; briefly describing, in the first place, the nature of the institution, and then the results it has actually been found to produce, not without some notice of the recent controversy respecting it.

The India College was established in the year 1805, and placed under the management of a Principal and a certain number of professors. For some time it subsisted only at the pleasure of the Company; but was at length formally recognized by the legislature, in the act of the 53d Geo. III. c. 156, which provides that no person shall be sent as a writer to any of the presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, who has not passed four terms (two years) at the College; nor even then, unless he produces a certificate of his good conduct under the hands of the collegiate authorities. By the statutes of the College, (which the act makes binding, if passed by the Directors with the approbation of the Board of Control,) it is further provided that no person shall be nominated to the College as a student until he has completed his sixteenth year; that every candidate for admission shall produce a testimonial from his schoolmaster, and shall pass an examination before the Principal and Professors, in Greek, Latin, and arithmetic;—that, on leaving the college, the student shall be classed by the college-authorities in the order of their merit as to industry, proficiency, and general good behaviour, and shall rank in the service accordingly; and that no student shall be allowed to proceed to India, unless he is able to pass a certain prescribed test in Oriental literature. The sum to be annually paid by each student is one hundred guineas.

The lectures of the different professors embrace, in their substance, the subjects of classical literature, of the Oriental languages, of the elements of mathematics and natural philosophy, of the evidences and principles of religion, of the laws of England, of general history, and of political economy. At the end of every term, the students undergo a very strict examination. The trial lasts above a fortnight; when separate lists or classifications of them are made, arranging them according to their proficiency in the several departments in which they have been examined; and medals, prizes of books, and honorary distinctions, are awarded to those who are at the head of any one department, or as high as second, third, fourth, or fifth, in two, three, four, or five departments.

Such appears to be the general nature of this establishment; and, without excluding the possibility of smaller objections to it, (which, indeed, we reserve to ourselves the right of making,) we should

certainly say that, in point of system, it seems very well calculated for the accomplishment of the great purposes, with a view to which it was founded. In order, however, to ascertain how far it was likely to fulfil those purposes in point of fact, it will be well to notice some less observable peculiarities in its genius and constitution, or, at least, in the incidents by which it was originally attended, and in the actual position which it was designed to occupy.

There can be no doubt that the circumstances under which the India College began its career, were, to a certain extent, very favourable. Public seminaries have sometimes been endowed by the piety and charity of private individuals. In such cases they usually prosper for a season; but, on the death of the founder, it too often happens that the trust devolves on less able or less zealous managers, and the glory of the institution may be said to pass away. The India College, on the contrary, was to live under the fostering influence of the same body which had called it into being; and, as there was no reason to believe that the considerations which had suggested the propriety of such an institution, would either become less urgent in themselves, or be less justly appreciated by its patrons, it might apparently reckon on a firm, unfailing, and enlightened support. Further, most of our public seminaries were founded in the early, or at least in the middle periods of English history; and may, therefore, be supposed not always exempt from the languor and the decay incident to establishments of long standing. They were also founded in times of comparative ignorance and prejudice, if not of semi-barbarism: hence their systems of education are occasionally faulty; and, even when these are corrected, they cannot entirely shake off the clogs of ancient forms, but have to run the race of improvement in shackles. The India College was differently circumstanced. It arose in a period of the greatest intellectual refinement and illumination which the world has yet witnessed; and, in forming its system, might be expected to avail itself of all the resources within its reach. It was new; and, in reducing its system into practice, might be expected to proceed with all that freshness and vigour which novelty never fails to inspire.

These, certainly, were favourable circumstances; but they were accompanied by others of a less auspicious kind; and which, though they did not develope themselves immediately, were yet involved (if we may so express it) in the very origin of the institution. Novelty, indeed, has always its peculiar difficulties, as well as its peculiar energies; but the India College was not merely new as an individual; it was, in some respects, new even as a species. A seminary which, instead of revolving in a path of its own, acts as a sort of satellite to a great empire,—a seminary inseparably connected

connected with a government, and that a government of a very singular structure,—a seminary placed under the immediate controul of those whose friends or relatives constitute its only students,—a seminary where the students are all on their probation for the attainment of permanent appointments of great value,—is a seminary of a most unusual character. Such is the more general and obvious aspect of the case; but some of the particular considerations which this broader view includes, or which are immediately connected with it, seem to deserve a closer inspection.

Before the establishment of the college, the appointment of a writer to India, appears to have been a very simple and summary operation. The appointment might be conferred on a boy of fifteen; and the following, as we find, was the process of inauguration. Being recommended to the Court of Directors by some individual member of that body, the young candidate presented a petition to the Honourable Court, stating that he had been educated in reading, writing, and accounts,—expressing a humble hope, therefore, that he was qualified to serve *their honours* in the capacity to which he aspired,—and praying to be appointed accordingly. No inquiry was made of the petitioner in such cases, excepting whether the petition he had presented were in his own hand-writing; and, it being thus taken on his word that he could write, and under his hand that he could cipher, he was without any further examination pronounced worthy of a place among the administrators of the Indian empire, and was instantly embarked for the scene of his intended service; where, in later times at least, he no sooner arrived, than he entered on the receipt of £400 a year. It is not meant to be denied that many of the persons so sent might have received a good education: of some, the education had undoubtedly been excellent; but, whatever it was, it was not made the subject of official cognizance. This very goodly and comfortable order of things is now changed. The young writer must have attained the age of sixteen before he is permitted to enter the college; and he will not be permitted to enter at all, unless he can sustain a previous examination. He must have passed two years in a close course of study at the college before he is allowed to embark for India; and he will not be allowed to embark at all, unless he entitles himself to it by good conduct, and by a certain measure of literary proficiency. Material failure in these respects, or any great misdemeanour, exposes him to the total loss of his appointment. Add to all this, he must, during his residence at the college, pay the annual sum of one hundred guineas. Thus, by raising the standard-age of setting out for India, this system has diminished the range, and, therefore, lowered the value of Indian patronage; by interposing two years, during which the appointment pays nothing  
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and costs £210, it operates doubly as a tax on that patronage; by exacting qualifications which all young men do not find it convenient to attain, it renders the efficiency of that patronage precarious; and, by enjoining a regularity of deportment, which all young men do not think it necessary to observe, it subjects that patronage to be completely defeated after all.

The college was established by the general concurrence of the Directors and Proprietors; that is, precisely of the persons most interested in the disposal of the patronage in question. A sentiment of public spirit, therefore, overpowered, in this instance, the feelings of selfishness, which (from what has been seen) would have resisted the proposed institution. This was doubtless the cause of the acquiescence, at least in part; and, in part, it may fairly be conjectured that the privations and inconveniences which the plan was about to impose on individuals, were not then distinctly foreseen. No sooner, however, did the machine move, than its weight began to be felt. The acquisition of a writership was now found to be attended with the payment of heavy tolls. It is not in human nature to love restraint, expense, uncertainty, or mortification of any kind, or to esteem these otherwise than as things to be shunned. Yet, for a while, the grievance, not being experienced in its worst forms, appears to have been thought light; but when the course of time brought into operation the more onerous penalties unavoidably attached to the system,—when it became apparent that appointments, esteemed a provision for life, might be forfeited by the misconduct of the parties appointed,—when it was seen that parents, after having long flattered themselves that their children were, in the worldly phrase, ‘off their hands,’ might find it necessary to receive back the inconvenient burden, lighter only by the loss of a character; then it was that a strong feeling of interest arose against the institution which was conceived to have produced these ills. Nor could the opposition fail to spread; for it was here as in political society at large; the active animosity which the severer effects of the system had excited in a few, attracted forth and made prominent the negative discontents which its more ordinary pressure had generated in a greater number. The wish now began to be entertained in some quarters that the college had never existed; that the worthy Directors had been quiet with their theoretical improvements; that things had remained as they were; and, from this wish, there was but one step to the thought that these troublesome innovations ought to be forthwith abolished, and that the good old times of writing and ciphering could not too soon be restored.

This opinion, though by no means general among the Proprietors, as the event has proved, and though held, we doubt not, in many cases, very sincerely and with the most honest intention, was suf-

sufficiently common and sufficiently wrong, to produce considerable injury. The prejudice of the parents communicated itself to the children. A student, to whom the college had perpetually been represented as an abuse and a grievance, or even one who had heard it habitually spoken of in the language of coldness and indifference, was little likely to repair to it with the kind and docile dispositions indispensable to a due use of the advantages it afforded. On the contrary, he would naturally regard it with dislike and disgust; and these feelings would quickly discover themselves in an inattention to his studies, and a growing impatience of controul. It seems the opinion of Mr. Malthus, that the minds of not a few of the young men were tainted with this sort of derivative disaffection; but other causes conspired to produce the same effect. The policy of parents had, in some instances, destined youths for India, who, disliking that destination themselves, were not sorry to find even an irregular escape from the threatened evil by means of a failure at the college. A greater number indulged the belief that the support of their patrons in the Direction would protect them against the forfeiture of their appointments, whatever offences they might commit at the college, and whatever penalties might in consequence be imposed on them by the Principal and Professors: a persuasion inevitably tending to promote a strong spirit of idleness and disobedience.

It must not, however, be imagined that habits of insubordination, or feelings of disrespect for authority, were familiar to the great body of the students. On the contrary, and notwithstanding the very injurious misrepresentations which have been circulated on this subject, there is conclusive evidence that their general conduct has been studious, orderly, and decorous, in no common degree. But, taking them in the mass, there was just that quantity of predisposition to the evil described, which, in certain positions of excitement, and under the wickedly-timed instigation of two or three mischievous persons, might be roused to unwarrantable excesses. Nothing can be more admirable than what Adam Smith, in one of his momentary but striking deviations from the habitual coldness of his statistical philosophy, commends as 'the generosity of the greater part of youth.' But the nature of that generous age is as impressible as it is noble. No man surely can have been conversant with juvenile communities, who has not observed that they are a sort of *Athenian* populace, susceptible of fleeting impressions, and responsive to the influences of incident and situation, in a degree perfectly surprising.

From the persons for whose benefit this seminary was more immediately instituted, it is natural to turn our eyes on those under whose protection it was placed; and especially on its acknowledged  
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and, till the year 1813, its exclusive patrons, the Court of Directors. In establishing the college, the Directors afforded such a proof of enlarged and statesman-like views as eminently became their station, and justified their pretensions to the national confidence. What they thus created, it was of course presumable that they intended to preserve; nor could it be supposed that they were incompetent to the task, or that the edifice could not be kept in repair by the same hands by which it had been erected. It does not, however, convey the remotest reflection on the Directors to observe, that here, as in other parts of this undertaking, difficulties were found to occur, and indeed seem to have been scarcely avoidable, which, at the outset, had not been contemplated. The Directors, it must be remembered, (and we believe that, with reference to their primary functions, this is generally thought one of the specific excellences of their constitution,) are a body popularly chosen, and, therefore, variously composed. They are distinguished by considerable diversities of tempers, talents, habits, and opinions. What pleases one, may displease another of equally good intentions. What pleases both as to the end, may displease one as to the means. However highly we may rate the general steadiness, energy, and efficiency, of such a cabinet, yet, amidst the chances and changes of events, we cannot but suppose it subject to occasional fluctuations of counsel, even if it always consisted of the same members, and were under the same presidents. This supposition, then, must be still more natural in the case of the Court of Directors, who annually renew a part of their number, so as to make a complete rotation in four years, and who change their presiding authorities from year to year.

In the discharge of their important duties, as forming a constituent and a very considerable part of the government of British India, the Directors are allowed, for many past years, to have acted, on the whole, both ably and successfully. Whatever may have been their occasional inconsistencies, arising from the causes already mentioned, the broad and grand results have been good. Discordant notes may at times have been heard; but, altogether, their counsels, like sounds that mingle by distance, have produced in the East the effect of a blended and conspiring harmony. The Court, however, found itself invested with a new office, when from the government of provinces and kingdoms, it was called to the management of a place of education. Questions now arose about systems of instruction, and systems of discipline, — questions, with which men formed chiefly in the field of active life, could hardly be expected to feel very familiar, and respecting which the different individuals of the court could not, probably, always have principles in common. It was impossible in such a case,

case, but that the proceedings of the aggregate should occasionally be a little uncertain. But, to rear an infant establishment like the college, requires so uniform a mixture of caution, firmness, and delicacy, that even a single instance, and even a slight degree, of indecision or inconstancy may sometimes prove seriously detrimental. Far from needing a smaller portion of address than the conduct of a state, the truth is that it may often need a greater. Vacillations of counsel, which would be nothing when measured on the scale of a great empire, may be fatal to a college; as the billows of the ocean overwhelm the small bark, while the imperial ship over-rides them in triumph.

In the original constitution of the college, there was one peculiarity, which, though not absolutely unavoidable, was a very natural one, and which is highly deserving of mention. According to that constitution, the power of expulsion, the last penalty of collegiate law, was not conferred on the collegiate authorities; but, in all cases of heavy delinquency, those authorities were enjoined to report to a standing committee of the Directors, called the Committee of College, and to await their decision. Nothing, certainly, could be more natural than that the Directors should anxiously retain, in their own hands, the dispensation of a punishment, involving the loss of an honourable provision for life to those whom they had patronized, perhaps to their personal friends, relations, or even children. But the arrangement was not very fortunate. It wholly precluded that prompt and instant recoil of penal justice, which, in extreme emergencies, is of the last moment to the peace of society. It adjourned questions, which would far better have been decided by observers constantly on the spot, to a tribunal at a distance, a tribunal which had every thing to learn, and to learn by means of elaborate researches, and the reports of third persons. It placed the professors, whose task, in the conduct of an institution of so peculiar a character, was, at all events, sufficiently difficult, in a situation of additional and most uncalled-for embarrassment;—putting *them*, in fact, as well as their offending pupils, on their trial, in every strong case; and impairing their consequence in the eyes of the students in general; for no contrivance will ensure undeviating reverence to a government without arms. These were the certain effects of the measure, even assuming that the decisions of the ultimate tribunal should always be marked by a stern impartiality. But, when it is considered how deeply and painfully the Directors might themselves be interested in the points submitted to their determination, it will be perceived that, of all the parties concerned, the directorial body was the most hardly treated by the arrangement in question. They were to adjudicate cases vitally affecting the interests, the character, the prospects,

spects, of their own connexions, their own relatives, their own offspring. On most of these occasions, they might act firmly; in point of fact, we happen to know that highly honourable examples of firmness occurred; but it would be extravagant to expect this always. Where such claims and demands are set in conflict, it must be a steady hand indeed, which can hold the scales without trembling.

Such is the best sketch we are able to give of the leading peculiarities in the nature of the India College and in the incidents that attended the formation and were likely to influence the fate of that institution. The account has been collected, not without considerable pains, from what we deemed authentic sources, under an impression that a real knowledge of circumstances like these was indispensably requisite to a due examination of the question under review.

All, however, was not so unpropitious in the outset of this institution; nor, in adverting to the peculiar difficulties by which it was opposed, must we forget what has already been intimated, that it had also its peculiar advantages. These consisted, not merely in its exemption from the incumbrance of those antiquated forms and methods which oppress older institutions of the same kind in their attempts to keep pace with modern improvement,—nor in the benefit of learning from the example, and profiting by the experience, of its numerous predecessors,—but in the use actually made of these opportunities. It was supplied with very able professors; with an excellent course of study; with a very well devised system of lectures and examinations; and with very effective rules for the maintenance of discipline in ordinary cases. This assemblage of means has not been thrown away. All competent testimonies agree that the literary proficiency of the students has, on the whole, been very eminent. We do not make this statement lightly or without much examination; but, even were there no other authorities on the subject, we should not know how to withhold credence from the plain, explicit, and deliberate assertions of Mr. Malthus, speaking not only in his own name but in that of his brother professors. From a belief that the book is very widely known, we have hitherto spared citation; but shall now make room for a single extract.

‘ These means of exciting emulation and industry have been attended with great success. Though there are some, unquestionably, on whom motives of this kind will not, or cannot, operate, and with whom, therefore, little can be done; yet, a more than usual proportion seem to be animated by a strong desire, accompanied by corresponding efforts, to make a progress in the various studies proposed to them.

‘ Those who have come to college tolerably good scholars have often, during

during their stay of two years, made such advances in the classical department as would have done them great credit if they had devoted to it the main part of their time; while the contemporary honours which they have obtained in other departments have sufficiently proved that their attention was not confined to one study: and many, who had come from public and private schools at sixteen with such low classical attainments as appeared to indicate a want either of capacity or application, have shewn by their subsequent progress, even in the classical department, and still more by their distinguished exertions in others, that a new field and new stimulants had wrought a most beneficial change in their feelings and habits, and had awakened energies of which they were before scarcely conscious.

‘There are four or five of the Professors thoroughly conversant with University examinations, who can take upon themselves to affirm that they have never witnessed a greater proportion of various and successful exertion in the course of their academical experience than has appeared at some of the examinations at the East India College.’—pp. 49, 50.

Among the branches of study, however, that are cultivated at Hertford, there is one, the successful prosecution of which is established by evidence of a peculiar kind. It will be remembered that the College of Calcutta still subsists as a seminary for oriental literature; in fact, all the writers destined for Bengal pass through this College and complete there the oriental studies they have commenced at Hertford. The question then may fairly be asked, what effect, generally speaking, have the oriental studies at Hertford produced on the oriental studies at Calcutta? In reply to this question, Mr. Malthus, we perceive, lays no stress on the fact that some of the Hertford students have, on their arrival at Calcutta, undergone examinations in the oriental languages, and even in three or four of them, with the most brilliant success. His good sense and candour shewed him that these were single cases; valuable indeed as illustrating the *capabilities* of the system at Hertford, but by no means safe as tests of its ordinary operation. His reliance, therefore, is exclusively placed on the effect which the College in England has produced in abridging the *average* term of residence at the Calcutta College; and, from authentic documents, he clearly proves that this average abridgment has been very considerable, reducing the period, in fact, from about three years to about one.

Occupied indeed as the students are at the English College with the simultaneous pursuit of several branches of European learning and science, and compelled as they are to accomplish their whole course within the short compass of two years, it would be preposterous to expect that their acquirements in the oriental languages should, for the most part, be considerable, or, with reference to the extent and difficulty of those languages, should even reach mediocrity. We hesitate not to say that, in the sense described, they  
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ought not to reach this limit. They should, as was observed in an early part of these observations, be purely rudimental. Oriental literature, at any seminary established for the Company's servants in England, is to be considered rather as an appendage; though an important one, than as a principal, and should be pursued in careful subservience to those European studies which constitute the proper and primary business of such a place. In this view we cannot help unequivocally disapproving of what has been established at the present College under the name of the Oriental Test, though it appears to have been originally suggested by Mr. Malthus himself. As an indispensable condition of leave to proceed to India, the students are required to attain a certain given degree of proficiency in oriental learning, and in this alone. But let there be a general test, or none at all. There is no reason why one particular branch of study should thus be promoted in preference to the rest; and if one must be preferred, there are good reasons why that one should not be oriental literature. The truth is, that oriental literature has already sufficient encouragement,—from the prospect of the distinctions conferred on it in the College at Calcutta; and this is precisely the argument against distinguishing it by peculiar honours in the College at Hertford.

On the whole, however, there can be no doubt that, as a seminary of general literature, this Institution has succeeded in a very considerable degree. But it must be confessed that a more important point remains behind, and that the literary prosperity of the society would be of little avail, if unaccompanied by success of a higher species. Considering it, indeed, as the peculiar aim of the India College to form youth to habits of early self-control, the moral character of the bulk of the students becomes a more than usually interesting subject of investigation. Has the experiment answered as well in this department as in that of letters? Or have accomplishments purely intellectual been cultivated at the expense of those nobler qualifications which are beyond all mysteries and all knowledge?

This mode, however, of stating the question, implies an opposition, which, perhaps, has seldom any existence: for moral excellence is not so radically distinct from literary proficiency as by some persons it may be esteemed. The youth who is industrious in the pursuit of intellectual accomplishments, and particularly of that class of them specifically denominated *learning*, affords a fair presumption that he has not been altogether negligent of the still higher attainment of moral culture. It is the very argument used by the greatest of advocates; ‘*Scitote, Judices, eas cupiditates quæ obijciuntur Cœlio, atque hæc studia de quibus disputo, non facile in eodem homine esse posse.*’ The orator, indeed, has very properly

perly shaped his language in such a manner as to leave scope for exceptions; for, after all, we must not mistake the Muses for the Virtues, nor suppose, with some philosophers of name, that there is no fair line of demarcation between the moral and the intellectual powers. Yet in cases which respect not an individual but a society, the chances of exception become insignificant, and the general rule may be assumed to prevail. Diligence is itself a very efficient guardian of morals. Where the time of a youth is altogether filled up with useful or innocent pursuits, those evil thoughts which are ever the precursors of evil deeds cannot easily obtain admittance; and, if even employments simply manual tend to prevent such intrusion, much more that studious and secluded activity of the faculties which is to taste what contemplation is to virtue. Independently, indeed, of the mental occupation they afford, the pursuits of learning, where they are at all properly directed, have a character of purity, gentleness, and elevation, which may at least be pronounced not far from morality. Leaving untouched the springs of fierce passion, and those of sordid interest, they solicit and keep in play those milder emotions which are nearly allied to our best affections. They waft us into other times and strange lands; connecting us, by a sad but exalting relationship, with the great events and great minds which have passed away. They at once cherish and controul the imagination by leading it over an unbounded range of the noblest scenes, in the overawing company of departed wisdom and genius. They dignify the maxims of reason by detaching them from the localities of present associations; and, at the same time, give them a character of touching force and affecting solemnity by mingling them with the memory of consecrated and imperishable names. It is apparently by these means that liberal learning ministers to the moral temperament of the soul; but if the *reason* be doubtful the *fact* at least is certain: there undoubtedly is something in an atmosphere breathing of diligence, and redolent (if the expression may be used) of classical delights, which vice and dissipation find it hard to encounter; as the evil genii, in the beautiful mythology of the Arabian Nights, are said to be driven away by the influence of sweet odours.

Mr. Malthus, in the pamphlet before us, commenting on the severe though vague accusations circulated of late against the morals of the College, in a very solemn and deliberate manner declares them to be wholly unfounded. He explicitly affirms that the students of the East India College are rather remarkably free than otherwise from the vices too often found in large seminaries of youth; and that they may very advantageously be compared, in this respect, not only with the undergraduates at our Universities, but with the higher boys at the very strictest of our public schools.

At the same time he challenges those who may think proper to assert the contrary for the proofs of their assertions; and in an especial manner calls on the persons who have anonymously assailed the College through the medium of the public prints, either to discontinue their attacks or to reveal their names. So open, so direct, and in its terms so satisfactory a declaration, from one whose opportunities of knowledge are unquestionable, we should at all events have regarded as entitled to grave consideration; but when we find that subsequently to this calm but not therefore less absolute or less bitter defiance, no proofs have been produced, no names revealed, and that the accusation has not been repeated, we are irresistibly compelled to draw a conclusion so obvious that it need not be particularly stated.

Not content, however, with a denial which, under all the circumstances of the case, must be considered as carrying with it a very high degree of weight and authority, the author supports his declarations by some testimonies of a remarkable kind. It being the main object of the moral instruction and discipline at the India College to prepare the young men for the scene of their public life in the east, nothing can be more evident than that the actual character and deportment of the generality of them after their arrival in the east, provided these can be ascertained, must furnish the best criterion of the efficiency of the education which they have previously undergone. This is, in fact, to trace the grand experiment in its results, to subject hope and conjecture to the test of practice. On the authority, however, of the most competent judges on the subject in India,—an authority also not lightly hazarded in private or careless communications,—nor from an unwise facility conceded to importunate solicitation,—nor equivocally committed in expressions of doubtful import,—but explicitly, deliberately, and gratuitously pledged in documents of the most public and solemn nature,—it appears that the students sent out from the College at Hertford have, during the dangerous noviciate of the first few years in India, become characteristically eminent for propriety and rectitude of conduct; and even that the infusions from Hertford have effected a very perceptible improvement in the moral state of the junior part of the service. ‘The official reports and returns of our College (says Lord Minto, the Governor General of India, in his public address as patron and visitor of the College of Fort William, in the year 1810) will shew the students who have been translated from Hertford to Fort William to stand honourably distinguished for regular attendance,—for obedience to the statutes and discipline of the College,—for orderly and decorous demeanour,—for moderation in expense, and consequently in the amount of their debt;—and, in a word, for those decencies of conduct which denote  
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men well born, and characters well trained.' Other testimonies, less copious and direct, but to the same purport, are added; the latest of which is from Mr. Edmonstone, a gentleman high in the civil service of Bengal, who acted as Visitor at the Public Disputation of the College of Fort William, in 1815, in the room of Lord Moira, and who, in remarking on the improved and excellent conduct of the generality of the students at that College, makes a clear allusion to the establishment at Hertford as the real cause of the improvement.—We may observe that the fact of the improvement stated by Mr. Edmonstone would alone be decisive in favour of the English education of the young men to whose virtues he gives so honourable an attestation, even had he forborne all allusion to the cause.

In point of discipline, meantime, the Hertford College has been less prosperous. The spirit of insubordination, indeed, as it has in too great a degree existed, so has it in a much greater degree been imputed: *De magnis majora loquuntur*. Mr. Malthus assures us, what without any such assurance would be sufficiently credible from the success of the institution in other respects, that the disturbances which have taken place have been altogether temporary, and that the ordinary demeanour of the students has furnished a remarkable spectacle of order, decorum, and diligence. Yet four or five unpleasant instances of tumult appear to have occurred; two of them, we believe, distinguished by considerable violence; and, taking all these occasions together, there have been expelled about seventeen students, five of whom were afterwards restored.

It is apparently a little strange that occurrences like these should be dragged into discussion before the world. Repeated instances of violent disturbance have taken place in some of our public schools; and, as to the numbers of the delinquents who have suffered on such occasions, Mr. Malthus relates the case of a single rebellion at one of the most distinguished of those seminaries, in which alone a greater number of students was expelled than has been similarly punished at the India College during the whole ten years of its existence. But, if there be any institution in which the occurrence of such events might be thought more than ordinarily entitled to pass without notice, it would be an institution which has not yet been confirmed by time and matured by experience, and the management of which therefore may be supposed open to unforeseen embarrassments; still more, if it be one which the most superficial observer must perceive to be necessarily of a very peculiar nature, and subject to very peculiar incidents.

For ourselves, the observations we have already offered on the nature and the circumstances of this institution at its first outset,



appear so completely to provide for a certain measure of difficulty and inconvenience in its subsequent progress, that we should have been well content to leave the subject on that general ground, rather than enter on minute and invidious investigations. Yet, the discussion having been raised, and reflections having been cast on the immediate conductors of the institution, we feel that Mr. Malthus, in the name of the professors, has some right to make his own statement on the points in issue. We shall therefore exhibit so much of his representations as our space will allow. After mentioning that the power of expulsion had not originally been conceded to the collegiate authorities, he proceeds—

‘It must be obvious that no steady system of discipline could be maintained while the Principal and Professors were, on every important occasion, to appeal with uncertain effect to another body, where the student hoped that his personal interest would prevent any serious inconvenience. Yet this continued to be the constitution of the college for a period of six years, during which there were three considerable disturbances. On these occasions, of course, the Directors were called in; and although the more enlightened and disinterested portion of them, who saw the necessity of an improved education for their servants in India, were, unquestionably, disposed to do every thing that was proper to support the discipline; yet, the proceedings respecting the college were marked by an extraordinary want of energy, promptness, and decision, and indicated in the most striking manner the *disturbing* effects of private and contending interests. On occasion of the last of these disturbances in particular (that of 1812), the management of which the Court took entirely into their own hands, they detained a large body of students in town for above a month; and after entering into the most minute details, and subjecting all the parties to repeated examinations at the India-house, came to no final decision. The case was then referred back again to the College Council, who were desired to select for expulsion a certain number of those concerned, who should appear to them to have been the most deeply engaged as ringleaders, and the least entitled to a mitigation of sentence on the score of character. When this was done, and a sentence of expulsion passed in consequence on five students, a subsequent Vote of the Court restored them *all* to the service, and they were sent out to India without even completing the usual period of residence at the college!!!

‘If we consider the real difficulties belonging to such an institution, in conjunction with the uncertain and inefficient system of government above described, and recollect, at the same time, that, from the very commencement of the college, there has been a large party connected with India entirely hostile to it, the gradual rise and prevalence of a spirit of insubordination in the college will appear to be vastly more natural and probable than a contrary spirit.’—pp. 71—73.

‘It is but a short time since the Principal and Professors of the East-India college have been legally invested with those powers in the management of the discipline which are found necessary in great schools  
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and the Universities, and which ought therefore unquestionably to have been given to them at the commencement of the institution. They are called upon to correct and rectify a system of government which it is at length acknowledged has been essentially defective for many years; and, strange to say! an inference seems to be drawn against the whole establishment because it is not already completed!—p. 73.

If in these extracts a slight deviation be perceived from the habitual calmness which so remarkably characterizes the judicious writer, yet respect is due to the feelings of men who, having persevered in a course of painful duty, unshaken by difficulty and unmoved by solicitation, find themselves publicly and violently traduced as the authors of those very evils which their undeviating firmness has prevented from proving pernicious. Such certainly seems to have been the case of Mr. Malthus and his associates. In us, of course, the subject excites no emotions. The improper restoration of the five students who had been expelled is precisely such an occurrence as might have been expected from the unavoidable peculiarities which we have attempted to develope in the original institution of the College, coupled with the radical and unfortunate mistake of withholding plenary powers from the local authorities. That mistake, it appears that the Directors have, with equal judgment and liberality, now rectified; and though this improved arrangement could not produce all its effect instantaneously, and though the difficulties of the College cannot as yet be supposed past, it is impossible not to consider the voluntary surrender of power which the Directors have so honourably made in this instance, as a very satisfactory pledge of their future proceedings. Let them only act up to the spirit of this truly wise and liberal concession; and there is every ground for hope that, under their patronage, united with the steadfast protection both of the distinguished person who presides over the Board of Controul, and of the learned prelate who has been appointed the Visitor of the College, the Institution will at length answer all the ends for which it was intended.

On the whole then it will be seen that, notwithstanding the exceptions we have ventured freely to make, our general opinion is decidedly in favour of this establishment, with regard both to its leading objects and to its specific constitution. And with the expression of this opinion we might take leave of the subject, did we not feel it necessary to make one remark on the debates which this question has excited at the India House. It will not be imagined that we are about to become parties in those debates; especially as we have already noticed (though we are sensible how imperfectly) all the more important topics which the question comprises. With regard to the fact of so strong a spirit of hostility against the

College having shewn itself among a part of the Proprietors, it may not appear very wonderful after what has already been stated respecting the peculiar relations in which that institution is placed. No reflection is here intended on the motives either of the leaders or of the ostensible participants in the late opposition;—but, when it is recollected with what acrimony the press bore a part in the attack,—when it is remembered that moral charges of the most formidable sound were brought forward in the public papers, charges which were at least *said* to have been originally urged in the Court of Proprietors, charges so confidently stated that they could not fail to produce a temporary effect on the public, as we must acknowledge they did on us, and when it is further remembered that, for these charges, under the strongest and most direct defiance, not one responsible person would stand forward to vouch, and that, in proof of them, not a single fact was produced or even suggested,—it is difficult not to allow some weight to the conjecture of Mr. Malthus, that personal interests bore a considerable, though a very prudent, share in thickening this conflict, and swelling the clamour by which it was attended.

Our only purpose, however, in adverting to these public discussions, is one strictly comprised within the scope of our present plan. This is, we believe, the first time that the regulations, the discipline, and the internal occurrences of a place of education, have been made the subject of debate in a popular assembly at no great distance. The circumstance is so singular, that, had not our strictures already exceeded all bounds, we should have been tempted to remark on it very particularly. Can it really be supposed an auspicious provision for the good government of a seminary of youth, that its domestic concerns, and especially that matters in contest between master and pupil, should not only be thrown open to the public, but should be brought warm into an arena of rhetorical disputation, and should be discussed with those inflammatory topics which, happily for the interests of British oratory, are never wanting even in a parish vestry? Conceive only that the subject is agitated at a moment when the institution concerned may happen to be disturbed by a casual spirit of insubordination;—conceive further, that the suppression of the establishment is the avowed object of some of the disputants;—conceive lastly, that the substance of the debate is blazoned in the public prints of the following morning, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, not excepting the students;—and we are clear that there can be but one opinion as to the expediency of such an arrangement. There is no seminary, the discipline of which, under some circumstances, it might not shake to the very foundation.

Whether or not this evil can by any means be wholly eradicated from

from the constitution of the India College, we pretend not to say; but there is one antidote against it, which, though it may not amount to a complete cure, seems at least capable of obviating its worst effects. Let the institution receive from the proper authorities (and, we cannot doubt, it *will*) a support so cordial, constant, liberal, and unhesitating, as may fix, both on the public mind and on the minds of the students, a persuasion of its unalterable stability. When once a rooted belief prevails that it is invulnerable, the darts of the enemy will cease to be directed against it, or, if thrown, will fall blunted. For all institutions in the nature of governments, live partly on opinion, and are really strong when they are strong in reputation. Meanwhile, we cannot help observing, that much may for a time depend on the principles and dispositions of the students. During the dreadfully tempestuous weather which took place soon after the erection of the Eddystone Light-house, it was said, that if the building lasted through that storm, it would last till doomsday. With some abatement of the sentiment, we may in like manner observe, that if the tranquillity of the India College is not affected by the tempest of the recent controversy, very sanguine hopes may be entertained of its future continuance. If the minds of the students are not unsettled by the commotion of such discussions,—discussions involving the very existence of the institution, we may trust that no excitements will prove too strong for them to resist.

It is, indeed, impossible to contemplate the situation of the young men collected at this establishment,—the pride and the hope of so many families,—without a sensation of deep interest. They are placed in a position, certainly, of great singularity; but, if they duly reflect on their own privileges—(*sua si bona norint*)—they must feel it to be also one of great advantage. Destined to a sphere of life, embracing civil and political offices of conspicuous importance and dignity, they are furnished with an admirable opportunity of founding their public character on a basis of liberal knowledge, and of mental and moral cultivation. These are the true elements of public men; this is the proper armoury from which the statesman and the patriot should be equipped. So thought the philosophers of old; and the opinion is expressed by one of them in a passage of so much truth, good sense, and eloquence, that we cannot forbear transcribing it. Let it only be remembered that the sentiments this passage contains may now be adopted with much more than their original force; since revealed religion has added elevation and consistency to the character of ethical philosophy, bestowing on its preceptive department a richness, and on its sanctions an authority, wholly unknown to ancient times:—

‘I deem those men’ (says Plutarch) ‘to have attained the perfection

fection of the human character, who can unite and temper the power of managing public affairs with the cultivation of philosophy. Such persons appear to me to possess two blessings of the highest order; on the one hand, they fulfil that part of general usefulness which belongs to a public capacity, while, on the other, they enjoy that life of calm and unruffled serenity which is the fruit of philosophical studies. In effect, a life of action, a life of speculation, and a life of indulgence, constitute all the varieties of human condition; of these three modes of existence, that which is occupied in pleasure and devoted to dissolute enjoyment, is irrational and degrading; the speculative life, if it falls short of action, produces no benefit to society; the active, if unadorned by philosophy, totally wants grace, elevation, and harmony. Let it, therefore, be the object of our earnest endeavours to combine the service of the commonwealth with so much attention to the study of philosophy, as our leisure will permit. Such was the practice of Pericles during his political life; such was that of Archytas of Tarentum; such was that of Dion of Syracuse and Epaminondas of Thebes, both of them the disciples of Plato.\*

Like all persons intended for offices of an arduous and important nature, the youths at the India college should learn to entertain high and honourable thoughts of their destination. They should conceive greatly of their lot; and it will then become all they can think it. For surely that is no mean or inglorious vocation which selects them as the channels of communication between the most favoured people that ever enjoyed sovereignty, and the mightiest empire that ever paid tribute. They are, in early youth, advanced to an anticipated maturity, in order that they may be premature in usefulness and in honour. They are separated from their country; but it is a consecration, not a banishment. It is a separation which divides them from her geographical existence, only by sending them forth to a distant world, as the heralds of her fame, the delegates of her power, the ministers of her justice, and the almoners of her beneficence. This is not to be separated from their country, but to carry her with them; in carrying with them all her moral being

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\* The original is so untranslatable, at least by any skill of ours, that we cannot help subjoining it.—'Τελείους δὲ ἀνθρώπων ἡγούμεαι τοὺς δυναμένους τὴν πολιτικὴν δύναμιν μίξαι καὶ κηράσαι τῇ φιλοσοφίᾳ· καὶ δυοῖν οὕτοι μείζιστον ἀγαθὸν ἐπιτελοῦντες ὑπαρχειν ὑπολαμβάνω, τοῦ τε κοινωφελούς ἐσι, πολιτευομένων, τοῦ τε ἀκύματος καὶ γαληνοῦ, διατρέχοντες περὶ φιλοσοφίαν. Τριῶν γὰρ ὄντων ὧν, ὃν ὁ μὲν ἐστὶ πρακτικὸς, ὁ δὲ θεωρητικὸς, ὁ δὲ ἀπολαυστικὸς· ὁ μὲν ἐκλυτὸς καὶ δεῦλος τῶν ἡδονῶν, ζωῆς καὶ μικροπρεπείας ἐστίν· ὁ δὲ θεωρητικὸς, τοῦ πρακτικοῦ διαμαρτάνων, ἀναφελής· ὁ δὲ πρακτικὸς, ἀμοιρῶντας φιλοσοφίας, ἀμους καὶ πλημμελής. Πειρατέιον οὖν εἰς δύναμιν καὶ τὰ κοινὰ πράττειν, καὶ τῆς φιλοσοφίας ἀντιλαμβάνεσθαι κατὰ τὸ παρῆκον τῶν καιρῶν. Οὕτως ἐπολιτεύετο Περικλῆς, οὕτως Ἀρχύτας ὁ Ταραντῖνος, οὕτως Δίων ὁ Συρακούσιος, οὕτως Ἐπαμεινώνδας ὁ Θηβαῖος· ὃν ἐκάτερος Πλάτωνος ἐγένετο συνουσιαστής.'—περὶ πάιδων ἀγωγῆς, β.

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and beauty. They are separated from their father's house,—it is the *dark half* of their splendid privilege; and yet that removal cannot be said to inflict an unmitigated sacrifice, which, amidst the first glow and pliancy of their juvenile affections, and warm from the happiness of the domestic abode, transports them into the bosom of a larger and a more helpless family; which gives them, for a home, the scene of high and beneficial services; for a social circle, the circle of arduous and philanthropic duties; and, for the delightful converse of 'brother, and sister, and mother,' the prayers of the dependent and the benedictions of the grateful. They are translated into a new world; and perhaps their residence for the greater part of life may exclusively be thrown among races of men with whom they have no community, either of taste, manners, habits, opinions, or religion. But they should remember that it is in such moral wildernesses as these, that the amplest opportunities of active and honourable utility are to be found, which the condition of human life affords; the richest sources of duties to be performed and distinctions to be earned; the sequestered and difficult, but deep springs of real happiness and solid glory. This indeed is a banishment which the truly illustrious of all ages would have preferred before the most towering and the most brilliant march of conquest.—'Hâc arte Pollux, hâc *vagus* Hercules.' It is the pilgrimage of the benefactors of mankind; the triumphal exile of heroes.

On the supposition that these ideas should generally, or in a great measure, be acted upon,—and surely, we may trust that the supposition is not preposterous,—no spectacle more august or more delightful can be conceived, than that of Great Britain annually pouring forth fresh supplies of her youth as the dispensers of her parental bounty to the people of India. There are parts of our Indian system which may be expected ever to divide opinion. There are passages in the history of British India, over which the moralist may perhaps pause; and there are omens in its present state, which the political philosopher may perhaps find it hard to decipher. The nature and the circumstances of that empire are too singular to be contemplated by an enlightened and a reflective mind, without a measure of seriousness and of perplexity. England, launched on the scene of India, seems to resemble one of her own vessels traversing the mighty sea which washes that continent. The billows are bright, the skies cloudless, and all ocean appears to crouch beneath 'the meteor-flag' with willing submission. But, while a superficial observer feels only the contagion of the general delight and gaiety, the reflections of a deeper spirit are grave even to seriousness. The apparent loneliness and insignificance of the proud vessel amidst such a world of waters; the immeasurable expanse around; the unsounded secrets of the abyss below; the quivering sensibility

sensibility of the boundless element to influences uncontrollable by man,—its vast power, magnified by imagination to immensity; the very repose and quietness of such mighty and mysterious strength; and, not least, the recollection that, beneath this smiling surface, lie ingulphed the remains of navies which once displayed their banners as gallantly and prosperously as ourselves;—such considerations as these excite a sentiment in a high degree solemn, profound, and affecting. The application of the image is obvious: yet, whatever doubts or differences of opinion the contemplation of Indian affairs may awaken; whatever sadness in the retrospect, or alarm in the anticipation; the view has one spot too bright not to be observed with a feeling of general and of unmingled satisfaction. Our past and our still-increasing efforts for the happiness of the Indian people,—these constitute at once our hope and our triumph. These are our real glory in the present season of our brightness and prosperity; and, should the monsoon break up and the hurricane arise, these will form our strongest and most abiding anchor. To confirm and to multiply these honourable defences; to furnish ourselves with still deeper holds on the affections of our subjects; to surround ourselves with the safeguards of esteem and benevolence;—let no endeavours be wanting, no exertions of counsel or of action be left untried: for we may rest assured that by labour alone can such an object be effectually accomplished. The attachment of dependent millions is among the choicest blessings of Heaven; but it is not one of those blessings which Heaven is pleased equally to shower down on the just and the unjust. It is the prize of virtuous toil; the reward exclusively appropriated to a persevering course of careful justice, provident generosity, and laborious beneficence. It is not a tribute to be levied, but a recompense to be earned. If we would, according to the expression of the poet, ‘read our history in a nation’s eyes,’ we must first be content to write it in their hearts.

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ART. VI. *The Round Table: a Collection of Essays on Literature, Men and Manners.* By William Hazlitt. Two vols. 12mo. Edinburgh and London. 1817.

WHATEVER may have been the preponderating feelings with which we closed these volumes, we will not refuse our acknowledgments to Mr. Hazlitt for a few mirthful sensations which he has enabled us to mingle with the rest, by the hint that his *Essays* were meant to be ‘in the manner of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*.’ The passage in which this is conveyed happened to be nearly the last to which we turned; and we were about to rise from ‘the Round Table’ heavily oppressed with a  
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recollection of vulgar descriptions, silly paradoxes, flat truisms, misty sophistry, broken English, ill humour and rancorous abuse, when we were first informed of the modest pretensions of our host: Our thoughts then reverted with an eager impulse to the urbanity of Addison, his unassuming tone, and clear simplicity; to the ease and softness of his style, to the cheerful benevolence of his heart. The playful gaiety too, and the tender feelings of his coadjutor, poor Steele, came forcibly to our memory. The effect of the ludicrous contrast thus presented to us, it would be somewhat difficult to describe. We think that it was akin to what we have felt from the admirable nonchalance with which Liston, in the complex character of a weaver and an ass, seems to throw away all doubt of his being the most accomplished lover in the universe, and receives, as if they were merely his due, the caresses of the fairy Queen.

Amongst the objects which Mr. Hazlitt has thought it worth while, for the good of mankind, to take under his special superintendence, the 'Manners' of the age have the first place. Nor are we surprized that this topic should have forced itself upon his attention: the circle in which he moves seems to be susceptible of great improvement, if an inference may be drawn from the account which he has given of its principal ornament. He informs us that one of his 'most pleasant and least tiresome acquaintances is' a humourist who has three or four quaint witticisms and proverbial phrases which he always repeats over and over.\* He appears also to have experienced some vile treatment from his intimate friends; as he is induced to protest that he 'cannot help exclaiming against the gross and villainous trick which some people have when they wish to get rid of their company, of letting their fires go down and their candles run to seed.\*' That he has sufficient reasons therefore for directing his talents to the amelioration of manners, there can be no doubt:—the next point of importance is to ascertain the particular class of society upon which his habits of life have enabled him to make the most accurate observations, and to the improvement of which his labours are most likely to contribute. We are happy to have it in our power to state, that the objects of his most sedulous care are of the softer sex. It is not indeed the sex in general; but it is a highly interesting and amiable part of it—that, namely, which passes under the denomination of 'washerwomen.' He professes more than once, with a laudable though unnecessary caution, that he is not used to 'fashionable manners;† and in perfect conformity with these protestations, he is sparing, even to

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\* Vol. ii. 157.

† V. i. pp. 12. 125.

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abstemiousness, of all remarks upon gentlemen or gentlewomen : but, to make amends, when he gets amongst ' the tub-tumbling viragoes,' as he playfully calls them, he is quite at home :—his familiar acquaintance with all their ways makes him, in his own language, ' over redundant ;' and he dedicates one of his longest essays to a minute account of their appearance, their habits, and their conversation. To abridge this detail would, indeed, be to do it a gross injustice ; the whole of it well deserves to be read, or, at least, that highly finished part of it, which begins with—' How 'drat that Betty'—and ends with—' Him as has a niece and nevvvy as they say eats him out of house and land.'—We shall lay before our readers only one of the author's other pictures of social life, relying upon its being fully sufficient to convince them that this follower of the courtly Addison has opportunities, at least, which his ' illustrious predecessor' never possessed ; and that if he would but tell us all he has seen, we should be secure of obtaining many views of manners which have never yet appeared in print.

' Think,' says he, ' of a blooming girl who is condemned to open her mouth and shut her eyes, and see what heaven in the shape of a mischievous young fellow will send her!—up walks the aforesaid heaven or mischievous young fellow, (young Ouranos, Hesiod would have called him,) and instead of a piece of paper, a thimble, or a cinder, claps into her mouth a peg of orange, or a long slice of citron.'—v. ii. p. 125.

Let us pass from the subjects of Mr. Hazlitt's thoughts, to the style in which they are disclosed, and we shall find, in the first place, many convincing instances of the perfect success with which the freedom from affectation and paradox, so characteristic of Addison, is imitated by his disciple.

' Spleen is the soul of patriotism and of public good.'—v. ii. 79.

' The definition of a true patriot is a good hater.'—v. ii. 80.

' He who speaks two languages has no country.'—v. i. 238.

' If the truth were known the most disagreeable people are the most amiable.'—v. ii. 75.

Mr. Hazlitt, we should guess, is not quite disinterested in his endeavours to establish the truth of this last valuable apophthegm : and indeed there are many others of the same kind, in the enunciation of which he seems, clearly, to have been influenced by the benefit which he is likely to derive from them.

Few persons who have read the *Spectator* have ever afterwards forgotten the delightful papers on the *Paradise Lost*, or those on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*. In this department, as in others, Mr. Hazlitt is not willing to fall short of his ' illustrious predecessor ;' and accordingly we hear much of poetry, and of painting, and

and of music, and of *gusto*.\* Of Hogarth, we are told that 'he is too apt to perk morals and sentiments in your face, and is over redundant in his combinations.' Of Titian, that 'the *limbs* of his female figures have a luxurious softness and delicacy which appears *conscious* of the pleasure of the beholder.'† Of Vandyke, that 'the *impression slides* off from the eye, and does not, like the *tones* of Titian's *pencil*, leave a *sting* behind it in the mind of the spectator;‡—and finally, that 'the arts of painting and poetry flow from the sacred shrine of our own breasts, and are kindled at the living lamp of Nature.' Addison and Steele never wrote any thing so fine as this!

There is one merit which this author possesses besides that of successful imitation—he is a very eminent creator of words and phrases. Amongst a vast variety which have newly started into life we notice 'firesider,'—'kitcheny,'—'to smooth up,'—'to do off,'—and 'to tiptoe down.' To this we add a few of the author's new-born phrases, which bear sufficient marks of a kindred origin to intitle them to a place by their side. Such is the assertion that Spenser was 'dipt in poetic luxury;' the description of 'a minute coil which clicks in the baking coal;' of 'a numerousness scattering an individual gusto;' and of 'curls that are ripe with sunshine.'

Our readers are, perhaps, by this time as much acquainted with the style of this author as they have any desire to be; and their curiosity may have been a little excited to know what the man is. It may be told in two words:—he is a sour Jacobin: a fact which he is so good as to disclose in the following pathetic lamentation over the failure of the French Revolution.

'The dawn of that day was overcast: that season of hope is past; it is fled with the other dreams of our youth which we cannot recal, but has left behind it traces which are not to be effaced by birth-day and thanksgiving odes, or the chaunting of Te Deums in all the churches of Christendom. To those hopes eternal regrets are due; to those who maliciously and wilfully blasted them, in the fear that they might be accomplished, we feel no less what we owe, hatred and scorn as lasting!'

As we might expect from this confession of feeling, the waters of bitterness flow around this unhappy person unceasingly. There is nothing in the world which he seems to like, unless we except 'washerwomen;' for whom he does appear to have some regard. He writes an essay in eager vituperation of 'good nature' and good natured people: he abuses all poets, with the single exception of Milton: he, indeed, 'was an honest man; he was Cromwell's secretary.'

\* Here is one of the many definitions of this luminous writer, which possesses in an eminent degree the essential quality of being clearer than the word defined. Essay 29, 'On Gusto,' begins thus: 'Gusto, in art, is power or passion defining any object!'

† V. ii. 21.

‡ V. ii. 22.

he abuses all country-people: he abuses the English: he abuses the Irish: he abuses the Scotch. Nor is it simply abuse; it is the language of Billingsgate, except that it is infinitely more rancorous than any thing which, we are willing to believe, he can have learnt in that school of natural civility. He seems to feel all the warmth of a private quarrel against whole nations; but against none so strongly as his own. Of poor John Bull his mildest expressions are that 'he is silent because he has nothing to say, and looks stupid because he is so:' that 'if he has a red face and round belly he thinks himself a great man:' that 'he has always been a surly, obstinate, meddlesome fellow:' that 'he is but a dolt—beats his wife—quarrels with his neighbours—damns his servants, and gets drunk to kill the time.' This rival of Pericles, in further eulogy of his countrymen, proceeds to state that 'an Irishman who trusts to his principles, and a Scotchman who trusts to his impulses, are equally dangerous.' Of the Irish he is moreover pleased to discover that 'they are hypocrites in understanding—that there is something crude and discordant in all they do or say—that they are a wild people—that they betray principles, unite fierceness with levity, have an under-current of selfishness and cunning—and that their blood, if not heated by passion, turns to poison.' All this is venomous enough. No abuse, however, which is directed against whole classes of men is of much importance: if undeserved it is utterly impotent and may well be utterly despised; but we shall be excused if stronger feelings have been roused by the foul and vulgar invective which is directed by such a thing as this against individuals who now rest in their graves, but who, in the bright career of their lives, were, perhaps, the chief sources of the glory which has been shed over our country in these latter times. Of Pitt it is said that he possessed 'few talents and fewer virtues;' that his reputation was owing to 'a negation (together with the common virtues) of the common vices of human nature, and by the complete negation of every other talent but an artful use of words and a certain dexterity of logical arrangement;' that he had 'no strong feelings, no distinct perceptions, no general principles, no comprehensive views of things, no moral habits of thinking, no system of action, no plan, no insight into human nature, no sympathy with the passions of men or apprehension of their real designs,' &c.—vol. ii. p. 164. Of Burke we have the following character:

'This man, who was a half poet and a half philosopher, has done more mischief than perhaps any other person in the world. His understanding was not competent to the discovery of any truth, but it was sufficient to palliate a falsehood; his reasons, of little weight in themselves, thrown into the scale of power, were dreadful. Without genius to adorn the beautiful, he had the art to throw a dazzling veil over the deformed

deformed and disgusting; and to strew the flowers of imagination over the rotten carcass of corruption, not to prevent, but to communicate the infection. His jealousy of Rousseau was one chief cause of his opposition to the French Revolution. The writings of the one had changed the institutions of a kingdom; while the speeches of the other, with the intrigues of his whole party, had changed nothing but the *turn-spit of the King's kitchen*. He would have blotted out the broad pure light of Heaven, because it did not first shine in at the little Gothic windows of St. Stephen's Chapel. The genius of Rousseau had levelled the towers of the Bastille with the dust; our zealous reformist, who would rather be doing mischief than nothing, tried, therefore, to patch them up again, by calling that loathsome dungeon the King's castle, and by fulsome adulation of the virtues of a Court strumpet. This man,—but enough of him here.—pp. 82, 83, note.

We are far from intending to write a single word in answer to this loathsome trash; but we confess that these passages chiefly excited us to take the trouble of noticing the work. The author might have described washerwomen for ever; complimented himself unceasingly on his own 'chivalrous eloquence;' prosed interminably about Chaucer; written, if possible, in a more affected, silly, confused, ungrammatical style, and believed, as he now believes, that he was surpassing Addison—we should not have meddled with him; but if the creature, in his endeavours to crawl into the light, must take his way over the tombs of illustrious men, disfiguring the records of their greatness with the slime and filth which marks his track, it is right to point him out that he may be flung back to the situation in which nature designed that he should grovel.

We learn from the Preface that a few of these essays were written by Mr. Hunt, the editor of the Examiner newspaper. We really have not time to discriminate between the productions of the two gentlemen, or to mete out to each his due portion of praise:—we beg that they will take the trouble to divide it themselves according to their respective claims. We can only mention here that Mr. Hunt sustains the part of the droll or merry fellow in the performance: it is he who entertains us with the account of his getting the night-mare by eating veal-pye, and who invents for that disorder the facetious name of *Mnpvtgl nau-auw-auww*; who takes the trouble to inform us that he dislikes cats; to describe 'the skilful spat of the finger nails which he gives his newspaper,' and the mode in which he stirs his fire: it is he who devotes ten or twelve pages to the dissertation on 'washerwomen,' and who repeats, no doubt from faithful memory, the dialogues which pass between Betty and Molly, the maid-servants, when they are first called in the morning, and describes, from actual observation, (or, it may be, experience,) the 'conclusive digs in the side' with which Molly is accustomed to dispel the lingering slumbers of her bed-fellow.

ART.

ART. VII. *Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia and Africa, by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part the Second—Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land. Sections Second and Third. To which is added a Supplement, respecting the Author's Journey from Constantinople to Vienna, containing his Account of the Gold Mines of Transylvania and Hungary. Vol. III. pp. 866. Vol. IV. pp. 769. London.*

ON looking back to the time which has elapsed since the last of these massive volumes was ushered into the world, we feel conscious that Dr. Clarke has had some apparent reason to accuse us of neglecting the progress of his labours; and it is, perhaps, to our protracted silence rather than to some harmless pleasantries in a recent Number, that we should impute the extreme indignation which he is said to have expressed against us. It was, indeed, at first our purpose to defer the examination of the present volumes, till the appearance of his fifth and last should enable us to survey the whole in one connected retrospect. As Scandinavia, however, is a subject well worthy of a separate Article, we have been induced, on second thoughts, to delay no longer to attend our ingenious traveller through that which was, properly speaking, his concluding journey: the arrangement which began with Russia and placed Norway last in order being of that poetical kind which delights to rush at once into the middle of a subject, and which introduces the beginning as a species of supplement to the catastrophe.

In their general character the volumes now before us so perfectly resemble those which preceded them that we can find no reason either to correct or repeat the sentiments which we have formerly expressed, respecting Dr. Clarke's defects or merits. We have the same acuteness and the same precipitation, the same vivid colouring and the same slightness of design, the same powers of eloquence and the same contempt of logic which alternately demanded our praise and censure. If he is not always so entertaining as when we last encountered him, it is the fault of the subject not of the author; and, if he is less inclined to visit his personal affronts and injuries on the aggregate of those nations with whom he has sojourned, it is chiefly, as we are led to suppose, because circumstances have more favoured his progress in Turkey than in Muscovy.

We left him, it will be recollected, at the conclusion of his second volume, returned from Jaffa to Captain Culverhouse's vessel then lying in the road of Acre. On revisiting this latter town he found old Djezzar altered for the worse, both in health and spirits, even during the trifling space of time which had occurred since their former interview, and less anxious to conceal from

from his guests than his subjects the symptoms of his gradual decay. A few months afterwards he died, displaying in the last acts of his power the same strange mixture of caprice and craft and cruelty which had through life distinguished him: bequeathing his government to an ancient enemy who was then his captive in chains, and murdering several of the principal nobles of Syria out of pure goodwill to his successor, and to save him, as he said, the unpleasant necessity of commencing his reign with bloodshed.

The observations made by Dr. Clarke during this second survey of Acre, were not, to all appearance, very numerous or important. He visited the Bazar, which is well stocked with eastern commodities, of which cotton, coarse muslins, and excellent tobacco are the most distinguished. He learned the modern name of the river Belus, (Kardane,) but without examining those sands which, since the days of Pliny, have been a valuable article in the different glass-houses of the Mediterranean; and witnessed the manufacture of what is called Morocco leather, without learning the particular ingredient of that beautiful scarlet dye which our western tanners vainly strive to imitate. Those who have been dependent on the winds and waves and the inclinations of other people, or who have hastily walked through a town while a boat's-crew were waiting for them on a sultry beach, however they may lament this imperfect information, can justly neither blame it nor wonder at it. All that Dr. Clarke was able to add to his previously acquired knowledge was the peculiar construction of the tobacco-pipes in use at Acre, in which the smoke is cooled, in its passage to the mouth, by swathing the tube with rollers of wet silk or linen. This invention is simpler and more portable than the usual plan, which produces the same effect by a vase of water. But we cannot assent to the superiority which Dr. Clarke assigns to it as less injurious to health than the other. He tells us, indeed, when speaking of the latter instrument, that 'the whole of the smoke, instead of being drawn into the mouth, is thereby inhaled upon the lungs.' But how it should reach the lungs without being drawn into the mouth he does not inform us. The fact is that the custom of swallowing the smoke, to which all the eastern nations are much addicted, is as possible and not more necessary or unavoidable with the one than the other style of *Hooka*. It is only possible with the mild tobacco of the Levant and where its smoke has been cooled in its passage: but the pipe of Acre and the pipe of the Arabs must produce essentially the same effects both on the sensations and the constitution.

The remains of Gothic architecture in Acre occasion a pretty smart diatribe on the ignorance of those antiquaries who assign its invention to England or Normandy, as well as a theory of his own,

concerning the time at which this elegant novelty was brought into the west of Europe.

On the former of these questions we are not inclined to break a lance with him. Even if we ourselves professed the obnoxious doctrine, we should be unwilling to take the argument out of the hands of Dr. J. Milner who was quite as usefully and as innocently employed, while occupied with such discussions, as with those political polemics which have since engrossed his pen. In truth, however, Dr. Clarke is, we believe, correct in asserting that the essential peculiarities of Gothic architecture may be found in many buildings of the East, anterior to their appearance in any western edifice. But we greatly doubt whether the arguments on which he relies to defend his position are such as would much perplex that learned antiquary to whom we have alluded.—They are, 1st, that Gothic arches are found in Acre which must have been built before the expulsion of the Christians in the year 1290. 2dly, that foreigners or the pupils of foreigners were employed in England for all edifices of this kind down to the time of Henry VIII. 3dly, that all the Latin nations while they were in possession of Acre were too rude to have built the church in question. Now a writer who speaks of Dr. Milner's 'lamentable ignorance' might as well have first inquired into the dates of the principal cathedrals in our own country; in which case he would have found that, before the expulsion of the Christians from Acre, the churches of Lincoln, Salisbury, Lichfield and old St. Paul's were almost or altogether finished, as well as the north transept of York and its glorious Chapter-house. These specimens of Gothic so far excel in beauty and dimensions the scale of the remains at Acre, that it is quite absurd to say that the masons which reared them might not also have reared the cathedral of St. Andrew. And it is equally unsupported by fact and in itself equally improbable, that these edifices were any of them, (with the exception of Lincoln,) raised by foreigners, as it is to suppose that England, whose sovereigns possessed some of the fairest districts of continental Europe, whose intercourse with Rome (the seat of all the art and learning of the period) was more intimate and regular than that of most other European states, and whose specimens of Gothic architecture excel in number, size, and purity, any others in the known world, should be without workmen of her own to raise those buildings for which she was, in every age, remarkable. As for the general inferiority of the Franks to the Saracens, this notion, however popular, is entirely subverted by the contemporary chronicles of both parties; inasmuch as neither William of Tyre, nor the Cadi Bohadin admit or assert any such disparity. The truth is that the revival of the arts among the northern conquerors of the western empire, is generally placed too

too late by at least a century, and that the stimulus which they received about the time of the crusades was more from the natural and ordinary effects of mutual intercourse and traffic, than from any thing which was to be learned from their wild and indiscriminate rapine in Syria, or from enemies whose language few of them understood, and who were themselves already very far declined from the short-lived splendour and science of the courts of Haroun and Almamoun.

The theory which supposes Adamnanus, abbot of Iona, to have brought the pointed style of architecture from Jerusalem to his own island, 500 years before it was known either in France or England, is so eloquently and plausibly stated that we are almost unwilling to disturb the foundations on which it stands. It is certain, however, that we have no good reason to suppose that, in the days of Adamnanus, any buildings in this style existed in Jerusalem. The Church of the Sepulchre, as Dr. Clarke saw it, and even as it stood previous to its reparation in 1555, had no pretensions to be the original work of Helena. It had been ruined by the Saracens, and rebuilt by the bounty of the Caliph Daber, A. D. 1044, so that we have no reason to carry back its pointed arches to the time of Adamnanus. And the ruins of Iona, which have little to astonish an eye familiar with Gothic architecture, are distinguished by many minute peculiarities from any of the Gothic buildings of Italy or the east, and very evidently belong to a period of the style far later than that which is visible in many English fabrics.

During the passage of the *Romulus* from Acre to Aboukir, our traveller witnessed a very strange, and, to those unacquainted with these seas, a very alarming phenomenon.

‘As we were sitting down to dinner, the voice of a sailor employed in heaving the lead was suddenly heard calling “*half four!*” The Captain, starting up, reached the deck in an instant; and almost as quickly putting the ship in stays, she went about. Every seaman on board thought she would be stranded. As she came about, all the surface of the water exhibited a thick black mud: this extended so widely, that the appearance resembled an island. At the same time, no land was really visible, not even from the mast-head, nor was there any notice of such a shallow in any chart on board. The fact is, as we learned afterwards, that a stratum of mud, extending for many leagues off the mouths of the Nile, exists in a moveable deposit near the coast of Egypt, and, when recently shifted by currents, it sometimes reaches quite to the surface, so as to alarm mariners with sudden shallows, where the charts of the Mediterranean promise a considerable depth of water. These, however, are not, in the slightest degree, dangerous. Vessels no sooner touch them than they become dispersed; and a frigate may ride secure, where the soundings would induce an inexperienced pilot to believe her nearly aground.’—Vol. iii. p. 13.



The Braakel, which again received them on their return, was now to be employed in conveying to France the prisoners taken in Cairo and Rosetta. They formed a singular and melancholy spectacle; the tattered trappings of war, contrasted with the pale cheeks and haggard eye of the wounded and captive soldier, have always this effect. But, among those whom the Braakel received, concealed, like the rest, in dirty and ragged uniforms, were many unhappy Frenchwomen, the usual followers of a camp, and others more wretched still, natives of Georgia or Circassia, once the tenants of Turkish harems, since the slaves of Menou's soldiery; and now flying for their lives from the fate which, in Egypt, awaited those who had submitted to the embrace of an infidel.

In the midst of all this misery, the natural levity of the French character was strongly conspicuous, as well as that equally characteristic and more laudable feeling of attachment to their native land which made them rejoice to return thither under any circumstances. The wounded men died faster than the surgeons could attend to them; but the survivors established a fencing school and theatre on the deck of the Braakel, and sang 'God save the King,' in broken English, while the officers of the ship were at dinner. A short interruption was given to this merriment by a severe gale which the Braakel encountered in leaving the road, and which had nearly compelled them to return to Europe much sooner than they had intended. Fortunately for Dr. Clarke and his readers, they were extricated from this dilemma by the Diadem, Captain Larmour; and, after experiencing some danger in the surf of the Boccaze, were landed once more amid the palm-trees of Rosetta. Most of the houses in this city were now occupied by English soldiers and their Georgian and Circassian mistresses, the legacies of the conquered French,—now perfectly reconciled to their new possessors. It is melancholy to conjecture what has been the subsequent fate of these poor creatures. The French, as we have seen, carried away all they could, and some of these fugitives have since been found decently settled with the relations of their husbands. But we have not heard of any who embarked with their English protectors, and if they were left to the mercy of the 'Turks, the result is not difficult to anticipate.

On Rosetta Dr. Clarke has added little to his former observations. The Italianized name is well known to be a corruption of the Arabic 'Raschid,' or 'orthodox.' But he is mistaken in supposing that it received this name from any connexion with the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, inasmuch as it remained an insignificant village, under its original name of 'Scheida,' till long after Haroun's death, when it was increased in size and dignity, and received its

its present appellation (as we learn from Elmacin) from Almote-wakel, Caliph of Egypt A. D. 870.

Our travellers left this place on the morning of August 10th, and proceeded up the Nile to Cairo, then occupied by the English and their Turkish allies. The Etesian, or north west winds, which prevail, like a regular monsoon, during the months of July and August, corresponding with the annual inundation of the Nile, and in direct opposition to its current when most violent, are a wonderful dispensation of Providence for the advantage of Egypt.

‘A vessel, leaving Rosetta, is driven by this wind with extraordinary velocity against the whole force of the torrent to Cairo, or into any part of Upper Egypt. For the purpose of her return, with even greater rapidity, it is only necessary to take down the mast and sails, and leave her to be carried against the wind by the powerful current of the river. It is thus possible to perform the whole voyage from Rosetta to Bulâc, the quay of Cairo, and back again, with certainty, in about seventy hours, a distance equal to four hundred miles.’ p. 32.

Of the population, fertility, and beautiful groves of Lower Egypt, our traveller speaks with much respect, but there are many circumstances which, at certain seasons of the year, make it a very uncomfortable place of residence to the native of a colder climate. Not, however, that it is, in these respects, less fortunate than all other regions similarly situated as to heat and moisture; and the bitterness of Dr. Clarke's complaints on the banks of the Nile, would not excite much pity in a planter of Surinam, or New Carthage, or even in an inhabitant of the neighbourhood of the Ganges. It is amusing, indeed, to observe with what ardour of imagination this lively writer deduces the frogs, flies, and lice of modern Egypt from the miraculous plagues inflicted by Moses, and how he identifies that usual and salutary eruption, well known in our West India islands by the name of ‘Prickly Heat,’ with the dreadful ‘boils and blains,’ which chastized the impiety of Pharaoh. It is true that, as Lincolnshire is less wholesome than Norfolk, so these moist regions have always been, and are described in Scripture as being, less favourable to health than the high and arid lands of Syria and Idumæa; but, if Dr. Clarke had performed a journey to Mount Sinai, or, if he had even traversed the usual route between Jaffa and Damietta, he would have found, to his cost, that some kinds of vermin are no less ‘familiar with man’ in Arabia, than in the accursed ‘land of Ham:’ and that it is absurd to identify these customary and natural visitations with those displays of celestial wrath which ‘tamed the river-dragon,’ and which, we know from Scripture, so far from being entailed thenceforth on the country, were withdrawn, after a few days continuance, by the same divine power which inflicted them.

Irrigation is carried to a vast extent throughout the Delta, but it is effected, for the most part, by artificial means; and an exaggerated idea of the effects of the Nile is conveyed by the beautiful description of Gray. Extensive canals on each side of the river conduct its waters to the utmost extent of their level, but the fields are many of them supplied by water-wheels, or the still simpler process of lading. The soil thus treated produces three crops in the year—clover, corn, and rice, of which the last is sown while the field is actually under water, a practice which, as Dr. Clarke observes, is alluded to by Solomon. (Eccles. ii. 1.) The eastern sycamore attains an enormous size, and its boughs are so bent by the prevalent winds as to make them resemble a peacock's tail. The fruit resembles in shape the common fig, but is smaller, dry and insipid. The thermometer stood at 90° in the shade, and the inhabitants of the country were walking about or engaged in the avocations of husbandry in a state of perfect nakedness, and displaying a complexion of the darkest tawny. They arrived at Bulac at midnight, and were aroused the next morning with intelligence that the Pyramids were in sight. What follows is in our author's best style of description.

‘Never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appeared as white as snow, and of such surprizing magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their structure is lost in their prodigious magnitude: the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms,—that in vastness, whatever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror; which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great, as to cause pain rather than pleasure; of which we shall have to record a very striking instance in the sequel. Hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the Pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and situation;—ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.’—Vol. ii. pp. 44—46.

They had letters from the Captain Pasha to the Reis Effendi,  
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or Turkish Secretary of State, then at Cairo, whom they found a well-informed traveller, speaking French with fluency, and not unacquainted with the English language; having himself visited Great Britain, and published an account of our manners, laws, and commerce, which is popular, both at Cairo and Constantinople. His opinions on these subjects our travellers only partially discovered. He was, apparently, too wary a politician to commit himself in any discussions of importance, and only ventured on some strictures on the 'veal and cyder' of our metropolis.

Dr. Clarke's description of Cairo is short, but very interesting, and full of curious matter. It is the dirtiest metropolis in the world; but the picturesque crowd in its streets, and on its canals, and the varied foliage of its gardens, no less than the splendid and singular panorama seen from the heights of the citadel, have so much of beauty and novelty, as amply to repay the inconveniences to which its virtues are necessarily exposed. Here, as in South America, the lizard is the harmless inhabitant of all the gardens, and is seen hanging on the walls and ceilings of the best apartments. Dr. Clarke appears to have regarded them with more disgust than became a philosopher, but had too accurate an eye to overlook (what many professed naturalists have passed over in silence) the circular membrane which enables them to walk (as flies do by the same mechanism) in situations seemingly least adapted to support them. The swarms of flies which these people have not learned to repel by the elegant inventions of Hindostan, filled every dish and every drinking vessel, and the climate, though extolled as delightful by the British officers who had arrived from India, appeared to Dr. Clarke only tolerable to those who could reconcile themselves to the listless and sordid inactivity of the natives and those Franks who had been long settled in the country.

In the midst of all these discomforts, the Indian army under General Baird, then encamped in the Isle of Rouda, astonished both Arabs, Turks, and the inhabitants of western Europe, with the splendour of their tents and banquets, and the admirable health and discipline of their soldiers. We cannot, indeed, sympathise with that more than oriental luxury which had transported glass chandeliers, mahogany tables, and Madeira wine, across the desert from Cosseir, and which was strangely contrasted with the simplicity and soldierly privations of General Hutchinson and his officers before Alexandria. But it would be unjust to deny very considerable praise to the care which had preserved three thousand men from sickness during the most unwholesome months of the year; and, independently of the military advantage of such a reinforcement, the results of this extraordinary expedition were very interesting and important. It is not strange that the Sepoys were

almost as fond of the Nile as of the Ganges, but the relation between the ancient inhabitants of their banks, was sufficiently proved from the reverence paid by the Bramins to the religious sculptures at Dendera. These military ecclesiastics, who compose (which Dr. Clarke does not seem to have known) a very considerable part of many of our regiments in the east, were hardly, indeed, restrained from taking a bitter vengeance on the Arabs for the neglected state in which they found the temple and symbols of their God Vishnu.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Clarke's eastern friends did not inform him what particular figure or temple was thus distinguished by their soldiery; but it is not yet too late for them to supply this information from the representations of Denon or Mr. Hamilton. The subject, however, is one which may soon receive elucidation from a very unexpected quarter. One of the most eminent, as he is also the most modest of modern oriental scholars, has discovered, we understand, not an affinity only but a radical identity between the Coptic language and that spoken by one of the most powerful and remote nations of the east, and we look forward with impatience to his intended work on this interesting subject.

The officers of General Baird's army spoke highly of Bruce's chart of the Red Sea: and a still more interesting testimony was borne to his veracity, by a negro priest, a native of Abyssinia, who, in the course of a long investigation, conducted with the greatest care by our author, his friend Mr. Cripps, Mr. Hamilton, Dr. Wittman, and the celebrated orientalist Mr. Hammer, confirmed the accounts which Bruce has furnished, not only in their general outline, but in almost every one of those particulars which have been most confidently blamed as fabulous. For the details of this inquiry and the manner in which it was conducted, both admirably qualified to elicit truth and prevent the possibility of deception, we refer to Dr. Clarke's own statement, which may possibly have called some blushes into the cheeks of those who, without one half of Bruce's knowledge and enterprize, have attempted to increase the importance of their own exertions, (in themselves sufficiently meritorious,) by detracting from the fair fame of their predecessor. The admissions in Bruce's favour which appear in Mr. Salt's second journey to Habbesh, have already convinced the world, as a third journey may, possibly, convince Mr. Salt himself, that a barbarous people often conceal their customs from the observation of a transient visitor, and that he who long resided at Gondar is not to be hastily stigmatized as mendacious by those who have only visited a small portion of Tigré.

The antiquities of Cairo have often been described, and little information would be afforded to our readers by an abridgment  
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of Dr. Clarke's observations on the hieroglyphics of Helio-  
polis, or the jasper and mineralized wood of the desert. The  
art of staining glass appears to be more common and less  
costly in Cairo than in England, and has, possibly, been known  
in the east from a remote antiquity. Our author found ancient  
Roman coins, and even bronze medals of the Ptolemies still current  
as money among the common people, together with the Venetian  
sequin, and the Hungarian pataka. He recognized in the funeral  
cries of Egypt the same mournful notes, and the repetition of the  
same syllables which are used, on similar occasions, by the Russians  
and the Irish. He is mistaken, however, in supposing that the  
cries of *joy* used by the Arabs, or the corresponding Allelujah of  
the Jews, are equally unmeaning with that 'ululation,' which has  
been used all over the world to imitate the inarticulate sound of  
distress. The Arab chorus is nothing else than a rapid repetition  
of 'Allah! Allah!' and the Jewish form of thanksgiving is well  
known to be 'Hallelu-Jah!' 'Praise ye Jehovah!' In his stric-  
tures on the indecent dance of the 'Almehs,' he rather too hastily  
involves *all* the ancient dances under the same reprobation. He  
forgets that from the earliest period, there were many different  
ways of shewing agility, and that it would be highly indecorous to  
confound the backslidings of the Gaditanian wanton with those  
grave and goodly dances of the olden time, which, as they were  
performed by priests, judges, kings, and senators, in their respec-  
tive robes of office, even Mr. Prynne himself excepts from the  
imputation of frivolity or merriment. But seriously, he must, we  
think, allow, on second thoughts, that though *some* of the ancient  
figuranti used indecorous attitudes, it will not, therefore, follow  
that all were equally blameable; that the military dance of the  
Greeks was intended to raise very different passions from that of  
the Houris of Lower Egypt; that, notwithstanding the angry in-  
sinuations of Michal, no unbecoming gestures would be practised  
or allowed by David in a religious procession; and that the  
haughty Herod would never have rewarded his daughter-in-law for  
exposing her person, in the manner now practised, to the assembled  
Shehks of Galilee.

On the 24th of August, our travellers visited the Pyramids of  
Gizeh, of the principal among which a striking description is given.

'As we drew near its base, the effect of its prodigious magnitude, and  
the amazement caused in viewing the enormous masses used in its con-  
struction, affected every one of us; but it was an impression of awe and  
fear, rather than of pleasure. In the observations of travellers who had  
recently preceded us, we had heard the Pyramids described as huge ob-  
jects which gave no satisfaction to the spectator, on account of their  
barbarous shape, and formal appearance: yet to us it appeared hardly  
possible,

possible, that persons susceptible of any feeling of sublimity could behold them unmoved. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us, when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds! Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to shew the way up to the summit.'—pp. 123, 124.

Within the pyramid Dr. Clarke and his companions explored some long and narrow avenues, of little interest in themselves, but which are remarkable as having escaped the notice of all former tourists. They found reason to believe that the celebrated well was much deeper than the twenty feet at which Greaves's plummet rested, and Dr. Clarke expresses his wonder that the French never let a person down by a rope. We know not whether this experiment was ever made; but it is certain that Maillet, *Descript. de l'Egypte*, p. 249, whose account has been closely followed by Jauna Savary, and of which the engineer Grobert professes to have confirmed the accuracy, speaks of this singular pit in terms which could only be justified by a personal and careful investigation. It consists, if we understand him rightly, of two successive shafts, the one about 60 the other about 123 French feet in depth, connected by a low and narrow gallery, so that the whole resembles in form the Hebrew letter 5. The upper shaft is not perpendicular but considerably inclined to the horizon, which will naturally account for the result which Greaves experienced, while the depth of the second, which only is properly the well, very exactly answers to the statement of Pliny. Maillet describes the bottom as dry. Dr. Clarke heard the dash of water. We do not know the time of year at which the former made his trial, but if its emptiness or fullness coincides with the inundation of the Nile, the fact of the secret communication with the river, which Pliny also ascribes to it, would be satisfactorily established, and we may be even led to suspect that it was originally intended to serve as a Mikeas.

The Pyramids of Sakara are well known to be only inferior in interest to those of Gizeh; and in an excursion which our travellers made to them soon after their return to Cairo, Dr. Clarke conceived himself able to trace in the various forms of the sepulchral monuments which abound in that vicinity, the gradual progress of improvement, from the primæval mound common to all ancient nations, to the perfect form of the Pyramid. During this excursion they witnessed at the village of Sheik Atmann some Arab dances, which, though the females who performed in them were of the same profession with the Almehs of Cairo, appear, from the superior beauty of the dancers, to have been far more interesting.

In

In this neighbourhood were some dwarf varieties of the palm tree, of which the fruit hung so low as to be within reach of the hand; and, near Etterfile, a large quantity of the indigo plant was growing which, by the Arabs, (from whom the Portuguese and Spanish planters bore the name to the West Indies,) is called Nilè or Anilè. They saw two Arabs crossing the Nile, where it was at least half a mile wide, by means of empty gourds, which they used instead of bladders. Their clothes were fastened on their heads. In his observations on the mummy-pits Dr. Clarke is led to animadvert on the falsehood of the common opinion, that the mummies were placed *upright* in these cemeteries, and supposes that the words of Herodotus, which have been generally quoted to this effect, relate only to those particular mummies which were kept in the houses of their descendants. The truth is, that there appears to have been a difference in the mode of burial; and we can see no reason to doubt the statement of Maillet, that many of the bodies were in a recumbent posture, while others, probably the masters of families, were set up in niches, after the manner described by Herodotus. We know, indeed, that though the Arabs are (as Colonel Squire and Mr. Hamilton found) very jealous of shewing a mummy in its original tomb,—other travellers have found means to conquer this jealousy; and Mr. Legh describes a mummy pit, well stocked with these remains, 'some of which were lying on the ground, but *many still standing* in the niches where they had been originally placed.'—*Journey in Egypt, &c.* p. 106.

An elaborate description follows of a hieroglyphical tablet obtained by Mr. Hammer, and destined by him for the oriental cabinet at Vienna. On this we shall only observe that Dr. Clarke is mistaken in supposing that a *bald head* was a distinctive mark of the sacerdotal order in ancient Egypt. Herodotus, indeed, informs us that the priests observed the ceremony of shaving with much exactness; but he informs us also that this custom was common to all the inhabitants of the country, and it is to this exposure of their heads to the sun that he ascribes that superior hardness of skull which, for many generations after the celebrated battle of Pelusium, distinguished the remains of the Egyptian warriors from those of their Persian invaders.—*Thalia*, § 12.

The horses of our author's Arab guides were the finest he had seen in the whole course of his travels; and the Arab grooms were regarded by the English officers as superior to those even of their own country. These horses do not lie down at night, but sleep standing, with one foot fastened to the piquet. The same peculiarity is mentioned by the ingenious author of the *Field Sports of India*, as observable in some of the best Arab steeds which are carried



carried to that country. They continue the whole night in ceaseless and uniform motion, rocking their bodies from side to side, and, apparently, as much refreshed by the sleep obtained in this posture as if they had been extended in a well-littered stall. But the horses who have this habit are generally remarkable for their capricious and ungovernable temper.

Few travellers, we believe, have ever returned from a visit to the Pyramids without some new hypothesis respecting their use or origin; and, though we do not ourselves think that Dr. Clarke has been in this attempt more successful than his predecessors, yet whatever he says is so well said,—and even impossibilities become in his hands so interesting, and even plausible, that we should do neither him nor our readers justice did we pass over without notice what he has advanced respecting these stupendous and singular structures. His hypothesis coincides so far with the accounts of the ancient Greeks, (on whom, nevertheless, he throws several imputations which we shall not stay to combat,) as to suppose that the Pyramids are tombs, and that the granite chest which is found in the largest was originally intended for a coffin. He rejects, however, entirely all that the Greeks have told us respecting the names of their founders, and the circumstances under which they were erected; and has recourse, as he tells us, to Arabic or Jewish tradition, to prove that some of these vast piles were raised by the Israelites during their abode in Egypt, and that the particular Pyramid which is now open was the tomb of the patriarch Joseph. Its being now open is, of course, accounted for by the fact that his bones were removed by his countrymen on their departure for Canaan: and the improbability that the Israelites alone could have raised so enormous a pile is met by the assertion (in which Dr. Clarke is countenanced by many learned men,) that the Egyptians also venerated Joseph as a god,—that he was their Apis or Serapis, and perhaps their Osiris also, that, consequently, the united strength of both nations would be joined in paying honour to his memory, while many circumstances in the Egyptian mythology, such as the loss of Osiris's body, the exhibition of his empty coffin, were derived from the departure of the Hebrews, and the abstraction of the Patriarch's relics.

It cannot be denied that a very plausible solution is thus offered of several perplexing particulars in the present state and ancient history of the principal pyramid; and we bear a willing testimony to the learning and ingenuity which our author has displayed in the defence and illustration of this novel theory. But the severity of criticism compels us to examine the foundation on which this fairy fabric reposes, and having done so, to conclude, with real concern,  
that

that not one of all the suppositions on which Dr. Clarke relies, can bear a close investigation. He apprehends, in the first place, that it may be proved from history that, about the time when the principal Pyramids were erected, the posterity of Joseph inhabited that part of Egypt where alone Pyramids are found. Now the only two authorities whom he cites to fix the date of these structures are Herodotus and Manetho. The first of these, indeed, he professes not to believe: yet, if he did not believe him, it is not very clear why he adduced him as evidence. Be that as it may, Herodotus ascribes the three principal Pyramids to Cheops, and his two successors. But Cheops was fourth in descent from Sesostris; and we have met with no system of chronology which does not make Sesostris *later* than the departure of the Israelites from Egypt. If, indeed, we follow the authority of Marsham and Sir Isaac Newton, Sesostris was contemporary with Jeroboam, so that the erection of the three principal Pyramids is thrown at a vast distance indeed from the time to which Dr. Clarke refers it. Nor, if we give credit to those imperfect and extremely corrupt fragments of Manetho which have descended to our time, will the matter be at all improved, since he refers the great Pyramid to a certain King Suphis, who, on the most moderate computation, must have *preceded* Joseph by 500 years, a difference as fatal to Dr. Clarke's hypothesis as the other. Let the Israelites, then, have lived in whatever part of Egypt Dr. Clarke may think fit to place them, it is plain that neither Herodotus nor Manetho lead us to believe that they lived there at the time when this Pyramid was erected. But, further, we have no reason to suppose that the posterity of Joseph possessed a single acre, or pitched a single tent in that part of Egypt where only the Pyramids are found. Goshen, which was allotted for the residence of their nation, and where (Exod. viii. 22.) the great body of that nation dwelt, was not the Memphitic but the Heliopolitan nome, which is, as Dr. Clarke has proved, on the *Arabian* or *opposite* side of the river. No distinction of abode is any where implied between the descendants of Joseph and the remaining tribes, and, even if we did not know the situation of Goshen, we should look for Joseph's children and his own residence in that district, Heliopolis, with whose princes he was connected by marriage. The 'land' which the children of Israel are said to have filled with their numbers was, therefore, not Egypt in general, but Goshen only; and, even if the passage were well translated which tells us that Joseph 'was blessed even unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills,'—(Gen. xlix. 26.) it evidently relates, and has been always understood to relate, to the mountainous territory of Ephraim and Manasseh, in the Promised Land, and not to imply, what is quite inconsistent with the rest of Scripture, that they occupied

occupied the whole valley of Egypt. So far from satisfactory is the answer of Dr. Clarke to the first query.

He, secondly, inquires, ‘whether there is any thing in the Pyramids which corresponds with the known customs of the Israelites?’ Here we thought ourselves completely at a stand.—All the known sepulchres of the Hebrews are catacombs, not pyramids; and never, even in the times of their greatest prosperity, did they raise such stupendous structures as these over their dead. But Joseph, according to the Scriptures, was laid in a coffin in Egypt to wait the time when his countrymen should carry his bones with them into Canaan; and that word which we render *coffin*, is by the LXX translated ΣΟΠΟΣ, which Dr. Clarke defines to be a vast stone coffin such as the Romans and Greeks called ‘sarcophagus.’—But such a ΣΟΠΟΣ is found in the principal pyramid; which, therefore, contains something that corresponds with the peculiar circumstances of Joseph’s own interment, which may be taken as a sample of the mode of interment practised by his countrymen. *Therefore*, as the σοφος is conformable to the custom of the Israelites, the pyramid which contains it must be so too,—and *consequently* it becomes *probable*, that both were constructed by that nation!—It unfortunately happens, first,—that we have *no reason* to take Joseph’s funeral as a sample of the usual customs of his race. His case was a remarkable one, and the ceremonies observed in consequence might be adapted both to his situation as Vizier of Egypt, and the necessity of preserving his body for the convenience of transportation at a future time. Secondly, if we allowed that the stone soros was consistent with the known customs of the Israelites—yet as σοφος and pyramids do not always go together, it would be a very wild proceeding to infer the last from the former; or to maintain that no other soros could have contained the patriarch’s body than that which is found in the pyramid. But, further, Dr. Clarke is mistaken in supposing that Joseph’s coffin must necessarily have been of stone. The word Σοφος is notoriously used for coffins of any material whatever; and, in particular, for that *shell*, or *bier*, in which the later Jews, and, to this day, all the nations of the East are carried to interment.—(See Luke vii. 11.) And that Joseph’s coffin was *not* of stone, we gather, first, from the improbability that such a receptacle would be provided for a corpse which was eventually to be transported elsewhere. Secondly, from the known custom of the Egyptians, to keep the dead bodies of their relations a considerable time in their houses, preserved not in stone but in chests of sycomore. Thirdly, because the Hebrew word ארון which the LXX render σοφος, is, wherever it occurs in Scripture, exclusively applied to *wooden* chests or vessels, and is derived from אֵשׁ *‘an ash tree.’* It is plain then, that we have

have from Scripture no reason to believe that Joseph's body was placed in a *stone* sarcophagus, or that, during its abode in Egypt, it was laid in any tomb whatever; consequently, the occurrence of an open pyramid and empty sarcophagus cannot present any striking coincidence with the facts related of his obsequies.

To the improbability that the Israelites could of themselves have raised so enormous a mass as any of these pyramids, Dr. Clarke is not insensible; and he seeks to obviate the difficulty by supposing that the Egyptians had an equal honour for Joseph's memory and joined with them in this pious labour.—This he grounds on the opinion that Joseph, after his death, was deified under the character of Apis or Serapis. This notion, which Vossius and Athanasius Kircher first dragged from its obscurity, was entertained by a few christian writers, of whom Ruffinus was the chief, (for St. Augustine is known not to be the author of the work *de Mirabilibus Scripturæ*,) and depends, after all, on a tradition that Apis had been a good king or father of a family who distributed corn during a famine. Now this is, on the face of it, too vague to apply to Joseph in particular, since many famines and many benefactors besides might have arisen since the foundation of the most ancient monarchy in the world. But, when we learn from Ruffinus, that this story was found not in *Egyptian*, but in *Greek* writers, (we know not whom, nor does Ruffinus himself appear to have known,)—(Hist. Eccles. L. II. c. xxiii.)—no more need be said to shew how little dependance can be placed on such a testimony. But it is, moreover, in utter contradiction, if we believe Herodotus, to the principles of the Egyptian mythology, to deify mortal heroes at all.—Euterpe, 50. So that the story of Ruffinus is confuted by a far better and more ancient authority. And, waving this objection, if Joseph was not deified in the times immediately succeeding his decease, and while the gratitude of the nation was yet warm, it is idle to fancy that he became the principal God of the Egyptians after the departure of the Israelites.—But if he had been thus honoured *previous* to their departure, and if, as Dr. Clarke supposes, the greatest of the pyramids had been but recently constructed to his memory by the joint labours both of Egypt and Israel, in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis; it is utterly impossible that his renown and merits could have been forgotten by the Egyptians at the time of Moses's birth. We know, however, that they *were* thus forgotten and disregarded, since it is expressly said of the King of Egypt, and it is noticed as the primary cause of the oppression to which Israel was subjected by him,—that he 'knew not Joseph.'—(Exod. i. 8.) But, though Joseph was forgotten or disregarded, it is plain from the whole history of the golden calf, (Exod. xxxii. 4.) not only that the Israelites had

had learnt in Egypt to worship Apis, but that they regarded him as the symbol, not of their own deceased countryman, but of the supreme Deity—Jehovah.—(See verse 5.) It is *certain* then, that Joseph was *not* Apis; it is *highly improbable* that he was ever worshipped by the Egyptians; and we have as yet seen no reason whatever for believing that either the Egyptians or Israelites were inclined to raise a pyramid to his memory.

Nor, thirdly, does the present state of the great pyramid, which has been, evidently, opened with considerable labour and violence, by any means tally with the Scripture account of the manner in which the Israelites left Egypt.—Their numbers would, in this respect, avail them nothing, since if, while they were in a state of abject slavery, they had marched an army beyond their own limits and into the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, his Memphitic Majesty would have had sufficient reason for alarm and jealousy, and some plausible grounds for increasing their tax of bricks, seeing they had leisure enough to open pyramids. Nor, as the removal of Joseph's bones could be only understood as declaratory of their intention to leave Egypt at all events, would this measure have been suffered by that government which so obstinately refused them permission to emigrate. But, after this permission was granted, no time remained for any proceeding of the kind; they were driven out of Egypt the same night without so much as time to prepare their provisions, and were the next morning encamped at Birket el Hadje on the western frontier of the kingdom.

After this it is, perhaps, useless to examine Dr. Clarke's fourth and last ground of belief, which is taken from the traditions of the Egyptians, the Arabians, and the Jews. The first, as contained in Manetho, if they were worth any thing, are, as we have shewn, directly hostile to his hypothesis. The second, which are of still less weight, leave us in doubt whether the pyramids were built by Joseph or Pharaoh, or some king who reigned before the flood. But Joseph is in Egypt, what Nimrod is in Assyria, and Solomon in Palestine, the person to whom all unclaimed antiquities are referred. Pharaoh, which is Coptic for 'King,' was the common title of all the Egyptian sovereigns from the time of Abraham down to the Persian conquest; and the antediluvian founder,—though this tallies well enough with Manetho,—Dr. Clarke will not thank us for. Josephus alone, of all the Jewish writers, makes any mention of the pyramids, and he, without naming any pyramid in particular, and without ever insinuating that one of them was intended for Joseph's tomb, merely tells us, that among other labours, such as embankments, canals, &c. the Egyptians obliged his nation to contribute to the construction of *pyramids*.

Now this is certainly probable in itself, and it becomes more  
so

so when we consider the tradition mentioned by Herodotus, that the stones of which the pyramids are constructed were hewn amid the mountains on the eastern side of the Nile, and, consequently, in the very territory which Israel occupied. Though the making of bricks is particularly specified, we, at the same time, learn from Moses that this was only a part of their labours, (Exod. i. 14.) and hewing of stones may well have been another. At all events, we should agree with Dr. Clarke in assigning the brick pyramid of Hillahoun to them, if it were not for the consideration that Moses, who specifies their building for Pharaoh 'the treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses,' would hardly have omitted to notice an edifice so burdensome in the construction and so renowned when finished, as even a single pyramid must have been.

On the whole, we can find no reason for depriving Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycenius of the wicked renown of having raised the useless and oppressive piles which bear their name; and though it is impossible to say when the first pyramids were erected,\* and whether some of them may be or may not be the work of the Israelites, it is utterly unlikely that any of them were raised by this people on their own account, or in honour of the Patriarch Joseph.

After all, it is hardly necessary to dive into so remote an antiquity in order to account for the dilapidated state of the great pyramid, when we have good reason to refer its violation to the Caliph Al-maimoun in the ninth century after Christ. 'This statement indeed, which the best Arabic *historians* agree in, Dr. Clarke, who lays so much stress on Arabic *tradition*, regards as a fable. His reasons are, first, that the pyramid was *open* in the time of Strabo. Secondly, that Al-maimoun could not have attempted it at the only place where entrance was possible, without a more perfect knowledge of the interior than he was likely to possess, supposing it to have been closed till then. To the first, we reply, that Strabo doubtless gives us to understand that the interior of the pyramid was accessible, but under very different circumstances from those of its present dilapidated entrance. 'In the middle of the sides,' he tells us, 'is a *stone* which may be taken out, and, when this is removed, a tunnel which leads to the coffin, &c.' It is plain from this account, that in the time of Strabo, the side on which the entrance is was furnished with the same flights of stone as the other three, and that, one of the stones being removed, the secret of

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\* Dr. Clarke supposes Herodotus to have fixed on Mæris as the *first* builder of pyramids. But Herodotus only says, that Mæris 'built pyramids,' not that he *first* raised edifices of the kind.—Euterpe, § 101. It is impossible to compare Herodotus with those fragments of Manetho which yet remain, without observing the difference in favour of the former.

which was, probably, with the priests, the passage was discovered; and, as he does not say, ‘in *one* of the sides,’ but *ἐν μεσσω πῶς των πλευρων*, it may be conjectured, either that there are other entrances as yet concealed in the *remaining three sides*,—or, which is more likely, that Strabo, who does not say that he himself had entered the sepulchre, did not know in *which side* the moveable stone was, and, therefore, expresses himself thus ambiguously.—But, if the knowledge of the particular stone which was moveable, or the means of removing it were lost, as they well might be, in the lapse of time and the ruin of the ancient religion, it is far from improbable that Alnaimoun might endeavour to open this celebrated tomb, and that the present entrance was hewn by his labourers, who may also be supposed to have dislodged King Cheops from his granite chamber. Nor is it incredible that such a general knowledge of the proper place in which to begin their labours might be obtained in the time of this Caliph, as would enable him, with some previous search, (for the openers of the pyramid appear to have begun too high,) to discover the only practicable access to the interior. For this account of Strabo would be, in fact, sufficient; and as Alnaimoun was a lover of learning, and patronized translations from the Greek, he is, perhaps, the most likely of all the Arab princes, even during the time of their greatest renown, to attempt the exploring of an ancient monument, or to have persons about him who were acquainted with Strabo’s volume. It would be but reasonable to expect that such an attempt would be decorated with many fabulous circumstances by the Arabic historians; but the event is, in itself, far from unlikely, and, if it were altogether untrue, it is not easy to conceive how such a fable could have originated.

An account is given, at some length, of the manner in which our travellers first received intelligence of the trilingual tablet of Rosetta and that magnificent sarcophagus which lays claim to the honour of having contained the body of Alexander. The same subject is renewed afterwards, while giving an account of Alexandria, and we can readily participate in the natural and laudable exultation with which Dr. Clarke describes the unavailing artifices and remonstrances of Menou, and the disinterested zeal and industry which he himself exerted in securing these precious relics of antiquity to the public collection of his country.

Alexandria had capitulated while our author was at Cairo: but when he arrived in the English camp, on the 10th of September, the French were still in the town, which they were little less impatient to leave than the unfortunate inhabitants were to get rid of them. They had practised here the same oppression, and displayed the same avarice and cruelty which the soldiers of Buonaparte’s school have every where indulged. They had carried their cruelty to their

their Turkish prisoners to the severest extremities, 'making them work, like horses, at their mills, and in drawing water.' Some of these unfortunate wretches Dr. Clarke met with, on his first entrance into the city, who had been liberated that morning from their dungeon, and who 'were endeavouring, literally, to *crawl* towards their camp.'

'The legs of these poor creatures, swollen to a size that was truly horrible, were covered with large ulcers, and their eyes were terrible from inflammation. Some, too weak to advance, had fallen on the sand, where they were exposed to the scorching beams of the sun. Immediately on seeing us they uttered such moans that might have pierced the hearts of their cruel oppressors. They begged for water, but we had none to give them; for, eager in the pursuit of our object, we had neglected to supply ourselves with provisions. We succeeded, but not without difficulty, in prevailing on some Arabs to take care of them until relief could be obtained.' 'We had afterwards the happiness of hearing that they reached the Turkish camp.'—p. 241.

Of these unfortunate captives it was calculated that upwards of forty perished every day from the miseries to which their conquerors exposed them. After these truths, which Dr. Clarke has told honestly and with all the indignation of a humane and virtuous mind, it is amusing to find how much the civilities which he himself received from the officers and learned men of the French army have induced him to qualify his censures; to speak of 'the urbanity which is characteristic of the French people even towards their enemies,'—p. 277, and to distinguish between Frenchmen in general and 'the sample which their army in Egypt afforded.'—p. 243. Unhappily for the cause of humanity, the conduct of Menou's army in Egypt did not differ from that of Massena's in Portugal; and Hamburgh and Tarragona have as dismal a story to tell as was told by the merchants of Alexandria. Still, however, we would not be mistaken. It is not on the national character of Frenchmen, but on the system of wickedness and violence which began with Buonaparte, and we trust has ended with him, that we would fling the blame of these accumulated and successive horrors; and the mass of the people are no otherwise guilty than as they suffered their vanity to blind them to these crimes, and endured, in their leaders, a conduct which was at variance with the ancient and habitual feelings of their nation, and our common nature. It is well, however, that these things should be remembered,—not in reproach to those who were, in no small degree, fellow sufferers with the rest of the world, but as a warning to them and to ourselves against those who, after indulging in every excess of lawless pride and cruelty, have begun at length, in their adversity, to speak of national faith, of peace, of freedom, and humanity.



Dr. Clarke deduces from the decay of the obelisks at Alexandria, and from similar appearances on other ancient buildings,—a fact well worthy the notice of those who are concerned in the erection of national monuments,—that granite, namely, from the decomposition of its feldspar by exposure to the atmosphere, is less calculated for works of duration than pure homogeneous marble, or even than common limestone. Of the latter we have such abundance in this country, that there is every reason for preferring it to the more costly materials, as well as to the more beautiful, but far less durable sandstone, employed in most of our finest buildings.

Of the two obelisks known by the name of Cleopatra's Needles, one only is now standing. A subscription was raised by several officers of our army and navy to remove to Great Britain its fallen companion, which, as it now lies on the sand, measures seven feet square at the base, and sixty-six feet in length. Lord Cavan presided in this undertaking, which was worthy of the ancient Romans, and would, probably, have been attended with complete success, had not, for some unexplained reason, the sailors of our fleet been forbidden to assist in the labour.

Dr. Clarke gives some probable reasons why the emperor named in the inscription on the base of Pompey's Pillar is not, as is generally supposed, Diocletian but Hadrian, and attempts also to prove that this magnificent monument was really erected to the unfortunate general whose name tradition has assigned to it. The Arabs, it seems, call it the ruins of 'Julius Cæsar's Palace.' But Julius Cæsar is said by Appian to have really built a monument over the place where Pompey's head was buried, in the suburbs of Alexandria, which was afterwards destroyed by the Alexandrian Jews during their revolt under Trajan. Further, we learn from Lucan and Valerius Maximus, that the head of Pompey was enclosed in an urn. But it was sometimes the practice of the Romans to place their cinerary urns in conspicuous and lofty situations. Therefore the *monument* built by Cæsar to Nemesis, in memory of Pompey's murder, was the *pillar* in question, which having been overturned by the Jews, was reinstated by Hadrian, of whom we learn, on good authority, that he repaired the monument formerly raised to Pompey. This is really a plausible structure of hypothesis; but the worst is that Appian, as referred to by Dr. Clarke himself, does not describe Pompey's monument as a pillar, but as a *chapel, shrine, or sacred inclosure*, (τεμενος,) and as having been destroyed by the Jews to supply the 'necessities of war.' But in no necessities of war could a pillar of this kind be useful; so that, it is apparent, the testimony of Appian is decisive against the notion that this pillar was raised by Julius Cæsar to Pompey's memory, while the new name of 'Pompey's Pillar,' given it

it by we know not whom, and known to the Franks only, is by far too weak to build any hypothesis on its foundation, and was, in all probability, as vaguely assigned to this monument by the travellers of the sixteenth century, as the name of Cleopatra was given to the obelisks, and to the creek which is called her 'bath.' With the Arabs all the Cæsars are identified with Julius, as all the Pharaohs are with the adversary of Moses; so that his name being assigned to it by their tradition is a circumstance of no moment whatever. And the inscription itself, which remains on its base, is decisive of the fact that it was erected, as it now stands, in honour not of Pompey, but of Diocletian or Hadrian. The unfortunate Roman general has, then, as little claim to this pillar as Joseph to the Great Pyramid; but it is certain that, in the manner in which its base is supported, there are many circumstances which lead us to suspect that this foundation is the work of later and less skilful hands than those which carved the shaft and capital. Nor have we forgot what has entirely, to all appearance, escaped Dr. Clarke's memory,—his own conjectures among the ruins of Alexandria Troas, and the remarkable coincidence of a pillar of similar dimensions, lying prostrate among the other works of the same great monarch who founded the capital of Macedonian Egypt. If we conceive Alexander to have been the founder, and one of the later Roman emperors the restorer of this Στήλη, we shall have formed, perhaps, a more probable conjecture than if we still adhere to the notion that it relates to the unfortunate rival of Julius.

It is remarkable that the catacombs of Alexandria, the most extensive in all Egypt, and, perhaps, in the world, should have attracted, comparatively, little attention from the numerous travellers who have visited this ruined metropolis. Dr. Clarke, who among the tombs is always at home, has been, perhaps, the first who has done sufficient justice to the regularity of their plan, the chaste and awful simplicity of their ornaments, and the long and gloomy arcades of this subterranean city of death and silence. Twelve large halls, besides many smaller apartments, surrounded with places adapted to receive bodies in a recumbent posture, are disposed in a form not very dissimilar from the ancient symbol of the trident, and conclude with a circular sanctuary covered with a simple dome, which is hewn, like all the rest, in the solid rock. In this part of the excavation an ornament appears which Colonel Squire took for a crescent, but which Dr. Clarke more probably apprehended to be *the winged globe*, which, according to Macrobius, was the Egyptian symbol of Serapis, the Lord of the dead.

The occurrence, however, of this single hieroglyphic, appropriate to any cemetery, and as likely to be employed by the Ptolemies as by the original possessors of the land, is not sufficient to induce us

to regard these extensive excavations as vestiges of an antiquity greater than that of Alexander, and as marking the site of the ancient Egyptian city of Racotis. Racotis was not a *city*. It is called by Stephanus ‘*a small town*,’ and by Strabo merely ‘*a village*.’ It was built by the Egyptian kings as a fortress to shut out the Greeks from that noble harbour of which their own superstitious hatred of commerce prevented their making use, and was possessed not by any respectable caste of Egyptians, but by a colony of those graziers whom their religion regarded as unclean. There was, indeed, an ancient chapel here, dedicated to Isis and Serapis; but we have no reason whatever for supposing that this was hewn in the rock, and it is utterly improbable that a paltry fishing town should be adorned with a series of sepulchres superior to the royal caves of Thebes, and which evidently required the labour of a numerous population, and the patronage of a resident monarch. As little claim has Dr. Clarke’s circular crypt to the appropriate title of Serapeum, which last named building was not a *cave*, but a magnificent structure raised on an artificial mound,—on the site, indeed, of the ancient chapel of Racotis, but in a different quarter of the suburbs from the *Necropolis*.

Serapis, no less than Apis, was regarded by some early Christian writers as a symbol of the Patriarch Joseph. Dr. Clarke, though he in this place agrees with Jablonski and Macrobius in explaining both the one and the other to be the sun, distinguished by his residence in the winter and summer signs of the zodiac, is yet unwilling to abandon his former hypothesis, which he vainly endeavours to reconcile with the physico-theology of his allies by the assertion that, ‘if the sun in Hades was called Serapis, Joseph, having descended thither, and being “even as the sun,” according to a style of deification which was invariable in Egypt, would receive the name of Serapis, after the same manner in which the name of Vulcan, father of the sun, was, so many ages after, applied to Ptolemy by the priests of Egypt.’—p. 284, 285.

If going into Hades made Joseph ‘even as the sun,’ it must be owned that this planet must have been extremely multiplied in Egypt. But, first, to say that Joseph, after his decease, was *identified* with the God Serapis, (as it implies that Serapis was already known and honoured,) is something very different from what Dr. Clarke had previously maintained, that ‘the worship of Serapis’ derived ‘*its origin* from the death of the Patriarch Joseph.’—Nor, secondly, though our author tells us that this style of deification, (the identifying, namely, a deceased hero with one of their ancient divinities,) was ‘*invariable* in Egypt,’ has he produced any instance in which such posthumous flattery has been adopted in Egypt or any other country. The most which the idolatrous servility of the  
ancients

ancients arrived at, and it was more than the Egyptians can be ever shewn to have done, was to add their heroes to the synod of the elder immortals, or to turn them into a *new star*. They did not dream that any of the ancient Gods evacuated his robes, his throne, his name and existence, to gratify the ambition of the new comer. If Augustus had become Jupiter, how could they have got rid of the old son of Saturn?—If Joseph were changed into the Sun, what became of the former luminary? But to celebrate a monarch, as *resembling* Vulcan in wisdom, or the Sun in extent of empire,—or, in the language of flattery, to assign him a celestial origin, is very far from applying to him ‘the *name* of Vulcan or of the Sun,’ and this is all which is done for Ptolemy in the trilingual inscription of Rosetta.

Both Gibbon and Dr. Clarke have singularly mistaken the tenour of the story told by Tacitus and others, which supposes the famous image of the Alexandrian Serapis to have been imported by Ptolemy from Pontus. That story, whether true or false, is by no means inconsistent with the Egyptian derivation of the name, or with the honours paid, from a very early age, to their Deity in Memphis. Ptolemy dreamed that a figure adorned with particular symbols appeared to him. An image resembling his dream was found in Pontus, and, when brought into Egypt, was recognized by the priests as the proper and orthodox representation of their God Serapis. It was not, then, the introduction of a new *Deity*, but of a new and miraculous *image* of a well-known God; and, though the former might have shocked the prejudices of the Egyptians, the latter had nothing in it which could offend them. The whole has extremely the air of some well known legends in the Romish church, and was, probably, contrived for the purpose of throwing an air of wonder and mystery over the magnificent temple, by which Ptolemy thought to transmit his own name to posterity. If it were necessary to suppose such an image was really found in Sinope, or that Ptolemy had not first sent it there to enhance the miracle, it would be easy to conclude that this trading city had, at some unknown period, imported an Egyptian idol; or that this deity had been derived to them from the colony which Sesostris left in their neighbourhood during his celebrated expedition.

With this visit to Alexandria our author's African travels concluded. A Turkish frigate then lying in the roads was ordered by the Capudan Pasha to convey him to Constantinople, and the Mohammedan admiral vainly attempted, through his interest, to obtain an entrance for his fleet into the harbour of Alexandria before the city was finally evacuated by the French. This manœuvre was evidently intended to obtain the plunder of the city for his Galeongies, and was, with great propriety, met by a positive re-

fusal, which did not, however, produce, as our travellers expected, a recal of the mandate for their passage. The base treachery of the Capudan Pasha towards the Mameluke Beys, which took place soon after Dr. Clarke left Alexandria, is detailed in a note from the valuable manuscript of the lamented Colonel Squire. Its circumstances are generally known. There can be but one opinion as to the villainy of the transaction; but, we confess, we cannot understand on what principles of common sense, or sound feeling, Dr. Clarke can say that ‘none of the real or supposed massacres of Buonaparte can be said to have equalled this in treachery or atrocity.’—p. 293, note.

Now, what was the real extent of the Pasha's crime? He invited the Beys to visit him; he endeavoured to kidnap them on board his ship;—they naturally resisted, and, in the scuffle which followed, not, as it appears, from any previous design to assassinate them, three of the eight persons concerned were killed, and two drowned in their attempt to escape, while another was severely wounded. We say there was no previous design to assassinate, because the two who surrendered were not injured at all, and the wounded man was taken care of. It was crime enough, no doubt, to lay so treacherous a scheme in order to make them prisoners and send them to Constantinople; and the person who contrived it was guilty, in foro conscientiæ, of the bloodshed which followed. But their death was not the thing intended, nor any thing more than Buonaparte himself, with, at least, equal treachery, accomplished in the forcible abduction of Ferdinand VII. to Fontainebleau. But what is this to Buonaparte's massacre at Jaffa? We conclude Dr. Clarke is at last convinced that *this* is something more than a fable, since Buonaparte himself acknowledges it. But at Jaffa, Buonaparte, in cold blood, not in an incidental affray, premeditatedly, and as a part of his regular plan, not in attempting to carry a different plan into execution, destroyed by military execution not *five*, but, according to his own statement, *five hundred*; and, if Sir Robert Wilson's information spoke truth, *five thousand* human beings, of whom many must have been, at least, as brave and virtuous, and of whom all were endued with the same capacity of pleasure and pain, as the Mamelukes whom Dr. Clarke deplores so deeply. Buonaparte's victims, being his prisoners and unarmed, were as absolutely under his protection as the Beys under the Capudan Pasha, and, as we proved in a late Number, had done no more to forfeit that protection than the unfortunate rulers of Egypt. We do not blame Dr. Clarke for expressing his feelings strongly, nor for feeling a due indignation against Turkish treachery and bloodshed. But it is a fatal effect of that ‘prestige’ which Buonaparte was able to cast round his crimes, and of that resolution to believe nothing against him,

him, which party feelings have produced in too many of our countrymen, that an able man, (like Dr. Clarke) a candid and honest man, (for such he evidently is,) and a humane man, (as every part of his writings shews him to be,) should be found, at the present day, inclined to deal so unequal a measure of reprobation to the incidental murderer of five, and to the cold-blooded wholesale executioner of an army. We gladly turn from this unaccountable obliquity of feeling, and accompany Dr. Clarke on board the Turkish frigate, which he found in a state of confusion very alarming to those who were to make their voyage in her. They were told by two Ragusan officers, whom they found in the ward-room, 'that the superannuated captain of the frigate had never been to sea before his present voyage; that, at the age of seventy, he had espoused a relation of the Capudan Pasha's, and obtained in consequence his appointment to the frigate; that his nephew, a young man, had rather more experience, and held a station similar to that of first-lieutenant on board one of our ships. All the business of steering the vessel was left to the two Ragusans, and to an old pilot who had never consulted a chart in his life; the captain's nephew having the management of the crew, and the care of the rigging. A few French prisoners were kept in irons, ready to be sent aloft in rough weather. To these were added, a sturdy buffoon, who might be considered as burlesquing the office of boatswain; it was his duty to keep the crew in good-humour by all sorts of tricks and jokes; to promise, and sometimes to distribute, *bachshish*,\* when any additional hands were required in aid of the French prisoners aloft, and when the Turkish sailors refused, as they constantly did, to venture from the deck; an idiot, held sacred as a saint, and kept on board for good luck; a couple of dervishes; an auctioneer, employed daily in hawking commodities for sale between the decks; an immense concourse of passengers, from all parts of the Levant; pilgrims upon their return from Mecca; Tartars, as couriers; sixty Arabian horses, belonging to the Capudan Pasha, with their Arab grooms; venders of coffee and tobacco, who had regular shops established in different parts of the ship;—and, to sum up the whole, a couple of English travellers, with their interpreter, a Greek, who was continually crossing himself at the scene of confusion he witnessed.'—vol. iii. pp. 308, 309.

With such a commander and such a crew, the voyage was not to be performed without adventures. Their inattention to the signals of the fleet, exposed them, very early in their course, to a shot from some of the British cruizers; and the ancient and laudable custom of crowding all sail in uncertain weather, procured them the loss of their foresail before the French prisoners could be unfettered to get it in. These mishaps were duly imputed by the captain to the presence of infidels on board,—their advice, which

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\* 'An expression answering to *drink-money* in English.'

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they thought fit to offer during a gale of wind, excited as much contempt and anger in their bearded Palinurus as a British officer could have felt if a landsman were to instruct him in his duty; and though Dr. Clarke, who found a sextant in the cabin, was able to inform them of that which they before knew nothing of—the latitude of the vessel and her distance from Rhodes and Cyprus—he had no other thanks for his discovery than contemptuous pity for the slow means by which the infidels acquired that knowledge which Mohammedans possess by instinct. After all, absurd as this appears, the Turkish are not the only mariners by whom the use of the sextant is little known or practised, nor is the Mediterranean the only sea in which it may be neglected with impunity. When some years ago an American vessel was condemned as English at Copenhagen, because no sextant was on board, and because the Danish courts would not believe that a voyage across the Atlantic was practicable without such an aid, all the other American captains in the harbour came forward to state, that the instrument was with them neither necessary nor usual, and that they had frequently made the passage with no other guide than the compass and their reckoning of the vessel's course, till they made the north of Ireland. Whether British merchant vessels are better provided, is more than we can answer.

The first land they fell in with were the mountains of Lycia, which afforded them by night a fine specimen of the same natural phenomenon of meteoric fires, for which, as was noticed in the last volume, the coast of Samos is remarkable, and which Dr. Clarke, with much probability, conjectures to have given rise, in the present instance, to the ancient story of the flaming mountain Chimæra.—Thence, coasting Rhodes, they arrived, on the 4th of October, off the island of Cos, where our travellers, having still much to do in Greece, and being heartily tired of the Turkish frigate, took advantage of a small boat which was engaged to convey an Egyptian dervise to the shore,—and were, a second time, safely landed in the town of Stanchio. Here they found a new Greek bishop just appointed by the Porte, whose only prospects of reimbursing himself for the money which that *congé d'élire* had cost him, were the fees of his office as justice of the peace, a situation which, in these islands, the bishops usually hold. They received a visit from their old friend the French consul, who was in a state nearly approaching to beggary, not having received a single *sous* from his government since he arrived in the island,—and in whose behalf Dr. Clarke made a fruitless and, it must be owned, an unpromising appeal to the patriotism and purses of a ship full of French officers who touched at this island in their passage from Egypt. They remained four days in Stanchio, during which time they copied  
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some inscriptions, two of which are of a very singular and interesting character, purporting to be honours paid by the senate and people of Rhodes, to the filial piety and conjugal 'benevolence' of 'Suetonia the daughter of Caius' and 'Anaxinæa wife of Charmylus.'

'What an exalted idea,' Dr. Clarke observes, 'do these records convey of the state of society, in a country where the private virtues of the inhabitants were considered as public benefits,—and were gratefully and publicly commemorated by the senate and the people; where the filial piety and the chastity of its women were thus honoured and rewarded! Even amidst the depraved state of public morals, in the modern cities, were these virtues estimated at as high a price, *each nation would have to boast of an Anaxinæa and a Suetonia!*'—p. 325.

This is virtuously and eloquently said, and we heartily sympathize in the praises bestowed on these worthy Rhodian ladies; but there are some circumstances in Dr. Clarke's eulogium, which might excite, perhaps, a smile in the profane. A directly contrary inference might be drawn as to the state of female virtue in those countries where common duty and common chastity were of so rare occurrence as to be rewarded by statues and trophies; and, bad as the state of morals may be in these degenerate days, it is rather an unjust aspersion on London and Paris, to insinuate that neither the one nor the other, as things now are, can boast of *one good wife or dutiful daughter*. To say the truth, we are ourselves a little sceptical as to the utility of a public bonus on private virtues; nor do we think that the most exemplary matrons of modern times would particularly covet the renown of seeing their names fastened up, in their own lifetime, on a wall, and having their domestic behaviour subjected to the scrutiny and praises of a mayor and corporation. At all events, it should be remembered that England is not without its institutions in honour of conjugal virtue, and, though the Whichnor flitch of bacon be not so costly to the donor as a marble tablet, it is a boon full as likely to be esteemed by a careful housewife, and one animated by a due share of 'benevolence towards her husband.'

The modern laws of Cos do not reward female chastity, but they discountenance, in a very singular manner, any cruelty in females towards their admirers. An instance occurred while our travellers were in the island, in which the fatal termination of a love-affair occasioned a trial for what the Mohammedan lawyers describe as 'homicide by an intermediate cause.' The case was as follows:—

'A young man, desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio, eagerly sought to marry her; but his proposals were rejected. In consequence he destroyed himself by poison. The Turkish police arrested the father of the obdurate fair, and tried him for culpable homicide. "If the accused,"



accused," argued they with becoming gravity, "had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently he would not have been disappointed, consequently he would not have swallowed poison, consequently he would not have died:—but he (the accused) had a daughter, and the deceased had fallen in love," &c. &c. Upon all these counts, he was called upon to pay the price of the young man's life; and this, being fixed at the sum of eighty piastres, was accordingly exacted.'—p. 332.

Dr. Clarke's readers will recollect an application of the same principle, noticed by him in his second volume, where the people of Samos were fined because a Turkish frigate was cast away on their island. It is, after all, nothing more than the deodand of our own common law carried to that excess which might naturally be expected where the same person both imposes and regulates the amount of the fine by which he is himself to profit.

At Stanchio our travellers hired a small half-decked boat with large latteen sails, to carry them the remainder of their tour through the islands. It was the property of a poor Casiot, who with two young men his nephews, and a boy his great-nephew, composed the crew. The vessel was very unpromising in its appearance, but the Casiot master, though very old, was an admirable seaman, and gave them great satisfaction through a long, and, in some parts of it, a dangerous voyage.

They passed by Leria or Leros, renowned in ancient times for the roguery of its inhabitants;—and, October 9th, entered the port of Scala in the island of Patmos. Here again they fell in with a large cargo of French prisoners, who had been landed on the island by an Algerine captain, who, instead of conveying them to France, had already attempted several summary methods, by poison and otherwise, of getting rid of his passengers. The officers sent a petition to our travellers, stating the embarrassments of their present situation; that they had much valuable property lying on the open beach, exposed to the depredations of the numerous pirates by which the Archipelago is infested; while their own men were in a state of constant mutiny and drunkenness, which, no less than their want of arms, prevented their resisting an attack.—It is gratifying to an Englishman to find that, thus circumstanced, they applied for assistance to his countrymen, and still more so, that assistance was not withheld. Our travellers, by an immediate application to the British ambassador at Constantinople, procured them a safer conveyance than the vessel of the rascally Algerine, and, by their interest with the Fathers of the Convent of the Apocalypse, obtained permission for them to deposit their effects within the massive walls of that almost impregnable sanctuary. The visit which our travellers made to obtain this indulgence, will be memorable

nable in the literary world, inasmuch as among the dusty and moth-eaten heap of manuscripts which fill the convent library, they discovered and purchased the noble manuscript of Plato, now in the Bodleian library at Oxford, which had escaped the research of Villoison, as well as the Lexicon of Cyrill, which that eminent critic had seen but not been able to obtain. A longer search might probably have enriched their collection still further,—and the monks were perfectly ready to sell, on reasonable terms, what they considered as rubbish only. But our travellers were warned by a Greek officer in the Turkish army, who accompanied them, and who, as having been dragoman to Sir Charles Holloway during his mission, had assumed the name of Riley, and the character of an Englishman, that if it were known to the people of the town that the monks had derived any gain from their manuscripts, the consequence would be a very heavy *avania* laid on the monastery by the Capudan Pasha. They were obliged, therefore, to be content with such acquisitions as Mr. Riley could conceal under his Turkish habit, or which could be afterwards smuggled on board their vessel in a basket of bread.

‘Just as we had concluded this bargain, the French commissary returned; and finding us busied in the library, afforded an amusing specimen of the sort of system pursued by his countrymen, upon such occasions. “Do you find,” said he, “any thing worth your notice, among all this rubbish?” We answered, that there were many things we would gladly purchase. “Purchase!” he added, “I should never think of purchasing from such a herd of swine: if I saw any thing I might require, I should, without ceremony, put it in my pocket, and say, *Bon jour!*”—pp. 350, 351.

The monks preserve with considerable care the original charter of their house, in the handwriting of Alexius Comnenus, and a magnificent copy of some works of Gregory of Nazianzum—(not of Nazianzen, as Dr. Clarke carelessly describes him)—which purports to be the calligraphy of the same imperial penman. Dr. Clarke, whose repugnance to the Greek faith almost amounts to antipathy, finds in this place, as in Russia, sufficient food for his spleen, in the grotto where St. John is supposed to have written the Book of Revelations, and which, as might be expected, bears no signs of meriting the character imputed to it,—in the ignorance of the monks,—and even in the slender population of the island.—He quotes with much satisfaction, the wise saying of Sonnini, that ‘while the monasteries swarm with sluggards, the fields become deserts, and population is consequently diminished.’—Now, such a dictum as this we should hardly have expected to be praised by a member of the same university which has produced Mr. Malthus—since there is nothing more certain in political economy than that supply

supply always follows demand as far as it can,—so that, unless the sluggards of the monastery abstained from eating as well as working, there would be no want of other people to cultivate the fields for them in exchange for their money. And if they have no money, it is plain they must either starve or soon cease to be sluggards.—If a garrison of soldiers were in Patmos, the increased demand would be thought a strange reason for neglecting the fields,—and it is mere cant to say, that the presence of forty or fifty monks can make the rest of the people idle, or draw off a ruinous proportion of labourers from the soil. The people of Patmos are, indeed, by Dr. Clarke's own statement, as active and industrious as the rest of their countrymen.—This rock of seven Greek miles in length, by one and a half in breadth, has twelve small merchant vessels of its own, which trade with the Euxine, Italy, and Malta;—the town is cleanly and flourishing, and if agriculture is neglected, a more satisfactory reason is to be found than the supposed influence of the monks, in the continual incursions of the pirates. In a place where the male population are all either fishermen or sailors, it can excite no surprise that the *resident* population should be chiefly of the weaker sex,—but what the *caloyers*, or the superstition of the country have to do with this, it would not be easy to shew. It is equally unfair to the Grecian character to say, as Dr. Clarke does immediately after, that ‘the Greek families send their sons to be educated in Patmos, by a set of monks unable to read their own or any other language.’—Mr. Walpole's note, which he has subjoined to the foot of page 346, might have convinced him that the general ignorance of the monks of Patmos, has been perceived by the Greeks as well as the English, inasmuch as it has ruined the reputation of their once flourishing academy; while the person who has the superintendence of the few boys who still are sent there, was certainly able to *read*, since he was found by Mr. Walpole reading Homer.—There is so much of common-place declamation and prejudice in all these observations, as well as those on the neighbouring island of Samos, that we are sorry to see them in a work like that of Dr. Clarke. The Greeks have faults and follies enough of their own without exaggeration—and the bad effects of a monastic life are sufficiently obvious without falling into the absurd invectives of those who ascribe the effects of an unsettled government to the crimes of the priesthood; and believe that Samos is become a desert, because the bishop has an income of five hundred pounds a-year.—p. 365.

Our travellers left Patmos, October 15th, and after encountering a violent storm of which their pilot had in vain forewarned them, since their eagerness to quit the island induced them to give little credit to his forebodings, were driven into a small harbour on the coast

coast of Naxos, whence, on the 17th, they proceeded to the principal town and port of the same name with the island. Several boats were in the harbour, drawn up, in the old Homeric fashion, with their prows resting on the beach, their masts struck, with a sail over them to form a kind of tent, under which the mariners were drinking wine, and singing to the melody of the lyre or three-stringed viol.—The town looks well from sea, but within is dark, dirty, and irregular. The churches, as at Patmos, have bells, a privilege which the Turks seldom accord to their Greek subjects. Naxos having no anchorage for large vessels, is happily free from the visits of the Capudan Pasha, and is inhabited by many of the descendants of the best Greek families, from whom, as well as the Latin archbishop, our travellers received much hospitality. The soil is barren—but the citrons grow to an enormous size. Some which were lying on the shore, ready for exportation to Constantinople, were as large as a man's head, but consisting chiefly of rind, which is made into a green sweetmeat. With the exception of a temple of Bacchus, of which little but the portal remains,—an unfinished colossal statue of the same divinity, which our travellers did not see, and a few very uninteresting inscriptions, Naxos contains nothing remarkable but its minerals. It supplies all Europe with emery,—and Dr. Clarke conjectures that future travellers who shall have more leisure than he enjoyed, may possibly detect in its rocks some specimens of oriental sapphire and ruby.

From Naxos they visited Paros and Antiparos. The first of these islands is better cultivated than Naxos, and abounds with olive plantations, the fruit of which constitutes the principal and favourite food of the inhabitants. 'Oh!' said the young peasant who was Dr. Clarke's guide to the marble quarries, 'Oh, how we feast at my father's, when olives first come into season!' On the beautiful marble for which Paros is celebrated, Dr. Clarke descants with the zeal of a connoisseur, and the science of a geologist. He should not, however, have assumed as a notorious fact, that the Belvedere Apollo is formed of this material, since Mengs has made it, at least, doubtful, whether that matchless monument be not from the quarries of Carrara.

In a conspicuous part of the principal quarry of Paros, is a bas-relief of Silenus, surrounded by many other figures, of ordinary execution, but curious inasmuch as the figure of Silenus is noticed by Pliny as a *lusus naturæ* discovered in splitting the rock, and only so far assisted by the chissel as such accidental resemblances commonly are. The French have more than once endeavoured to remove it, but, perceiving that it would separate in two parts, if they persisted, owing to a fissure in the stone, they had the good taste to abandon the undertaking. Below is an inscription purporting

porting that two persons named Adamas and Odryses, dedicated the sculpture to the Nymphs. On these *Nymphs*, Dr. Clarke starts a most whimsical hypothesis, in supposing them to be, not the sportive deities to whom the woods, the mountains, the sea and rivers were given in custody,—but merely mortal females,—the *girls* of Naxos. He translates *νυμφαῖς*, ‘to the *lasses*,’ and, to prove that the word means ‘unmarried women,’ he refers to Diodorus Siculus, Bib. L. iii. but without naming the chapter. We can assure our readers, however, that they may save themselves the trouble of searching for any thing of the kind in Diodorus. All he says, in that passage (L. iii. c. 59.) which only is to Dr. Clarke’s purpose, is, not that the name of Nymphs could mean ‘unmarried women,’ or women in general, but that the Deified Daughters of Atlas were called Nymphs by the Greeks, because, (according to that mythological pedigree of the gods which derived them all from a certain imaginary paradise on the Western ocean,) the name of Nymphs was common to the female inhabitants of *that particular region* where the blessed dwelt. But it is really amazing, and shews the danger of that passion for discoveries with which Dr. Clarke is animated, unless ballasted by a double portion of accuracy,—that an experienced antiquary should suffer himself to forget that *all caves* were accounted the favourite residences and sanctuaries of those supernatural ladies, to see whom was usually fatal,—and of whom, in this and many other respects, our Fairies are the natural successors. To these, the usual companions of Pan, of Bacchus, and Silenus, the cave of Paros, as well as those of Vary and Corycus, would be with great propriety dedicated,—and this, and not Dr. Clarke’s jovial translation, is the natural and true meaning of the inscription.—Antiparos, with its marvellous grotto, has been described by many; but Dr. Clarke was able to examine it, with the eyes of a philosopher, in which capacity he is much happier than in his quotations from Diodorus. We have, however, too little time to follow his steps with more than a rapid glance.—From Paros he went to Syra, the ancient Syros, the native country of their Greek servant, of whose reception a most interesting account is given;—from Syros to Gyarus, well known as a place of banishment under the Roman empire, now, as in all ages, nearly uninhabited, and proverbially barren and desolate.—While on this last isle, they narrowly escaped being pillaged by a large party of Hydriots, who are as bold boatmen and pirates as they are adventurous merchants, and who are accustomed to pass the Ægean in all weathers, in long open canoes, with thirty or forty rowers, the accurate representatives of the ancient liburnus. Gyarus is now called Jura.—Hence they visited Ceos, now called Zia, a very interesting island, where they were received with much hospitality,

hospitality, and where the ruins of Ioulis, as yet but little explored, promise valuable returns to the curiosity of some future traveller. It was in *Ioulis*, if Dr. Clarke was rightly informed by the Zians, that the celebrated and important marble now preserved at Oxford, was found, which is usually though erroneously known by the name of the *Parian Chronicle*. From Zia, our travellers sailed, by Macronisi, to the promontory of Sunium, of which the antiquities and natural scenery have been often described. On the pillars of Minerva's Temple, many names were written of persons who had visited the spot, and, in this fine climate, even penciled-marks long remain unimpaired by exposure to the atmosphere. Among them were those of the lamented Tweddell and of the Hon. Captain William Paget.

\* The last of these, a gallant naval officer, now buried at Gibraltar, will not want a memorial in Greece. His name will be long remembered, for the coolness, the intrepidity, and the humanity which he displayed when commander of the *Romney*, a fifty-gun ship, during his memorable action with a French frigate, *La Sibylle*, in the harbour of Myconi. The French officer was an old acquaintance, and one with whom he had lived in habits of friendship. Captain Paget sent a boat to him, saying he was sorry they had met under such circumstances, but that he must desire him to surrender. He received for answer, that the Captain of *La Sibylle* well knew Captain Paget's force,\* and that he would defend himself to the last extremity. The Frenchman fired first, aided by four armed vessels, which were stationed so as to rake the *Romney*. Captain Paget having observed that, from the situation of his ship, some mischief would ensue to the inhabitants of Myconi, patiently sustained this powerful attack without returning a single shot, until, by getting a spring upon his cable, he had brought the *Romney* into a situation where the cannon might play without doing any injury to the town; then he gave his broadside, with three cheers from his crew. The Frenchman returned the salute; and a warm contest ensued, in which the *Romney* was ultimately victorious. The history of this action is often repeated in the Archipelago, although it has not been recorded in England: and as the name of the hero appears inscribed with his own hands upon the conspicuous pillars of Sunium, the ΣΤΗΛΑΙ ΔΙΑΦΑΝΕΙΣ, visible from afar, may stand as lasting a monument of his fame, as the glorious sepulchre which chance *did* assign to the memory of Tweddell, when it caused him to be buried in the Temple of Theseus.†—pp. 450, 451.

October

\* \* The *Romney* was short of her complement by seventy-five men.\*

† We cannot help noticing Dr. Clarke's strange fondness for the auxiliary verb.—We find it in the present Volumes, perhaps a dozen times, brought in without rhyme or reason. We hope that, when Dr. Clarke 'doth' publish a new edition, he will *undo* many of those *does* and *dids*, which were never a graceful redundancy in our language, and, now that they are perfectly antiquated, have the same effect when mingled with his general style, as a tye wig with half boots and pantaloons. He also employs 'antiquated,'

October 29th, they disembarked in the harbour of Piræus, now called Porto Leone, and thence proceeded to Athens. The details of his observations in a place which has, of late years, been as well known and as frequently visited as Paris, we shall hold ourselves excused by our limits from enlarging on. In some respects indeed, this part of his work, though written with the same force and good taste which we have praised in his accounts of other ancient cities, is of a character which gives us real pain, inasmuch as there is a bitterness always apparent in speaking of Lord Elgin in his pursuits in Greece, which since this question has been fairly submitted to the good sense of the people of England, very few will, we think, be found to partake in or to justify. Dr. Clarke himself has indeed reluctantly admitted a fact which is, in itself, a very considerable justification of the conduct which he so much reprobated, inasmuch as he tells us, that ‘the sort of marble which was used for the Parthenon, not being entirely homogeneous, is characterized by a tendency to exfoliate when long exposed to air and moisture,’ a fact of which, in different parts of this volume, he gives more than one remarkable instance. It is true he urges that ‘to operate an effect of this nature has required the lapse of twenty-three centuries,’ and that he laments over the more rapid destruction to which these relics must now be exposed, ‘under the influence of a climate peculiarly qualified to assist their progress towards destruction:’ but, he will not easily convince a candid man that they are more likely to perish when *protected* from the weather and all other violence in *London*, than when *exposed* to weather and depredations of every kind in *Athens*. Nor when Dr. Clarke tells us that to see that part of the Panathenaic procession which yet remains on the Frieze of the Parthenon, is, of itself, worth a journey to Athens, can we help feeling a very contrary emotion, from that with which he is inspired towards the person who has enabled us to examine these glorious sculptures without the difficulties and expenses of such a voyage. If, indeed, it could be proved that the climate of this country is really of so destructive an efficacy as Dr. Clarke supposes, yet, if we were to set against the eventual destruction of the monuments themselves, the advantages which the arts both have and will derive from their being, in the mean time, accessible to all; we should hold the revival of Grecian sculpture in

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quoted,’ not in its true sense of ‘obsolete,’ but instead of ‘ancient.’ See p. 463.—But the strangest pedantry of all is where, instead of a reference to Acts xix. 24, in the usual manner, he talks of ‘the history of the *Actions* of the Apostles!’ p. 477.—‘Fie, fie!’ as Sir Hugh Evans would say, ‘this is affectations!’—Then Dr. Clarke describes himself as having ‘*sat* about providing’ a thing, p. 533,—and many other strange peculiarities of diction, which have crept on the author during the progress of his work, for his two first volumes were free from them. We hope they will not stick by him.

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the west a satisfactory reason for having deprived the east of treasures which it no longer understood, or any otherwise appreciated than as children value baubles. Nor can we conceive a nobler fate for works, which, however durable, must eventually perish, than to perish in the full gaze of Europe, and in the service of that art of which they are the most brilliant ornaments,—leaving behind them the seeds of future works, perhaps not inferior to themselves, and having been the instruments of communicating the arts of Greece to that nation by whom her language and her spirit have been, in every age, most cultivated.

It is a well-known, though remarkable fact, that from the date of the Venetian siege, in 1464, to the middle of the sixteenth or even the seventeenth century, Athens was entirely overlooked by the few travellers who visited the east, and was supposed to have lost at once its ancient name and all vestiges of its ancient grandeur. The merit of first calling the attention of Europe to its splendid ruins is given by Chandler to Martin Crusius, in his *Epistolæ Familiares Turco-Græcæ*; but by Dr. Clarke the claims of a certain Guillet or Guilletière are preferred, who visited the place with two Italians, two Germans, and an Englishman named Drelingston, in 1670, and whose publication Dr. Clarke whimsically describes as ‘unassuming *although* very diminutive.’ We did not know before that ‘diminutive’ volumes were generally symptomatic of pride; but we would willingly acquiesce in the converse of the proposition,—and thank our author’s *modesty* for the ponderous bulk of those travels which have afforded us so much amusement, if we did not fear that others may be encouraged to display their *meekness* in the same manner, who have neither the same powers to fill an ample page, nor the same pretensions to engross the time of the public.

In Athens, and actively employed in Lord Elgin’s service, Dr. Clarke found an old acquaintance in the person of the celebrated Don Battista Lusieri, by whose kindness, as well as by the scaffolds and ladders with which the Parthenon was then surrounded, our travellers were enabled to examine many of the details of that glorious edifice more accurately than either Spon, Stuart, or Chandler. It is remarkable, that though Lusieri admitted the ornamental parts of the Athenian temple to be of unrivalled excellence, he still preferred to it those of Pæstum and Egina in the essential parts of their architecture; and professed to have detected in the Parthenon not only certain superfluities which indicated a taste in some measure degenerated from the severe purity of the ancient Doric, but also some instances in which the Athenian workmen had cheated Pericles, and where spaces had been filled with rubbish and loose stones, which in the Posidonian temples are of solid and immovable masonry.—‘For our own parts,’ says Dr. Clarke, with far



more feeling, if not with equal correctness, 'in viewing the Parthenon we were so much affected by its solemn appearance, and so much dazzled by its general splendour and magnificence, that we should never have ventured to this critical examination of the parts composing it.'

'Often as it has been described, the spectator who for the first time approaches it finds that nothing he has read can give any idea of the effect produced in beholding it. Yet was there once found in England a writer of eminence in his profession as an architect, who recommended the study of Roman antiquities in Italy and in France, in preference to the remains of Grecian architecture in Athens; and who, deciding upon the works of Phidias, Callicrates, and Ictinus, without ever having had an opportunity to examine them but in books and prints, ventured to maintain that the Parthenon was not so considerable an edifice as the church of St. Martin in London; thereby affording a remarkable proof of the impossibility of obtaining from any written description, or even from engraved representation, any adequate idea of the buildings of antient Greece; compared with whose stupendous works, the puny efforts of modern art are but as the labours of children.'—vol. iii. pp. 488, 489.

A whimsical instance of Dr. Clarke's peculiar manner of riding an illustration to death, appears p. 501, where, after, with great good taste and judgment, producing the hawthorn which has vegetated for many ages in the vaults of Calder castle as a parallel instance to the sacred olive tree in the temple of the Nymph Pandrosus, he subjoins the important information that 'the first toast after dinner in a Welsh mansion is, generally, *the chief beam of the house*.' Does he suppose that Celtic rafters, more fortunate than the sceptre of Agamemnon, bear leaves and blossoms after their separation from the tree, or does he aspire to imitate the ingenious Mr. Aircastle, who explains the natural history of the elephant in Piccadilly, by the fact that his keeper was a one-handed Welchman?

Of the temple of Theseus, the pnyx, the areopagus, and the magnificent Corinthian pillars formerly belonging to Hadrian's temple of Jupiter Olympius, very striking descriptions are given. By the simple fact that the Ilissus has been divided into many small channels for the mills and gardens near the city, he accounts for its present stream, and justifies the ancients from the charge of exaggeration in the descriptions which they have left of its abundance. In the Stadium of Herodes Atticus, his researches were able to discover or his lively fancy to supply those vestiges of ancient grandeur which other inquirers have sought for in vain. He gives us, according to his usual custom, two panoramic descriptions of the prospects from Mounts Anchesmus and Hymettus, and with a singular benevolence professes to teach the student to make the latter for himself, with three books to represent the hills,  
and

and six pebbles for the principal objects contained within the area of Attica. With all this, his description is the fullest and, in many respects, the best, as it is certainly the most eloquent which has yet appeared of this delightful country, and we can easily forgive his impetuosity and occasional puerilities for the many good qualities of head and heart which are apparent in all his pages.

After a perilous adventure in the public baths of Athens, which were appropriated during certain hours for the reception of females, and where Dr. Clarke, in ignorance of this circumstance, found himself unawares in a situation as extraordinary, and which might have been as fatal as that of Actæon, our travellers embarked, on the fifth of November, in their little Casiot bark, on a voyage to Epidaurus. They were accompanied as far as Ægina by their friend Lusieri, and a young artist named Theodore, a Calmuck by nation, but who had highly distinguished himself at Rome, and who now at Athens, 'like another Euphanor, rivalled all which the fine arts had produced, under circumstances the most favourable to their birth and maturity.' At Ægina, which they supposed, though, as afterwards appeared, without sufficient reason, to have been exhausted by the researches of Chandler; they only stayed long enough to land the two artists, and to obtain a pilot, such as he was, who, after much blundering and some danger, carried them not to Epidaurus, but to a small port named Epiada, the Epi-yatha of Chandler. Here, however, they thought it best, when once well ashore, to proceed no farther with such a guide, and dismissed their old Casiot captain, whom they made thoroughly happy with the present of a silver coffee-cup, over and above his pecuniary recompense.

From Epiada their first intention was to proceed to Epidaurus on horseback. An intelligent Greek, however, with whom they fell in at the former place, advised them, in preference, to go to Ligurio, where the temple of Esculapius, whom he called *Ἀσκληπιός*, was still to be imperfectly traced. The country of the Morea they found singularly beautiful, and the white dresses and reed pipes of the shepherds completely carried back the fancy to the days of pastoral poetry. The Ligurians amused them with many legendary stories of *Asclapios*, considering him as a great king who had once reigned in Epidauria.—In their own town are no antiquities, and the coins which they offered for sale were not antique but Venetian. The ruins are at Hieron, now pronounced Jero, about an hour's distance, yet even here, the remains of a small theatre are the most interesting feature; and our travellers picked up no greater curiosity than a fine young wolf-dog of the true ancient breed.

At Nauplia, where they were hospitably entertained in the house of the English Consul, they arrived at the same time with the

Turkish Bulletin, which, nearly a quarter of a year after the event, announced to the subjects of the empire the expulsion of the French infidels, 'forsaken of God,' from Misr, by 'the troops belonging to the Sublime Porte of Solid Glory.' All the mention of the English was in a postscript, stating that 'the English Djowrs had acted friendly on the occasion.' The news was received with the usual rejoicings, among which was a dance with swords and bucklers, (our English *Morris*,) which Dr. Clarke, with some probability, regards as, in Peloponnesus, a relic of the ancient Pyrrhic dance.

Nauplia consists of an acropolis on a high rock, with a lower town, and is situated on a plain well calculated to repay the labours of agriculture. In all these circumstances it agrees with Athens, Argos, and Corinth; but each of these places, as well as Nauplia, differs from the other, if we believe Dr. Clarke, in certain peculiar characteristics,—the first being adapted to a religious sanctuary,—the second to a regal residence,—the third to a *military* capital,—and Nauplia to be the *emporium* of Greece. In this, it is pretty evident, there is a good deal of fancy; but we should not quarrel with his distinctions if he did not add that 'in every part of Greece there is something naturally appropriate to the genius and *history* of the place.' Now if he means that the *history* of the cities corresponds with these particular natural features, he is certainly rather unfortunate in his instances, since Argos and Nauplia were, during the most brilliant days of Greece, neither remarkable for metropolitan nor commercial eminence; and Corinth, notwithstanding its impregnable situation, was chiefly celebrated as a peaceful and trading republic. Nauplia has, however, since the days of the Venetians, enjoyed a considerable trade in oil, wine, and sponges, but is now once more fallen into decay,—in part from the ravages of the plague, but still more, as we conceive, from the superior privileges enjoyed by the islands of Hydra and Spezzia. Even when no plague is there it is unhealthy, and here, and, indeed, all through the Morea, a stock of Peruvian bark, or of the arsenic ague drops, is necessary to every traveller.

Dr. Clarke found gipsies in Nauplia, at which he is surprized,—inasmuch as 'these wanderers first entered Europe from the North of India so lately as the beginning of the fifteenth century,' and 'their whole tribe, at the first, did not exceed half a million.' We can see but little reason for this surprize, since they are found in great numbers all over Spain—a region far more remote from the original track of their emigration than Greece. The exact time of their having entered Europe is not, we believe, so well ascertained as Dr. Clarke seems to imagine, and so far from the Morea being 'the ultimate of their journey to the south, since their first emigration,'

gration,' we know that they are found, in considerable numbers, in the southern provinces of Persia. It is probable, indeed, that their progress to the west was not through Tartary, but through more southern regions; that instead of Asia Minor receiving them from Greece, a directly contrary process took place; that their principal seat was for a considerable time in Sinjar in Mesopotamia, whence their name of Tchinganeh is, apparently, derived, and where the Jezideans, a people of singular habits and religion, still, possibly, are their descendants.

From Nauplia Dr. Clarke visited the ruins of Tyrins, which perplexing remains, the oldest and, in many respects, the most remarkable in Greece, afford him ample scope for speculation, and for the development of certain hypotheses, of which we have had, in many parts of his works, some awful prognostications. In the first place, having decided in no very clear language, that, 'by *whomsoever* they were built, they are, *decidedly*, of Egyptian origin;' he, secondly, apprehends that they are *not* Egyptian but Celtic. Then, having assumed, as certain, what is one of the most doubtful questions in antiquity,—that *Stonehenge* was built by the Celts,—he proceeds to shew that the Celts must have been *Phœnicians*, because *Stonehenge* has all the marks of a *Phœnician building*. Then, by the help of Pezron, he proves that these same Celts were *not* Phœnicians but *Phrygians*, being the same with the *Cyclopes*, who came out of the regions of *Upper Asia*, some years before the death of the Patriarch Abraham, and whose frontal eye he accounts for by a reference to a piece of armour, which we never were so fortunate as to meet with, a *Celtic helmet*,\* and, to crown the whole, deduces the origin of Cyclopean or Celtic architecture from the caves of India, many of which are, as he supposes, 'the archetypes' of the ruins of Persepolis, the sepulchres of Syria and Asia Minor, &c.

Unfortunately we know, from a comparison of what little is known concerning the Phœnician language, that this nation was neither Celtic nor anywise connected with the Indo-European family. We know that *no building* has been found in Phœnicia, or on the eastern side of the Mediterranean, which in any other manner resembles *Stonehenge* than as one massive piece of work must resemble another. If it be true, as is certainly very possible, that the *primitive* population of Greece was *Celtic*, it must still be very uncertain whether they were the founders of Tyrins; and, if the *Cyclopes* were really Celts, and not, as may be suspected, those

\* The most ancient accounts of the Celtic nation describe them without any defensive armour at all, except their bucklers. The helmets with frontal apertures, to which, we conceive, Dr. Clarke alludes, were of frequent occurrence among the *Grecian* and *Gothic* tribes, but never, that we have heard of, used by the Gauls or Cimbri.

*Ogres, Gins, and Goblins*, (to whom, in all countries, the vulgar ascribe the erection of works of unknown antiquity, and which, to the eyes of ignorance, appear to have required supernatural strength,) we may be sure that they were already settled in Greece before the time assigned by Pezron for their emigration. We have little inclination to enter into a controversy in which more absurdities have been uttered than in any other which has been started among modern scholars; but we cannot help observing that the whole of Dr. Clarke's argument depends on similarities of architecture, in which all nations must agree at a certain period of their civilization or barbarism, and for which there is no more necessity for supposing a common origin, than there was for Dr. Clarke's sending the Crusaders into Phrygia to learn the art of building chimneys. As we know, however, that Danaus brought an Egyptian colony into this neighbourhood, it is much more reasonable to assign to these relics an Egyptian than a Celtic founder, in which case we are perfectly willing to allow that they may have been copies from Memphis or Thebes.

At Argos Dr. Clarke obtained from the English Consul some beautiful terra cotta vases, which were taken from the neighbouring tombs. These vases sometimes contain little gilded representations of fruit and flowers, which our author very strangely fancies to be 'the supper for Hecate,' mentioned in many ancient writers, and which he still more strangely illustrates, from 'a passage in the Dialogues of Lucian,' where *Mercury* is asked by Charon what he carries in the satchel, *with which we see him so often represented*, and he answers, '*Lupines, so please you, and a supper for Hecate.*' Now, first, it is not *Mercury*, but *Menippus*, of whom Charon asks the question: *Mercury's wallet*, therefore, has nothing to do with the affair. Secondly, *Menippus* does not say 'a supper for Hecate,' but '*Hecate's supper*,' τῆς Ἑκάτης τὸ δείπνον. Further, we know from the '*Catapulus*' of the same author that '*Hecate's supper*' was not what was *buried* with *Menippus*, but the dunghill diet which he had *eaten* just before his death. And, lastly, there is no mention in any ancient author of offerings to *Hecate* at funerals, (the honeyed cake being intended for *Cerberus*,) nor that she received any sacrifices except the broken victuals which were exposed, in her honour, every month, where four roads met. Nor were the relics of the funeral feast *buried* with the person, but laid on the top of his tomb. With all these inaccuracies, which, in Dr. Clarke, proceed not from ignorance, but hurry and love of paradox, his observations on the votive offerings found in tombs are extremely curious and interesting, and, therefore, the more deserve correction in points where his mistakes are important.

The antiquities of Argos are not very numerous. The most  
curious,

curious, perhaps, is the oracular shrine, of which the secret passage is now laid open, terminating behind the altar, and affording an excellent station whence a priest might, unseen, deliver the response of his Deity. In his visit to Mycenæ Dr. Clarke takes occasion to expose the error of those who believe all buildings of brick or terra cotta to be of a later date than the independence of Greece, and he gives some very probable reasons for supposing that the singular vault, to which most modern travellers have given the name of 'the Treasury of Atreus,' is, in fact, the same edifice which Sophocles and Euripides have described as *the tomb of Agamemnon*.

The poor inhabitants of Nemea, now called Colonna from the pillars which are the scanty remains of the ancient Temple of Jupiter, complained bitterly of Turkish oppression.

'The owner of the hut told us that each male is compelled to pay a tax of seventy piastres; that for himself, having three sons, they demanded of him an annual payment of two hundred and eighty piastres, besides other contributions; that he toiled incessantly with his children to gain enough to satisfy their demands, but found himself unable, after all his endeavours. Having said this the poor man shed tears; asking us if the time would ever arrive when Greece might be delivered from the Mahometan tyranny: and adding, "If we had but a leader, we should flock together by thousands, and soon put an end to Turkish dominion."—p. 716.

Sicyon, now called Basilico, though overlooked by Chandler, possesses some interesting relics of antiquity, and the beautiful plain between this city and Corinth still retains its ancient fertility.

At Corinth little is to be seen except the remains of a temple which former travellers have variously supposed to have been dedicated to Juno, or to have been the Sisyphæum mentioned by Strabo, but which Dr. Clarke apprehends to have been in honour of Octavia, sister of Augustus. Its style, however, which is a very clumsy Doric, is decisive against its being a Roman work, since no instance can be found so late as the time of Augustus, in which these proportions were adopted by that people, and we still conceive that the Bunæan Juno has the best claim to the edifice. The acropolis is still fortified, and might, with very few adscititious aids, be rendered little less impregnable than Gibraltar. The isthmus Dr. Clarke supposes to have been originally overflowed by the sea, which he grounds on the name of Pelops' *Island*, anciently given to the Morea, on the mythological fable which assigned the isthmus to *Neptune*, and, as he tells us, on the *opinion of the ancients concerning it*. We fear the name of island was too vaguely applied in old times, to induce us to lay any strength on the first of these arguments. The second may have originated in

in many circumstances besides that to which our author ascribes it; and that the ancients had any such opinion respecting the isthmus we have not been able to find, though we have found that Pausanias says *the direct contrary*. Those, indeed, who examine, not Dr. Clarke's watch-paper plan, but the larger map of Chandler, will be soon convinced that this rocky neck of ground has never, since the general deluge, been subject to the waves, against which Mount Oneius must always have been a very sufficient barrier. But, though Dr. Clarke's fondness for a mythological allegory has, in this respect, blinded him to the natural objects before him,—he has made admirable use of his eyes in detecting the ruins of the Isthmian town, and those relics of the ancient stadium of which Chandler had rashly denied the existence. This is, indeed, our author's peculiar praise, and it is no small one, that though he sometimes fancies more than he finds, he leaves nothing unfound for want of acute and careful investigation, and has carried with him every where an eye peculiarly quick in detecting, and a curiosity unwearied in exploring what elder travellers, following each other's track, have passed by with indifference or inattention.

The road from Corinth to Megara has still the same bad reputation as in the time of the robber Sciron; so much so that our travellers could not prevail on their Tchochodar to accompany them, as he preferred the dangers of the sea to the protection of the Albanian peasantry who are the guides over these mountains. Of that simple and hardy race, whose appearance, houses, and manners struck Dr. Clarke as they did Lord Byron, with their resemblance to the mountaineers of Scotland, our author is, like Chandler, high in his praises. They were, on the other hand, the better pleased with the travellers for not being accompanied by a Turk, and the journey was made in perfect harmony, along a narrow track carried over precipices still crowned with those pine woods for which they have been celebrated ever since the days of Sinis.

Megara has no antiquities worthy notice, but a few hours more conducted our travellers to Eleusis, the scene of Dr. Clarke's greatest exploit, the removal of his celebrated Ceres. When a man has laboured with so much diligence and such exemplary disinterestedness to enrich the public collection of his university with the most remarkable statue in the world, it would be a very ungrateful task to attempt to derogate from the value of his offering, or to insist on the doubts which may still be reasonably entertained whether the statue of Ceres was likely to be placed *without* the precincts of her temple, or whether a mass of more than two tons of solid marble was likely to have been removed from its original shrine, even when that shrine was laid in ruins. The statue in question,

question, by whatever name we are to call it, is, confessedly, of antiquity and workmanship which make it of the highest intrinsic value; and the superstitions of the neighbouring peasantry, who strenuously, and, till Dr. Clarke's perseverance surmounted all obstacles, successfully resisted its removal as *dangerous to the prosperity of their harvests*, outweighs, in our mind, we confess, the presumption that it is any other than the Goddess of Plenty herself. The difficulties to be encountered in removing this relic were not trivial. The fragment was first placed in a triangular frame of strong poles connected by transverse beams, and moved on rollers by a long grass rope which was held by fourscore peasants. Twenty peasants more and many boys were busied with levers in raising the machine when impeded by rocks or large stones; and by this simple contrivance the mass was removed over the brow of the acropolis of Eleusis to the sea. This was not done, however, without an omen. An ox, loosed from the yoke, came to take, as it were, his last leave of the Patroness of Agriculture, and, after butting the marble several times with his horns, ran off, bellowing, towards the plain. A clamour arose among the female spectators, extremely unfavourable to the traveller's hopes; the male peasants, less vociferous but little less superstitious, were each afraid to be the first to violate the repose of their goddess, and it was necessary that the parish priest, in full canonicals, should strike the first blow in loosening the statue from the soil, before any hand would stir against the Mighty Mother. The example once set, and by a person of his sacred character, the work went on briskly, but the forebodings of the populace followed the vessel on which the statue was embarked, and their prophecies were, whimsically enough, though unfortunately, accomplished, in the wreck of the *Princessa* merchantman, off Beachy Head.

Having accomplished this great object and fully satisfied their curiosity in Athens and its neighbourhood, our travellers departed for Constantinople, by the way of Bœotia and Macedonia. The remainder of the third volume is occupied by some interesting extracts from the MS. journal of the lamented Colonel Squire,—by a catalogue of books sold by Theodosius, a Greek bookseller, at Venice,—by a meteorological journal, and by 'a dissertation on the discovery made by Colonel Capper on the existence of ancient pagan superstitions in Mount Libanus, particularly those which relate to the worship of Venus.' This last is, we will venture to say, one of the most extraordinary productions which have appeared in the literary world. The discovery made by Colonel Capper had been repeatedly alluded to by Dr. Clarke in his previous work, and the curiosity of the reader attracted to that elaborate elucidation which was promised in the Supplement. But still no account was  
given



given of *what* Colonel Capper had seen, or *what* he had heard, no rites were described, nor was any thing else made known to the reader than that the discovery was most curious and interesting, and that it related to the goddess Venus. Now comes the dissertation, expressly intended to make all matters clear, and to elucidate what Dr. Clarke calls 'a very interesting relic of the ancient mythology of Syria.'—Vol. iii. p. 18.

Accordingly, he begins by telling us that 'the superstition discovered by Colonel Capper can be considered as nothing less than the expiring embers of those holocausts which once blazed in honour of the Sidonian Astarte.'—p. 806. This we knew already, since he had repeatedly said that Venus was the goddess honoured, and since Venus and Astarte are universally believed to have been the same. Next he goes on to give a long and learned account who Venus was, by what names she was distinguished—that she was Ashteroth, Astarte, Baaltis, Atergatis, Juno, Isis, Hecate, Proserpine, Ceres, Diana, Europa, Venus Urania, Dercetis, and almost every other name which, in the language of our boyhood, 'fœmineo generi tribuuntur.' But, all this time, not a word of Colonel Capper's discovery. Furthermore he informs us that many popular pagan superstitions were preserved in the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman churches, which he illustrates at full length by the *Kύρις ἐλέησον*,—the *crux ansata*,—the annual lamentations for Adonis,—the controversy between Albericus and Abelard,—St. Paul preaching at Athens,—the manner in which the Pagan Saxons and Christian Greeks observed the Festival of Easter;—but of Colonel Capper we hear as yet nothing.—Finally, he winds up his argument with the celebrated aphorism of Middleton, which speaks of Popery as Heathenism scarcely disguised,—and this is all!—Colonel Capper's Syrian Astarte is buried under this vast heap of erudition. We rise without the least possibility of discovering the drift of Dr. Clarke's discourse on the fact which he was desirous of proving; but satisfied that the author is a man of infinite learning, and that Colonel Capper has seen something or other among the mountains of Lebanon, rather than which there is nothing, in *rerum natura*, of which Dr. Clarke will not give us satisfactory information. This is the proper place to mention, that, at the beginning of this volume, is a catalogue of the Patmos library, procured by Lord Sligo; to which are prefixed some very learned and valuable remarks by Mr. Walpole on the Grecian libraries in general.

Dr. Clarke's Fourth volume opens with his second departure from Athens. Of Marathon, over which renowned field his journey lay, he has given a plan and two beautiful views from the pencil of Lusieri.—A vast tumulus on the north side of the plain, which has  
been

been generally called the tomb of *the Persians*, our author, with more apparent reasons, supposes to contain the ashes of their conquerors, and two small marble basements in its vicinity, he regards as the sepulchres of the Plataeans and of Miltiades. A multitude of arrow-heads made of flint, which are still turned up by the spade and plough, shew how the Persians were armed, and the name of the village (Sepheri, not Sefairy as Dr. Clarke writes it) means, in modern Greek, 'the War,' or, 'the Battle.' The soil is fertile, and (what was a singular sight for Englishmen on the second of December) was covered with a beautiful species of crocus.

Thebes, like all the other principal cities of Greece, is placed nearly in the centre of an almost circular plain, like an enormous crater, surrounded by steep and lofty hills.—Notwithstanding all its misfortunes, it yet retains, in the vestiges of its gates and its prodigious rampart, many proofs of ancient grandeur.—Its inhabitants amount to three hundred families within the walls, besides very extensive suburbs.—The women, whom Du Loir praises for their beauty, are secluded with greater care than those of any other Grecian city,—an oriental peculiarity which distinguished them in ancient times, and which they appear to have derived (at least no other reason can be given for the fact) from the original Phœnician settlers under Cadmus.—In one of the churches dedicated to St. Luke, is a tomb with a long Platonic inscription, and in that of St. Demetrius are some Corinthian pillars, in a style more simple and majestic than any other known specimen. We regret that Dr. Clarke has not drawn them, but respect his motive for omitting them, which appears to have been an unwillingness to interfere with the labours of his friends Fauvel and Lusieri.

The agricultural population of this district consists entirely of Albanians, of whose honesty, hospitality and cleanliness Dr. Clarke renews his commendations. Those of the village of Platana were not ignorant of the great battle which had been fought in their neighbourhood, and Dr. Clarke was guided by their information to the remains of Plataea, which had escaped all previous travellers. Having ascertained the position both of this place and of Leuctra, now pronounced *Leftra*, they ascended mount Helicon by a very ancient paved road which conducted them to the convent of St. Nicholas, where a beautiful source of excellent water struck their attention, in a spot exactly corresponding to the site which Pausanias ascribes to Aganippe and the grove of the Muses. Hence they descended to Lebadea where they were hospitably entertained by Signor Logotheti the archon,—of whose dinner parties, however, Dr. Clarke has given a portrait in the same encaustic painting with that which he employed in describing the banquets of Mosco.

'Fowls boiled to rags, but still tough and stringy, and killed only an hour before they are dressed, constitute a principal dish, all heaped together upon a large copper or pewter salver, placed upon a low stool, round which the guests sit upon cushions; the place of honour being on that side where the long couch of the *divân* extends along the white-washed wall. A long and coarse towel, very ill washed, about twelve inches wide, is spread around the table, in one entire piece, over the knees of the party seated. Wine is only placed before strangers; the rest of the company receiving only a glass each of very bad wine with the dessert. Brandy is handed about before sitting down to table. All persons who partake of the meal, wash their hands in the room, both before and after eating. A girl, with naked and dirty feet, enters the apartment, throwing to every one a napkin: she is followed by a second damsel, who goes to every guest, and, kneeling before him upon one knee, presents a pewter water pot and a pewter basin, covered by a grill, upon the top of which there is a piece of soap. An exhibition rather of a disgusting nature, however cleanly, then takes place; for having made a lather with the soap, they fill their mouths with this, and squirt it, mixed with saliva, into the basin. The ladies of the family also do the same; lathering their lips and teeth; and displaying their arms, during the operation of the washing, with studied attitudes, and a great deal of affectation; as if taught to consider the moments of ablution as a time when they may appear to great advantage. Then the master of the house takes his seat, his wife sitting by his side, at the circular tray; and stripping his arms quite bare, by turning back the sleeves of his tunic towards his shoulders, he serves out the soup and the meat. Only one dish is placed upon the table at the same time. If it contain butcher's meat or poultry, he tears it into pieces with his fingers. During meals, the meat is always torn with the fingers. Knives and spoons are little used, and they are never changed. When meat or fish is brought in, the host squeezes a lemon over the dish. The room all this while is filled with girls belonging to the house, and other menial attendants, all appearing with naked feet; also with a mixed company of priests, physicians, and strangers, visiting the family. All these are admitted upon the raised part of the floor, or *divân*: below are collected meaner dependants, peasants, old women, and slaves, who are allowed to sit there upon the floor, and to converse together.'—pp. 119, 120.

Dinner ended, the Bard or *Ῥαψωδός* is always introduced who, with his lyre resting on one knee, and his face lifted towards the ceiling, warbles such syllables of dolour as Dr. Clarke compares rather 'to the howling of dogs in the night than any sound which might be called musical,'—and yet he supposes, we apprehend with considerable reason, that these entertainments, in many respects, resemble those of which we read with so much delight in the writers of classical antiquity.

The cave of Trophonius is distinctly and unquestionably pointed out by the cavities grooved in the rock for the reception of votive offerings.

offerings. The adytum itself, however, is choked with rubbish which our travellers were unable to remove without assistance, and in removing which the country-people were, for some reason or other, strangely disinclined to labour.

That the ancient superstitions of Greece are by no means forgotten they had many proofs. A Greek, of some education, secretary to the archon, when speaking of the snowy ridge of Parnassus to which the eyes of the two Englishmen were continually attracted, observed in Italian:—‘It is there that the *old gods* (*antichi dei*) have resided ever since they were driven from the plains.’ He spoke gravely, and, observing a smile on the countenances of his hearers, added by way of reproof,—‘they did strange things in this country;—those old gods are not fit subjects for laughter.’ Of Parnassus Dr. Clarke’s description is, in spirit and beauty only inferior to the apostrophe of Childe Harold to the same venerable mountain, of which a striking engraving is given from a sketch taken on the road from Livadia to Castri. This last-named town is well known to occupy the site of ancient Delphi. Of the Castalian spring and the neighbouring ruins a satisfactory account is given, and it is well known that, though Dr. Clarke was himself prevented from visiting the Corycian cave, they were his suggestions, in the *Treatise on Alexander’s Tomb*, which have enabled other travellers to explore it. The Muses are still alive in the traditions of this neighbourhood, and it is remarkable that, both at Castri and Arracovia, the peasants resisted as a heresy the notion that these Ladies were nine in number, and adhered to the more ancient doctrine that they were *three* or, at most, but *five*.—Castri has been miserably oppressed by Ali Pasha, but some parts of this mountainous range are extremely fertile and cultivated with sufficient industry. All the villagers complain of oppression, and our author (though with a salvo for his old friends the Russians) apprehends that almost any possible change of government would be a blessing to this fine but unhappy country. Parnassus, of which he scaled the summit, he regards as one of the highest mountains of Europe.—He had, however, no barometer nor any means of measurement but his own sensations and a comparison with other heights;—and, when we attend to the fact that, in the depth of winter as they now were, the snow was only ‘in patches,’ while the ice extended but a small way down its sides,—we suspect that the elevation cannot have been so great as he supposes. The higher regions of the mountain are, however, extremely bleak and bare of herbage, except some alpine plants which nature has secured by woolly leaves against the bitterness of the climate.—On their descent from Parnassus, our travellers were entertained by the poor and ignorant monks of a convent dedicated to the Virgin, whose

whose church was without books of any kind, even a copy of a single Gospel, and whose divine service seemed chiefly distinguished from Paganism by a few hymns to the Panagia. Thence they journeyed to Velitza, in the neighbourhood of which place are some extensive ruins of the ancient Tithorea and some more trifling remains which the Greeks call Thivi, or 'Thebes,' but of which the original name is not very easy to be determined.—The people of Velitza were glad to see our travellers because their coming was attended with an acceptable fall of rain.—We doubt, however, if they were really simple enough to ascribe any magical sympathy to these events,—and apprehended that no more was meant by the expressions to which Dr. Clarke alludes than is meant by what is, in England, no unusual rustic compliment,—'You have brought good weather with you.'—Whether this compliment was originally founded in superstition we cannot say.—A similar idea has been carried to its utmost height by the people of St. Kilda, who assert that the arrival of a vessel at their island gives a feverish cold to all its inhabitants.

From Tithorea they passed along an ancient military way, and over a handsome modern bridge of five arches across the Cephissus, before they ascended the chain of Ceta, whence they enjoyed a glorious prospect of the gulf of Malea, and where the character of the whole scene forcibly reminded them of the Trachinæ of Sophocles,—who has adhered, in his description, with admirable truth, to the minutest circumstances of nature.—On leaving the mountain, they advanced towards Thermopylæ, still traversing the Roman military road, and in the very gorge of the pass, discovered an ancient tomb, which they apprehended, with sufficient reason, to be that of the three hundred Spartans.

Dr. Clarke's details of the present appearance of the defile, and the spirit with which he traces the movements of both Greeks and Persians, are well worthy of notice, but we have little space to spare for them. The narrowest part of the pass is still occupied by a barrier and a Turkish guard; and as the country has never been drained or improved, the whole scenery is pretty much as Xerxes must have seen it when his advanced guard found the Lacedæmonians combing their long hair and amusing themselves with gymnastic exercises. In the neighbourhood of the hot springs from which the defile is named, a gaseous fluid bubbles up through many fissures in the soil, which may, perhaps, as Dr. Clarke observes, have given Sophocles the hint of those *θερμώδεις ἀφροί*, which boiled up from the earth where Hercules cast the fragments of his envenomed garment.—'At this distance of time, it gives a new interest to the most beautiful productions of the Grecian drama, to be informed that the poet, in his descriptions, did not merely delineate

delineate an ideal picture, but that he adapted the mythological tales of his country to the actual features of its geography, and its existing characteristic phenomena !

‘ We looked back (he continues, in taking leave of this remarkable spot) towards the whole of the passage with regret ; marveling, at the same time, that we should quit with reluctance a place, which, without the interest thrown over it by ancient history, would be one of the most disagreeable upon earth. Unwholesome air, mephitic exhalations bursting through the rifted and rotten surface of a corrupted soil, as if all the land around were diseased ; a filthy and fetid quagmire ; “ a heaven fat with fogs ;” stagnant but reeking pools ; hot and sulphureous springs ; in short, such a scene of morbid nature, as suggested to the fertile imagination of ancient poets their ideas of a land poisoned by the “ blood of Nessus,” and that calls to mind their descriptions of *Tartarus* ; can only become delightful from the most powerful circumstances of association that ever were produced by causes diametrically opposite ;—an association combining, in the mere mention of the place, all that is great, and good, and honourable ; all that has been embalmed as most dear in the minds of a grateful posterity.’—p. 251.

The last town in Trachinia is Zeitun, supposed by some to be the ancient Lamia,—and the first in Thessaly is Pharsalus now Pharsa. Dr. Clarke, in illustration of the idea that different regions produce different physical effects on the minds of their inhabitants, instances Thessaly and *Yorkshire*, as both proverbially remarkable for the shrewdness rather than the honesty of their people.—We are not particularly called on to break a lance in defence of either of these extensive regions,—but we believe that the ill-reputation both of the one and the other, has proceeded rather from the trade for which they were famous, than from any peculiarities in their scenery. We know nothing in the air either of the East Riding, or of Larissa, which can dispose a man to those qualities which are imputed to their occupants ; but both have furnished a considerable number of horsedealers, a race whose acuteness is often called into play, and who have at least as many temptations to fraud as other traders.—The plain of Pharsalia is flat and open, only differing from those of Cambridgeshire in the circumstance that eagles and vultures hold the place of Royston crows. It abounds in tumuli,—and our travellers saw a Turkish sportsman with some beautiful greyhounds. At Larissa, a large and wealthy but intolerant and inhospitable town, they remained two days, and thence set out for Tempe, now pronounced Tembi. The situation of this celebrated vale had been strangely mistaken by the greater number of modern travellers ; and it is singular that the only good directions for finding it had been given by a person who was never in Greece,—Arthur Browne, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and

author of *Miscellaneous Sketches, or Hints for Essays*. London. 1798. He was the first to detect the inconsistencies of Pococke and Busching and to send future travellers to look for Tempe in its real situation, the defiles between Ossa and Olympus. On that situation no doubt can now remain, since Dr. Clarke was fortunate enough to discover an inscription purporting that the pass of Tempe had been fortified by Cassius Longinus, whose name as well as his mission into Thessaly, Mr. Walpole, with almost equal felicity, has detected in the Third Book of Cæsar's History of the Civil War. The woods, which once appear to have adorned this celebrated region, have been much diminished in the service of the neighbouring cotton works,—but the mountains on each side are truly sublime, and an idea may be conveyed of the vale, by comparing it to Killiecrankie in Scotland, or Dovedale in Derbyshire, on a larger scale of rock and wildness. In the centre of this romantic seclusion stands Ampelakia, a town of four hundred houses, inhabited by Greeks and many Germans, who have established very considerable manufactories for spinning and dying cotton, and whose red twist, though undersold by our superior machinery, is preferred all over the continent to that which England furnishes, on account of its superior durability and beauty. Caravans laden with this thread pass continually northwards, and its sale extends as far as Hamburgh. No Turks are found in Ampelakia, and this circumstance, together with the industry of the inhabitants, give to this tiny Manchester an air of comfort and freedom which few other Grecian towns enjoy.

Our travellers had no time to search after Pella and Ægæ. The former place is, however, so accurately marked out by the descriptions of Livy, that the first traveller who has leisure to penetrate into the inland country can hardly fail of discovering it. The second, now called Vodina, has since been visited by Mr. Fiott, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who was so fortunate as to discover and explore the tombs where the Macedonian kings are laid with their dresses and ornaments, and had good feeling enough (very different from the generality of travellers) to respect the repose of the dead, and leave their remains and treasures unviolated. This part of Macedonia is a flat and marshy plain, but the mountains which border it are of very striking forms and dimensions; and Olympus, though at the distance of fifty miles in a straight line from Thessalonica, is of so great magnitude in itself as to appear almost close to those who look on it from that city.

The plague was raging in Thessalonica when our travellers entered it. They were, however, most hospitably received in the houses of the English consul, Mr. Charnaud, and of Mr. Abbot, the senior English merchant in the Levant,—and, in the enjoyment

ment of a well-educated male and female society, they were easily induced to prolong their stay, in defiance of all real or imaginary risk of infection. They even ventured to explore the most infected district of the city, in order to see the celebrated Propylæum of which Stuart has given a detailed account,—and by observing the simple precaution of touching no one in the street, escaped without mischief. The statues on this building are as large as life, and some of them of exquisite proportions, though the pillars which support them are in a very inferior taste. With rare good fortune, they have been respected both by Turks and Greeks, and under the name of ‘*Incantadas*,’ or *enchanted figures*, are regarded as a species of talisman on which the prosperity of the city depends. Many attempts have been made, both by French and English, to get them removed, but the Pasha has remained firm, and they are likely to retain their present exalted stations. There are many other equally interesting though not equally celebrated remains of antiquity in this city, which is, on several accounts, one of the most important of the Turkish empire in Europe. The ancient walls are yet entire, or nearly so; they have been obviously built at different times,—the lower parts, which are in that style of architecture usually called Cyclopean, being surmounted by an upper structure of brick-work intermixed with many marble fragments of broken columns, inscriptions, and friezes. Their circuit is about six miles, but within this are many void spaces. The appearance of the town, rising like an amphitheatre from its harbour, is very striking; but like all other Grecian cities, its interior by no means corresponds to this external magnificence. All kinds of provisions are abundant, and the neighbourhood swarms with hares, which the modern Macedonians esteem (as the ancient did before them) an unclean and impious diet. The population of Thessalonica is vaguely computed at about 60,000 souls, of whom 30,000 are Turks, 16,000 Greeks, 12,000 Jews and gipsies, and about 2000 negro slaves. The population of all Greece, in its largest sense, is estimated by Beaujour, from whom Dr. Clarke professes to take his statement, at 1,920,000,—but all such calculations are matters of mere conjecture, and to be received accordingly; though they may be useful as comparative estimates of different regions similarly situated. Dr. Clarke, who always appears to take a strong and pleasing interest in every thing which relates to Christian antiquities, does not leave Thessalonica without some natural reflexions on a city which was the scene of St. Paul’s most active labours, and of which the numerous Jewish population still, probably, presents a picture not very different from that which it offered to the Apostle on his first visit to the place. A church is shewn which the Greeks regard as



built on the spot where the Apostle of the Gentiles preached; but, as our author with good reason remarks, the scene of his labours was among the *Jews*, and the known attachment of that people to their ancient places of worship would point out the oldest *synagogues* in that city as the most probable theatres of his oratory.

The distances are marked along the whole road from Salonika to Constantinople by small tumuli, placed in pairs, opposite to each other; each pair distant from the next 2000 paces, which are not, indeed, as Dr. Clarke supposes, equal to *two* Roman miles, but which, allowing twenty-eight inches to each pace, come very near the *ordinary Roman mile of 1610 yards*, and may therefore sufficiently decide by what hands the road was made, inasmuch as there is no other known division of distance with which they appear to tally. This part of Macedonia is low and marshy, but well cultivated, and our travellers noticed a fine breed of sheep resembling those on the Sussex downs. In their second day's journey they passed some extraordinary rocks, which, like the Castle of St. John, present at a distance so perfectly the appearance of ruins, that a near approach was necessary to undeceive the eye; and two large lakes, which now bear the names of St. Basil and Beshak. Of the first, neither Dr. Clarke nor Mr. Walpole is able to give the ancient name; the second, Dr. Clarke has shewn to be Bolbe, which D'Anville has placed considerably too far from Thessalonica, and on whose banks we are to look for the valley of Arethusa, and Bromiscus—near which latter town Euripides died either of old age, as the epigram of Dionysius imports, or, according to the common tradition, of the bite of dogs. Our travellers did not visit Mount Athos, which circumstance, however, has not preserved the unfortunate inhabitants of its monasteries from Dr. Clarke's usual severity when speaking of Greek monks and Greek superstition. Their revenues, he, from mere conjecture, states at above a million of dollars annually; and, without having conversed with a single ecclesiastic of their body, he takes it for granted that they are all 'as ignorant and avaricious as their brethren in other parts of Greece.' From the charge of ignorance we certainly cannot defend them; but it is very evident that if they were suspected of enjoying a revenue any thing like that which he has ascribed to them, the Turkish government, which is always on the watch for opportunities of increasing its *avunias*, and which has far better means of information on the subject than Dr. Clarke could possibly enjoy, would never be content with so paltry a tax as that which these monks now pay of *one thousand dollars*. The fact that many of their religious utensils and pictures are ornamented with gold, silver, and pearls, is a very equivocal sign of a great income. These are their tools of trade,—the raree-shows which

which they live by exhibiting;—they are in many instances the relics of better times, and it is as inconsequent to argue from them to the personal wealth and luxury of their possessors, as to conclude that a silversmith or jeweller is luxurious because his windows are stored with fine things. But it is also certain that whatever the monks receive, beyond the sum necessary for their bare subsistence, is laid out in trinkets of this kind. They are known to live themselves on coarse fare, on bread and olives, in sack-cloth and dirt, so that it is not very surprizing that they should be able to keep up and increase the ornaments of their churches and altars. But, if 5 or 600,000 dollars had been annually appropriated to this end, their churches might have been long since paved with silver, they might have carved Mount Athos itself into an image of the Panagia; except, indeed, that before any such accumulation of treasures could have been accomplished, they would have infallibly received a visit from the Capudan Pasha as governor of the Archipelago, or from his excellency the chief of the black eunuchs, who is the first commissioner of the Sublime Porte for the religious administration of the empire. The truth is, that the time when Rycaut wrote (from whose work all these tales of Grecian wealth are taken) was not a time of accurate inquiry, or when travellers were at all accustomed to examine into the *probability* of the facts related to them. But an assertion which in Rycaut bears no great weight, becomes important when advanced by Dr. Clarke, and we have, therefore, taken the more pains to show on how slender a foundation it reposes.

The ruins of Amphipolis are still considerable, but belong to the Romans rather than the ancient Greeks. As our travellers approached the borders of Thrace the population became chiefly Turkish; and the difference was marked by the number of fountains by the way side, the tall minarets rising amid groves of cypress and poplar, and the distances of the villages from the main road, in order to escape the desolating track of their own armies. They met two parties of well-dressed women on horseback, riding astride with their veils on, and each guided by a pedestrian attendant. As soon as they perceived the foreigners, they caused their horses to be led out of the road and to be placed so that their backs were towards the passengers, lest their eyes, which only were visible through their thick veils, should be profaned by the gaze of an infidel. The disturbed state of the country prevented their visiting Philippi, but they detected the situation of the ancient Neapolis in the town and port of Cavallo. At Yeniga they found the inhabitants in the full riot of a Turkish carnival, firing their muskets and pistols in the streets to celebrate the eve of their great fast of Ramadan. At such periods it is very dangerous for a Christian to fall in their way; but here, as in all other countries where similar

institutions prevail, the fast itself is broken by almost all who can do it without detection. The ruined city of Bistonia, situated near a large salt water lake, attracted a share of their passing attention, but the antiquities of Thrace, both in number and interest, fell grievously short of those which surround a traveller in Greece and Macedonia. At a village called Shaft-cheyr they were very unpleasantly situated from the ill-humour of the guides, but were relieved from their embarrassments by a hospitable and kind-hearted old Turk, who, though not rich, would accept no payment for their lodging and supper, though he was so sensible to the supposed pollution which his house contracted by the entertainment of Franks during the fast, that, as they accidentally discovered after their departure, he broke all the earthen vessels in which he had brought water for them, and fumigated the apartment in which they had slept. At Fairy, a large town on the eastern side of the mountain Serrium, they were exposed to more serious danger. The town had been attacked by a party of insurgents from the country a few days before their arrival. It was now a heap of smoking ruins, and under the misrule of a race of fiercer ruffians than any whom they had seen since their visit to the Circassians of Caucasus. They passed the night in a wretched coffee-house, or rather temporary shed constructed to answer the purpose of a coffee-house, subject to the insults and menaces of these wretches, whose object it was to provoke a quarrel, and whose violence would only have been still further incensed by the production of the Sultan's firman. The morning freed them from their embarrassments and they passed the Hebrus, now called Maritza, which flows about three quarters of an hour's journey from Fairy; and Dr. Clarke has been at the pains of collecting many curious particulars respecting its streams from ancient history and fable. There is a passage in Plutarch's book on Rivers, which appears to Dr. Clarke a sufficient reason for concluding that *tobacco* grew here many ages before the discovery of America, and that its fumes were then used, as now, for their intoxicating qualities. Plutarch certainly does inform us in the passage alluded to, that the Thracians were accustomed to burn a certain herb after dinner in order to set themselves asleep by its fumes.—*De Fluv. Op. T. x. p. 718. Ed. Reiske.* But there are so many plants which produce an intoxicating effect that we certainly could not have ventured, from this statement, to assert, so confidently as Dr. Clarke has done, that this can be nothing but 'an allusion to *tobacco* and to the *practice of smoking.*' The general opinion which derives tobacco from the West Indies is hardly to be overturned by a possibility of this kind, and, above all, it is extremely unlikely that Plutarch would have described the modern Macedonian herb as '*very like marjoram,*'—ὀρίγανῶ παρόμοιος.—But this is not the most remarkable instance in which Dr. Clarke, when

when speaking of the Hebrus, has allowed his zeal to outrun his accuracy. 'Perhaps,' he continues, 'the old mythological story of its bearing the head of *Orpheus*, which was converted into stone, originated in an appearance presented by one of the extraneous fossils common to the banks of this river.' Now, the truth is, that no passage can be found in any ancient writer which describes the head of *Orpheus* as turned into stone. The account which Ovid gives of the transaction is that *a serpent* which attempted to bite the head of *Orpheus* was turned into stone, (*Metam.* xi. Fab. 1.) And Dr. Clarke's reference to *Servius* to prove that *the head* was thus changed, is such that it is well for him that he did not make it while he was in the under forms at school. 'Cum caput ejus,' says *Servius*, 'ad ripam delatum *serpens* mordere voluisset, est conversus in lapidem!' For the omission of the '*serpens*,' (which does not occur in Dr. Clarke's quotation,) the blame may, to a certain extent, be laid on *Reiske*, from whose note on *Plutarch de Fluviis*, in the place already mentioned, Dr. Clarke has, apparently, taken the passage. But, both *Reiske* and Dr. Clarke would have been in grievous danger if they had been called up in their juvenile days to shew cause why sentence should not pass on them for making *caput* agree with *conversus*; and what has happened may be a salutary warning to critics and professors, while gathering 'extraneous fossils,' to beware of 'snakes in the grass.' Since the days of *Euridice* herself, indeed, your real Thracian serpent has been singularly subtle and dangerous to those who are not careful to look where they tread, and he is an enemy against whom the rarest genius is but a weak defence unless it be accompanied with caution. But, surely, Dr. Clarke was bewitched while he trod on Thracian ground, for a few pages afterwards we meet with a learned statement to prove that 'the whole Pantomime of *Harlequin* was originally derived from Greece,' and that it

'still preserves, among modern nations, a very curious mythological representation, founded upon the dramas of the ancients. Thus we see *Harlequin*, as *Mercury*, with the *harpè* in his hand, to render himself invisible, and to transport himself from one end of the earth to the other; wearing at the same time, his *petasus* or winged cap; and being accompanied by *Columbine*, as *PSYCHE* or the soul; an old man, who is *CHARON*, and a clown, *MOMUS* the son of *Nox*!'—'Indeed, some of the representations of *Mercury* upon antient vases, are actually taken from the scenic exhibitions of the Grecian theatre, and that these exhibitions were also the prototypes of the modern pantomime, requires no other confirmation than a reference to one of them, taken from *D'Hancarville*, and engraved for this work, where *Mercury*, *Momus*, and *Psyche*, are delineated exactly as we see *Harlequin*, the *Clown*, and *Columbine* upon the English stage!'—pp. 459, 460.

On an opinion of this kind it is not easy to speak with gravity, or we might, perhaps, observe, that, though there is no deficiency of infor-

information respecting the Grecian stage, we may challenge Dr. Clarke to produce a single instance in which the departure of the soul, under the guidance of Mercury and Charon, is mentioned as being represented on that stage in the manner which he supposes, or in which any of the distinctive peculiarities of Harlequin appear to have found a place in the spectacles of the ancient mimi or comedians. As for the whimsical delineation which, properly castrated, he has transferred from D'Hancarville and Winkelman to the head of his fourteenth chapter, we are persuaded that if he himself will once more examine it, he will perceive, as all the world perceived before, that the bearded figure with the ladder on his neck, is marked out, by the kingly crown which he wears, as no less a personage than Jupiter himself,—that the lady at the window is Alcmena,—and that the whole caricature is taken, indeed, from the Grecian stage, but from a play in which neither Momus, Charon, nor Psyche was of the *dramatis personæ*.

The eastern part of Thrace resembles the steppes of Russia, and, to add to the similitude, there are here tumuli precisely similar to those of Tartary. Such tumuli, indeed, are always most abundant in countries of this description, as a visit to our own downs may convince us. Not that open plains were peculiarly selected for these kind of sepulchres, but because that which was the most ancient form of sepulchre every where, has remained in these situations unvelled by the plough and unconcealed by the growth of brushwood. Our travellers ascertained the site of the ancient Heraclea to be not at Eski Eregli as generally supposed, but at Buyuk Eregli, about two hours distant,—and on January the 12th passed, for the second time, through Constantinople in their way to their former lodgings at Pera.

Of Pera, its climate, its water, its society, Dr. Clarke speaks in terms at least sufficiently unfavourable:—the fountains are conducted through cemeteries, and charged with all the impurity which such a medium implies,—the sudden changes of temperature from heat to cold place a man in hourly risk of a fever or a locked jaw,—the streets and houses swarm with rats like a rabbit-warren, and yet cats are so abundant and so much in the habit of entering the houses through their ill-made roofs, that the bed-chambers smell much more offensively than dunghills. It is true that Dr. Clarke was, at the time, in a state of health which was likely to quicken his apprehension of the disagreeable. But his description of the streets, the markets, and manufactures, and, above all, the antiquities of Constantinople, is full of novelty and strength of colouring, not the less entertaining for being tinctured with the same species of humour which we find in Smollet's *Matthew Bramble*. It should be above all observed, that so zealous is Dr. Clarke for the increase  
of

of knowledge, and so much is he at home in the works of ancient and modern travellers, that where he himself has made no discovery, he often gives directions, by the observance of which succeeding adventurers may be more fortunate, and we know not whether most praise is due to his description of what he has seen, or his hints for further discovery.

Dr. Clarke's volume does not end here, though it is here that he concludes the second part of his travels. A Supplement follows, containing a hasty journal of his progress through Wallachia, Transylvania and Hungary, to Vienna; and copious remarks on the mines of Nagybania, Cremnitz, and Schemnitz. But for this part of his journey we have no space. His mineralogical observations are not of a kind to bear abridgment, and he had in Hungary little leisure or inclination for other inquiries. He arrived at Vienna, May 29th, and thence continued his journey through Germany and France to England. In the Appendix is given a translation, by the Rev. G. Browne of Trinity College, Cambridge, of the famous fragment of Nicetas the Choniate, describing the well known devastations of the Franks when they took Constantinople, A. D. 1205. A list of the plants collected during the tour, containing no less than sixty *new species*; a diary of the temperature of the atmosphere in the different regions which he visited in Europe, Asia, and Africa; and an itinerary of his course from Athens to Boulogne, together with a map of his journey, on too small a scale to be useful, and two plans of Constantinople and the sea of Marmora, conclude the volume, of which our opinion may be gathered in part from the strictures which it has called forth, though it would be an act of great injustice to appreciate its merit from those strictures only. It has been often supposed to be the delight of critics to find fault. It might, with more truth, be said to be their peculiar and most urgent employment, and the more necessary does it become in proportion to the general ability and previous reputation of the writers under their scrutiny. But while we can say with great truth that we have not knowingly passed over a single mistake in Dr. Clarke's long work, without its due reprehension, we should despise ourselves if we were to represent such errors as detracting in any serious degree from the general value and authority of his statements; or if we were slow to acknowledge that an equally careful selection of those passages which have pleased and instructed us would have far exceeded the limits of our Review. Few men have seen so much as he has done, still fewer have described what they have seen so well; and we hardly know any writer with whose character and feelings we become so well acquainted from the perusal of his work, or where, bating a little prejudice, peevishness and impetuosity, the impression is more thoroughly favourable.

ART.

ART. VIII.—*Paris in 1815. A Poem.* 8vo. pp. 75. London. 1817.

THIS is the work of a powerful and poetic imagination ; but the style and expression are of very unequal merit. Occasionally uncouth, and frequently obscure, they nevertheless are often, perhaps we might say generally, suitable to the ardent inspirations which they are destined to convey.

The subject of the poem is a desultory walk through Paris, in which the author observes, with very little regularity, but with great force, on the different objects which present themselves. It is evident that he visited Paris already well imbued with the local history of the town, and more particularly with that of those most interesting events which for five-and-twenty years have rendered that capital equally the object of horror and curiosity.

The bias of the author's mind, both in religion and politics, is strongly adverse to the revolution and the revolutionists, and when he enters the scenes on which so many atrocious crimes have been committed, his descriptions are tinged with the deep and mellow colours of an enthusiasm against which no reader, we think, can easily defend himself.

Approaching from Mont Martre, the first object that strikes our poetical traveller is the British flag which, from that remarkable eminence, floated over the haughty capital of France.—The hurried fortifications raised here by Buonaparte, symbols of

What terror on the *boastful* land has been,  
are well delineated ; but the stanzas, which describe the feelings of the British army when they first scaled Mont Martre, and glutted their eyes with the view of *conquered* PARIS, appear to us to be of a still higher strain :

#### IX.

‘ War has its mighty moments :—Heart of Man !  
Have all thy pulses vigour for a thrill  
Prouder than through those gallant bosoms ran  
When first their standards waved above that bill ?  
When first they strove their downward gaze to fill  
With the full grandeur of their glorious prize—  
Paris ! the name that from their cradle still  
*Stung them in dreams* ; now, glittering in their eyes,  
Now won—won by the Victory of Victories !

#### X.

‘ For *this*, had bled their battle round the world ;  
For *this*, they round the world had come to war ;  
Some with the shatter’d ensign that unfurl’d  
Its lion-emblems to the Orient star ;  
And some, the blue Atlantic stemming far ;

And

And some, a matchless band, from swarthy Spain—  
 With well-worn steel, and breasts of many a scar;  
 But all their plains to their last conquering plain  
 Were sport, and all their trophies to *this* trophy vain.'—p. 5, 6.

Before we proceed, we must take the opportunity of stating, once for all, that the author is sometimes extremely negligent in the construction of his Alexandrines. It requires more management than he is entitled to demand, on the part of his readers, to modulate the closing lines of the two stanzas just quoted (and there are many others *ejusdem farinae*) into any thing like verse. This is a fault which no authority can sanction, and which, therefore, like the errors of Hamlet's strolling players, *should be reformed all-together*.

On entering Paris, the author changes his metre, (on which we shall say a word hereafter,) and gives the following striking picture of the first impressions created by a sight so new to his eyes.

'The barrier's reach'd—out reels the drowsy guard;  
 A scowl—a question—and the gate's unbarr'd.  
 And this is Paris! The postilion's thong  
 Rings round a desert, as we bound along  
 From rut to deeper rut of shapeless stone,  
 With many a general heave, and general groan.  
 Onward, still darker, doubly desolate,  
 Winds o'er the shrinking head the dangerous strait:  
 The light is lost; in vain we peer our way  
 Through the dark dimness of the Faubourg day;  
 In vain the wearied eyeball strains to scale  
 That squalid height, half hovel and half jail:  
 At every step the struggling vision bar  
 Projections sudden, black, and angular,  
 Streak'd with what once was gore, deep rent with shot,  
 Marks of some conflict furious and—forgot!  
 Grim loneliness!—and yet some wasted form  
 Will start upon the sight, a human worm  
 Clung to the chapel's wall—the lank throat bare,  
*The glance shot woeful from the tangled hair,*  
 The fleshless, outstretch'd arm, and ghastly cry,  
 Half forcing, half repelling charity.  
 Or, from the portal of the old hotel,  
 Gleams on his post the victor-sentinel,—  
 Briton or German,—shooting round his ken,  
 From its dark depth,—*a lion from his den!*'—pp. 12, 13.

If, as we suspect, this passage should remind our readers of Mr. Crabbe, the following description of the lodging of one of Buonaparte's last-stake ruffians, the *fédérés* whom he attempted to arm in 1814, less in his own defence than for the overthrow of all order, will press the resemblance more strongly upon them.

'Heavy



' Heavy that chamber's air ; the sunbeams fall  
 Scattered and sickly on the naked wall ;  
 Through the time-crusted casement scarcely shown  
 The rafter'd roof, the floor of chilling stone,  
 The crazy bed, the mirror that betrays  
 Frameless, where vanity yet loves to gaze ;  
 And still, the symbols of his darker trade,  
 The musquet, robber-pistol, sabre blade,  
 Hung rusting, where around the scanty fire  
 His squalid offspring watch its brands expire.  
 His glance is there ;—another, statelier spot  
 Has full possession of his fever'd thought ;  
 In the fierce past the fierce to-come he sees,  
 The day returned of plunder'd palaces,  
 When faction revell'd, mobs kept thrones in awe,  
 And the red pike at once was King and Law.'—p. 16.

We regret that our limits do not permit us to give the whole of the vivid and energetic passage in which the author describes the infamous Abbaye, and exhibits the horrors of the massacres of September, 1792. The contrast between the present appearance of the building, and the recollections which it inspires, are finely conceived and forcibly expressed.

' But pause ! what pile athwart the crowded way  
 Frowns with such *sterner aspect* ? The Abbaye !—  
 Gay in the sight, the shadow of that pile,  
 The meagre native plays his gambol vile.  
 Above, tolls out for death the prison knell,  
 Below, dogs, monkeys, bears, the jangling swell ;  
 The crack'd horn rings, the rival mimes engage,  
 Punch in imperial tatters sweeps the stage ;  
 The jostling mob dance, laugh, sing, shout the rhyme,  
 And die in ecstasies the thousandth time.  
 And look ! around, above, what ghastly row  
 Through bar and grating struggle for the show,  
 Down darting, head o'er head, the haggard eye,  
 Felons ! the scarcely 'scaped,—the sure to die !  
 The dungeon'd murderer startles from his trance,  
 Uplisting hears the din, the monkey-dance,  
 Growls at the fate that fix'd his cell beneath,  
 And feels the solid bitterness of death.  
 Yes, 'twas the spot !—where yonder slow gendarme  
 Sweeps from his round the loitering pauper-swarm ;  
 Where up the mouldering wall, that starveling vine  
 Drags on from nail to nail its yellow twine ;  
 For ornament ! Still something for the eye ;  
 Prisons, nay graves, have here their foppery.'—pp. 19, 20.

He then proceeds to a more detailed description of those dreadful nights ;—it is all good, particularly the account of that most  
 awful

awful scene in which a priest ascended a kind of pulpit in the prison, and gave the last admonitions of piety and the last consolations of religion to the mixed and melancholy crowds of fellow sufferers who knelt before him:—but we must limit ourselves to such passages as may be most easily disconnected from the context.

The following incident in that dreadful tragedy is not more powerfully given than the rest, but it is an insulated episode which will lose nothing by being quoted alone. After sketching, with the hand of a master, the bloody and drunken tribunal of that night, (drunk with wine as well as blood,) he goes on—

‘ And now, a prisoner stood before them, wan  
With dungeon damps and woe—an aged man,  
But stately;—there was in his hoary hair  
A reverend grace that Murder’s self might spare.  
Two of the mob, half naked, freshly dyed  
In crimson clots, waved sabres at his side.  
He told his tale,—a brief, plain, prison tale,—  
Well vouch’d by those faint limbs and features pale :  
His words were strong, the manly energy  
Of one not unprepared to live or die.  
His judges wavered, whispered, seemed to feel  
Some human touches at his firm appeal.—  
He named his king!—a burst of scoff and sneer  
Pour’d down, that even the slumberers sprang to hear;  
Startled, to every grating round the room  
Sprang visages already seal’d for doom;  
Red from their work without, in rush’d a crowd,  
Like wolves that heard the wonted cry of blood.  
He gazed above,—the torch’s downward flame  
Flash’d o’er his cheek;—’twas red,—it might be shame,  
Shame for his country, sorrow for her throne;—  
’Twas pale,—the hectic of the heart was gone.  
His guards were shaken off;—he tore his vest,  
A ribbon’d cross was on his knightly breast,—  
It covered scars;—he deigned no more reply;  
None, but the scorn that lighten’d from his eye.  
His huddled, hurried judges dropp’d their gaze;  
The villain soul’s involuntary praise!  
He kiss’d his cross, and turn’d him to the door—  
An instant,—and they heard his murderers’ roar!”—pp. 24, 25.

The dreadful continuance of these scenes, and the long line of victims immolated, are thus beautifully described :

‘ The evening fell,—in bloody mists the sun  
Rush’d glaring down; nor yet the work was done;  
’Twas night;—and still upon the Bandit’s eye  
Came from their cavern those who came to die;  
*A long, weak, wavering, melancholy wave,  
As from the grave, returning to the grave.*

’Twas

'Twas midnight;—still the gusty torches blazed  
 On shapes of woe, dim gestures, faces glazed;  
 And still, as through the dusk the *ghastly file*  
*Moved onward, it was added to the pile!*—p. 26.

From this heart-touching subject, the poet turns to the royal procession to Notre Dame in 1815; and here again his description of the objects that move before his eyes is exquisitely tinged with the colour of the thoughts that pass through his memory, and of the feelings that arise in his heart.

When the *Mousquetaires* who had accompanied the king to Ghent (and who have been *therefore*, we believe, since disbanded) appeared in the procession, the applauses of the crowd (mob as it was) rent the air.

'Twas the heart's shout—the vilest of the vile  
 By instinct bow before the virtuous brave.'

The fatal night of the departure of this gallant band from Paris, and the melancholy festivity in which at Ghent they renewed the pledges of their devotion, are finely imagined, and (with the exception of the last line) forcibly expressed.

## XXXII.

'It was a dreary hour; that deep midnight,  
 Which saw those warriors to their chargers spring,  
 And, sadly gathering by the torch's light,  
 Draw up their squadrons to receive their king:  
 Then, thro' the streets, long, silent, slumbering,  
 Move like some secret, noble funeral;  
 Each forced in turn to feel his bosom wring,  
 As in the gloom shone out his own proud hall,  
*His own no more;—no more!—he had abandon'd all!*

## XXXIII.

'And when, thro' many a league of chase and toil,  
 With panting steed, red spur, and sheathless sword,  
 At last they reach'd the stranger's sheltering soil;  
*They saw their country, where they saw its lord.*  
 All ruin'd now, they fenc'd his couch and board,  
 But with still humbler head, and lower knee;  
 And scorn'd the tauntings of the rebel horde;  
 Nay, in the hour that seal'd the base decree  
 Of exile, pledged their faith in proud festivity.

## XXXIV.

'I love not war; too oft the mere, mad game  
 That tyrants play to keep themselves awake.  
 But 'tis not war—it earns a nobler name—  
 When men gird on the sword for conscience' sake,  
 When country, king, faith, freedom are at stake.  
 And my eye would have left earth's gaudiest show,  
 To see those men at their poor banquet take

The

The sword, and, mid the song and cup's gay flow,  
Swear on it, for their prince to live—or to lie low.'—p. 31.

The high mass of Notre Dame is described with appropriate splendour; but in the midst of the parade of this ostentatious worship, the poet recalls us, by the most touching strokes, to the humble scenes of our own purer devotion.

## XLV.

'Georgous!—but love I not such pomp of prayer;  
Ill bends the heart 'mid mortal luxury.  
Rather let me the meek devotion share,  
Where, in their silent glens and thickets high,  
England, thy lone and lowly chapels lie.  
The spotless table by the eastern wall,  
The marble, rudely traced with names gone by,  
The pale-eyed pastor's simple, fervent call;  
Those deeper wake the heart, where heart is all in all.

## XLVI.

'Vain the world's grandeur to that hallow'd roof  
Where sate our fathers many a gentle year;  
All round us memory; at our feet the proof,  
How deep the grave holds all we treasure here:  
Nay, where we bend, still trembling on our ear  
The voice whose parting rent life's loveliest ties;  
And who demands us all, heart, thought, tear, prayer?  
Ev'n He who saith "Mercy, not sacrifice,"

Cares He for mortal pomp, whose footstool is the skies!"—p. 37.

At this ceremony, the author witnessed the expression of the deep-rooted grief of the Duchess of Angouleme; and he touches upon the unparalleled sufferings of the *orphan of the Temple* in a tone which will go to the reader's heart, and console him, in some measure, for the pain which he may have felt at the unmanly brutality of Mr. Hobhouse, and the unwomanly brutality of Lady Morgan.

After a spirited apostrophe, which beautifully contrasts the promise of her fortune with the event—

'Daughter of France! in what empurpled bow'r  
Pass'd thy young loveliness the sunny hour?'—p. 41.

the poet describes the dark and dismal scene in which she was secluded: and then adds, in a strain of poetry and pathos which we have seldom seen equalled—

'She had companions. Deeper misery!  
All whom she loved on earth were there—to die!  
And they must perish from her—one by one—  
And her soul bleed with *each*, till *all* are gone.  
This is the woe of woes, the sting of fate,  
To see our little world grow desolate,

The

The few on whom the very soul reclin'd,  
Sink from the eye, and feel we stay behind ;—  
Life, to the farthest glance, a desert road,  
Dark, fearful, weary—yet that must be trod.

Daughter of France ! did not such pangs compress  
Thy heart in its last, utter loneliness ?  
Didst thou not droop thy head upon thy hand,  
Then, starting, think that time was at a stand,  
And find its flight but by the thicker gloom,  
That dimm'd thy solitary dungeon-room ?  
Didst thou not gaze upon thy glimpse of sky,  
And long to bid the last, best hour be nigh ?  
Or melted even by that moment's view,  
Stoop to the world again, and think, how blue,  
How bright to thousands spread its canopy ?  
How many a joyous heart and laughing eye,  
Buoyant with life and hope, and free,—oh, free !—  
Bask'd in the brightness thou shouldst never see ?  
Her world was past ; her hours, or few or more,  
Left her bound, wretched—all she was before !  
This, this is misery—the headsman's steel  
Strikes, and we perish—but we cease to feel.'—pp. 42, 43.

The author's description of his own feelings when he visited the scene of these sorrows, is not less beautiful.

' The Temple tower is fallen ; yet still the grot  
Lives in pale mockery of the woeful spot ;  
The weedy walk still borders the parterre,  
A few wild shrubs chok'd in the heavy air ;  
And, helped by some rude tracery on the green,  
The eye may image where the pile has been :  
But all is past,—trench, buttress, bustling guard,—  
For silence, ruin, and the pale dead sward.

Heaven ! what wild weight of suffering was prest  
In this close den, *this grave in all but rest !*—  
I trod the ground with reverence, for that ground  
Was holy to my tread ; its dungeon-bound,  
Dear as the spot where blood and ashes tell  
That there the martyr closed his triumph well ;  
The torture's tools even hallow'd—brand and stake,  
Scourge, fetter—all, all relics for his sake.'—pp. 43, 44.

Such sentiments as these will prepare our readers to believe that the captivity of the royal family is, if we may use the expression, rather *wept* than *sung*. There is in all these passages a tone of deep and real feeling which springs from a higher source than any fabled fountain of the Muses.

But we must pursue our walk—and that leads us to the Boulevards, where we think our author will be found to be as acute and

and pleasant a painter of Parisian fopperies and gambols, as we have before seen him an indignant and pathetic censor of their crimes.

‘ Now comes the idler’s hour. The beggar-bard  
Takes his old quarters on the Boulevard;  
Beneath the trees the Conjuror spreads his tools;  
The Quack harangues his group of graver fools  
In lofty lies, unruffled by the jar  
Thrumm’d from his neighbour Savoyard’s guitar;  
Veil’d virgins beam, like Dian in a mist;  
Philosophers show mites; she-tumblers twist;  
Each the fix’d genius of some favourite tree,  
Dryads and fauns of Gallic minstrelsy.  
In double glories now, the broad Marchande,  
Fire-eyed, her skin by Gascon summers tann’d,  
Red as the kerchief round her coal-black hair,  
Lays out her tempting trays of rich and rare.  
Resistless ruby bands, delicious rings,  
In genuine paste; the true wax coral strings,  
Mingling with wonders of profounder art,  
Woman’s dear helps to mystify the heart;  
Crisp auburn curls,—to hide th’ obtrusive gray;  
That stubborn hue, which yet will make its way;  
Glass eyes, mouse eyebrows, teeth like studs of snow,  
Grinning in grim good humour row by row.  
Secrets so strictly kept from upper air,  
Yet here let loose, the sex’s whole repair;  
Mysterious things! that, like the tricks of dreams,  
Make what is seem not, while what is not, *seems*.’—p. 47.

We have already indulged ourselves in more quotation than we could well spare room for, and must here therefore close our extracts with the conclusion of the poem, which alludes to Waterloo in strains that become a Briton and a Christian.

‘ The heavens were sick of crime,—the endless strife  
Where black ambition flung its stake of life.  
The trial came.—On rush’d, with shout and ban,  
The rebel hosts, their Idol in the van;  
Strength of their heart, and wonder of their eye;  
Illusive glory, for his hour was nigh!  
Their rites of blood arose. In vain the name  
Of their dark Baal echoed. Evening came.—  
Then the true thunders roll’d. Their livid gaze  
Saw the horizon one advancing blaze;  
They saw it smite their Idol on his throne;  
And he was smote,—pomp, art, illusion gone!  
Then died his worshippers. The jealous steel  
Raged through their quivering ranks with faithful zeal.

The sacrifice was done! and on its wing  
The earth sent up the shout of thanksgiving.'—p. 59.\*

From these extracts our readers will probably pronounce the anonymous author of this work to be an *admirable poet*—and they will do him no more than justice; they may also be inclined to call the work itself an *admirable poem*, in which candour obliges us to declare that they will not be altogether so correct. It has some very considerable faults, and these happen to be of the kind that are least perceptible in extracts: namely, a general want of plan, much abruptness, and frequent obscurities. A poem, we admit, should not be a diary; and a poet is not bound to drive Pegasus in a cabriolet through the streets of Paris;—but there are limits to poetic licence; abrupt transitions and obscure chasms break and

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\* The author has subjoined a note on the subject of the battle of Waterloo which, for the beauty of its expression, the justness of its sentiments, and the originality of its views, we are satisfied our readers will thank us for laying before them.

'To those who may, like the writer, incline to think that a more glorious age is about to rise upon the world, and that Waterloo was the thunderstorm which was to give the last clearing to the air before that perfect vision, it assumes a loftier character than its mortal triumph. It seems to bear the features of a grand, immediate interposition of Superior Power. The final overthrow of the French empire, which was atheistic, Jacobin, and revolutionary to its latest hour; and the utter disgrace of Napoleon, the concentrated spirit of the revolution, were at least the results of the battle of Waterloo. They may appear to have been its providential objects. Had human judgments been previously consulted they would probably have drawn a different plan of the battle. The Prussians would have at once joined the British, and swept the enemy before them; or the British would have been in force enough to have driven in the French early in the day; or Napoleon would have fallen or been taken prisoner. But the battle was not to be so fought, to be most fatal to the atheistic power. If the French had been beaten in the broad day, they might have rallied, or retired before superiority of force, or in the last event have been made prisoners in masses. But the conflict held on, bloody and disastrous, till the moment when they could neither escape nor conquer. Retreating an hour before nightfall, they might have been saved; fighting an hour after it, they might have had the night for retreat. But they broke on the edge of darkness. The Prussians came up, retarded during the day, to be unfatigued by battle, and fresh for pursuit. The night was made for remorseless slaughter. "Thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon!" The distribution of the triumph was *judicial*. England had seen in France only an envenomed enemy, Prussia had felt in her a remorseless oppressor; England had suffered no serious affliction, Prussia had been steeped to the lips in suffering; and to England, on this memorable day, was given the GLORY, and to Prussia the REVENGE.

'If Napoleon had been killed or wounded, or made prisoner, or borne from the field in the backward rushing of his army, there might have been some reserve of fame for him. But a stronger Will determined that he should be saved for immortal and cureless shame; that he should be seen a coward, and ready fugitive; that no question should be left to the world of his abjectness of soul, and that he should be reserved to be shewn as a monster to an English rabble, and yet survive!

'If the French army, the authors of so much misery to Europe, were to have been finally punished, it was done by the battle of Waterloo. For the first time since the accession of Napoleon, their force was exclusively French; and it was trampled like a mire of blood. There has been no instance for these thousand years of such total destruction of an army. The flower of France, and the leading strength of the rebellion, was the Imperial Guard. It was reserved for the last and most complete sacrifice of the day.'—p. 64.

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ruffle the stream of feeling down which the heart delights to glide ; and an over anxious desire of contrast and variety has always the effect of distracting and wearying the mind. It is irksome, for instance, to be hurried in one page from the early markets of the Faubourg Mont Martre to the midnight festivities of the Faubourg St. Germain. In truth, we think we discover in several parts of the poem, sufficient proof that the author made on the spot the separate sketches, and that afterwards, desirous of making a *whole*, he joined them together, sometimes ungracefully, and not always intelligibly.

To this mode of composition we also should have been inclined to attribute the variety of metre which the author has adopted, and which in his preface he attempts to defend as right in *principle*.

‘ The occasional changes in the metre have been adopted, not in the idle imitation of superior writers, but simply to avoid the monotony of a perpetual recurrence of the same measure. The diversity of the subjects in these pages might of itself require diversity of metre. *Pomps and processions are not to be told in the same cadence with murders*. But, independently of the subject, there is a physical delight in this variety. The ear, or that combined sense of ear, eye, and mind by which we enjoy the full charm of versification, requires change to give the fulness of the charm. No excellence of poetry has been perfectly able, in our most illustrious models, to resist the antagonist monotony of a thousand lines in the same stanza. The suitableness of adopting the practice at all may be dependent on the length of the poem : in a very short performance, the monotony can scarcely arise from the measure ; in a very long one, the reader makes intervals for himself, and comes refreshed by the intervals ; in the intermediate order, too long to be despatched like a sonnet, and too short to be reserved for another sitting, he may require more aids than the present writer has allowed himself to supply in diversity of metre.’—Pref. pp. xi, xii, xiii.

None of these reasons appear to us to be founded in fact or just in principle ;—they are, or at least they look like, the after-excuses which a person sometimes invents to justify to himself a practice which he is too indolent to correct. For instance — ‘ *pomps ; processions and murders are not to be told in the same cadence ;*’ and yet the liveliest *pomp* of the whole poem, the description of a ball-room,

‘ The buoyant, brilliant dance of tress and plume  
Gleaming o’er diamond eyes and cheeks of bloom.’—p. 17.

is immediately followed, and in the same metre and cadence, by the *massacre* at the Abbaye.

‘ That mass of cloven bone and shatter’d limb  
And spouting brain and visage strain’d and dim,  
And horrid life, still quivering to the eye,  
As chok’d in blood the victim *toil’d to die*.’—p. 27.



Again:—the gorgeous *procession* to Notre Dame is in the same stanza and cadence with the description of the *death* of the suicide, and the exposure of the body in the Morgue. Our readers will thank us for exemplifying this assertion by the last stanza on this melancholy subject, which describes the recognition of the body by the unhappy parent.

‘The crowd pass on. The hurried, trembling look,  
That dreaded to have seen some dear one there,  
Soon glanced, they silent pass. But in yon nook,  
Who kneels, deep shrinking from the oriel’s glare,  
Her forehead veil’d, her lip in quivering prayer,  
Her raised hands with the unfelt rosary wound?  
That shrouded,—silent—statue of despair  
Is she who through the world’s delusive round

Had sought her erring child, and found, and *there* had found!’—p. 40.

On what principle is it that, if the author really intended to suit his metre to his subject, the same form of stanza should be adopted for the following description:—

‘But musing’s done.—The rabble round me press,  
With every cry of earth since Babel’s fall.  
The world’s in gala.—Poissonade loveliness  
Glides, faint and feather’d from her last night’s ball,  
Dispensing glances on the friseur small,  
The tiptoe thing beside her,—all bouquet;  
His bowing head, a curly carnival;  
His shoulders to his earrings, grimly gay;—

All have put on their smiles; ’tis the King’s holiday.’—p. 28.

These instances are sufficient to show that the author has not acted on his own principles, and that if he is right in his preface he is wrong in his poem; but the fact we take to be as we have before hinted, and that he is wrong in both. Nor does the length of his poem (which does not, we believe, exceed a thousand lines) appear to us to require or justify these variations, even admitting that such an irregularity could be, *in any case*, admissible. There are many other faults incident to this mixture of metre; one is that it alternately reminds the reader of Lord Byron and Mr. Crabbe, and excites in his mind an unjust and disparaging impression that the author is rather an imitator, than an emulator of the merits of those two admirable poets. If he reminded us of but one of them, the resemblance might be considered as accidental; but when he so frequently and so strongly brings *both* to our recollection, a reader will hardly admit the likeness to be fortuitous, and will be inclined to think that it belongs more to mimicry than to fair poetical imitation. Yet such suspicions would be essentially unjust to the author’s real powers; he has a vigorous originality of thought, which places him rather by the side than in the train of those whom he

he most resembles: but, as we have already said, the poem has evidently been composed of detached sketches, in which the author involuntarily fell into the stanza of Lord Byron or the couplet of Mr. Crabbe, as the recollections of these great poets happened, at the moment, to be uppermost in his mind.—The error, therefore, of being at once like Childe Harold and the Village is venial, and may be natural,—but it is an error, and it is our duty to warn the unknown author, that it will not on repetition be forgiven by the judicious part of the public.

He must also, we would take the liberty of saying, endeavour to divest himself of a habit of *inversion*—the wretched expedient which Darwin employed to cover the weakness of his style, and the poverty of his imagination, and which we should be sorry to see sanctioned by one who so little needs these mechanical aids as the author of ‘Paris.’ He needs no such helps, and the only passages in his poem which we have not read with unmixed pleasure, are those in which he has *taken pains* to be forcible or fine. Nothing can be better than his natural style; while it flows from his heart it is full at once of force, feeling, and simplicity; but sometimes, in search of a *strong* expression, he stumbles upon a *hard* one, and in his anxiety for the sublime, he now and then falls into the obscure. We have thrown out, we hope not in vain, these few observations on the defects of an author in whose future success we feel interested—who seems to exhibit a union, unhappily too rare, of piety and poetry, of what is right in politics, respectable in morals, correct in taste, and splendid in imagination.

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ART. IX. *Voyage de Découvertes aux Terres Australes, exécuté sur les Corvettes Le Géographe, Le Naturaliste, et la Goëlette Le Casuarina, pendant les Années 1800—1804.*  
Tome Second. A Paris. 1817.

THE audacious attempt, which was made in the publication of the first volume of this work, to rob Captain Flinders of the well-earned merit of his nautical labours and discoveries, while he was basely and barbarously kept in prison in a French colony, was regarded with becoming indignation throughout Europe, and with shame by the better part of the French nation. That volume was four years in preparation; yet such were the apparent marks of haste in bringing it out, that references were made to charts and plans which did not accompany it, and which, we verily believe, had no existence. We know that they were not made during the voyage; for the commander of the expedition told Captain Flinders that his charts would be constructed in Paris; which he never reached, having died on the passage home. M. Péron, the zoologist

and historiographer of the voyage, knew nothing of charts; but his coasts, his capes, and his headlands, his gulphs, straits and harbours were enumerated with great care, and each of them dignified with some new name, generally of the august family of Napoleon Buonaparte, or of his Institute. Captain Flinders's book, accompanied by an Atlas of admirable charts and plans, was published in 1814; and now (after an interval of nine years) the second volume of the French voyage makes its appearance. This delay is, to us, quite inexplicable, as the volume has no plates to illustrate or to decorate it, and one half of it had, at different times, appeared in print: we shall only observe that the charts in the small Atlas which accompanies it, are *very like those of Captain Flinders*, only much inferior in point of execution. M. Péron died in 1810, when he had corrected the press as far as p. 230, leaving behind him several memoirs on different subjects, of which the remaining part of the volume is chiefly composed; so that M. Freycinet, the surviving editor, had no very laborious task in bringing it forward.

Captain Freycinet, however, must have felt himself under considerable embarrassment in undertaking its publication. A new dynasty had succeeded, or rather the old and legitimate family had been restored, to that throne which an usurper had too long filled. Under the auspices of this usurper the voyage had been made, and it was natural enough that the savans, sent upon the expedition, should wish to gratify their patrons by designating, under their names, the islands, headlands, bays, inlets, &c. which, no doubt, they had a right to do, where names not yet published, or capriciously given, had not received the public sanction; but the confusion which this arbitrary practice, but too common among all nations, creates in geographical researches, cannot be too severely reprobated. The French, however, attempted to abolish names which the duration of more than two centuries ought to have rendered sacred.

‘I feel,’ says Freycinet, ‘all that annoyance and pain which certain parts of the geographical nomenclature, followed in this relation, may occasion to the reader; but I could not employ other denominations than those which are made use of in the first volume. Before I published my own nautical part of the voyage, and continued the relation of Péron, I was desirous of changing a nomenclature which the present political and moral situation of France and of Europe renders obnoxious; but the first volume had already been in circulation many years, the second was immediately expected by a great number of subscribers, and without doubt it was right to suppose that it was of greater importance to satisfy the public than to suppress the conclusion of a work of which, in the final analysis, the nomenclature can neither injure the nature nor the importance of the facts. Besides, all those who have partaken

partaken of the fatigues and the sufferings of this expedition would be the first to complain, in seeing themselves thus deprived of at least one part of the favour which the public might bestow on the results of their dangers and their labours.—Pref. p. viii.

This is all very fair on the part of M. Freycinet; and is indeed the only way that was left for him to get decently out of the difficulty—but there is another and a more serious dilemma, resulting from this same nomenclature, which will require a more delicate management. M. Freycinet, we understand, is about to be dispatched on a second expedition to the coasts of New Holland—for the purpose of filling up, in detail, those prominent features and general outlines which the first expedition merely enabled the French to sketch—just as Flinders finished the details on the southern and eastern coasts, of the latter of which Cook had given the outline. He will of course be sent in a ship of war belonging to Louis XVIII. under whom he holds his commission: what system of nomenclature will he now therefore pursue? He cannot well, under such a commission, continue to consecrate his new discoveries to the Buonapartean family; still less can he venture to blend the two dynasties together—no change can in fact be made from one family to the other, without some awkward *mésalliances* occurring—as, for instance, that of surrounding Ile de Louis XVIII. with the *Recifs de Talleyrand*, *Fouché* and *Decaze*; placing *Mont Angoulême* on *Terre Napoléon*; or, (still more shocking,) *Le Nez de Bourbon* at the entrance of *Golfe Joséphine*—these are points of great tenderness, which will not be overlooked by the savans of Paris, and of which (as we have just said) it will require all the discretion of M. Freycinet to steer clear—but this is his affair.

In the reply to the charge preferred by Captain Flinders against the French government of having, by the most atrocious and inhuman conduct, endeavoured to rob him of the merit of his nautical labours and discoveries, M. Freycinet discreetly and silently passes over that part of the complaint which regards Captain Flinders's wrongs; admitting, however, what he could not well deny, that the names given by Captain Flinders to points first discovered by him, ought to be retained:—yet he has *not* retained them. In truth it is not very material whether Captain Baudin, or Captain Flinders, was the first to survey this or that point of an extensive coast, or which of them completed his survey one day or one year sooner or later than the other—the merit of hydrographical surveys and maritime geography consists in their accuracy; and by this test let the operations of Captain Flinders be tried against those of the French navigators. But Captain Freycinet chuses to mistake entirely the real grievance of Captain Flinders, and (we are sorry to observe) is even uncandid enough to suppress all mention of the

cause of it. Some men are so dull of understanding as to require the *argumentum ad hominem* to make them feel the true state of a case: and lest M. Freycinet should labour under this infirmity, we shall put it in such a way, as may probably bring it home to his own feelings.

We will suppose M. Freycinet to be sent out by his government with a passport from the English Secretary of State, to complete the survey of the coasts of New Holland, and that England, somewhat tardily, fitted out an expedition for the same purpose. We will suppose that the French had, with great industry and ability, nearly completed the task, when, in this dangerous and uncertain navigation, they had the misfortune to be shipwrecked on one of those innumerable coral reefs with which this fifth continent is almost wholly surrounded; that, by little short of a miracle, the lives of the sufferers were preserved in this disaster; that, however, they were reduced to the necessity of procuring a miserable little vessel, hardly sea-worthy, capable of stowing only a few months provisions for the surviving crew; and that in this frail bark they set out on a long voyage for their native country; that, on arriving off the Cape of Good Hope, they found their provisions and water nearly exhausted, the crew sickly, and the vessel so leaky as to make it unsafe to proceed farther; that, on anchoring in Simon's Bay, their ship was taken possession of, all the charts and journals of the voyage seized, the captain separated from his crew, marched into the interior, and inhumanly kept there for seven years; that, in the mean time, the tardy expedition sent out by the English had completed its labours, assumed the merit of having discovered and surveyed all the unknown points of the coast, and published their labours to the world, while the poor French Captain, who had in fact previously completed all this, was detained in the deserts of South Africa, by some brutal governor, who conceived that he was best serving the views of his more brutal master by such conduct.—But the thing is impossible—the atrocious conduct of that miscreant De Caen, who had the meanness to steal one of Captain Flinders's journals, and the double dealing of Buonaparte and his sycophantic savans, which we have already exposed in a former Number, can have no parallel. We repeat that Europe has felt, and the better part of the French people have felt, with becoming indignation, the more than savage treatment of a brave and meritorious officer, whose life was the sacrifice of the villainous conspiracy.—But to the matter before us.—

There is nothing in this volume that might not have been written and printed in half as many months as it has consumed years. The historical account of the voyage scarcely exceeds 300 pages; consisting of nothing very profound or very elaborate; nothing  
beyond

beyond those trite and general observations, which commonly occur in nautical surveying and hydrography, natural history and descriptive geography. The remaining pages are chiefly filled with detailed memoirs by M. Péron, all, or the greater part of them, previously published in the *Annals of the Museum* and other periodical works. It is, therefore, not our intention to trouble our readers with any particulars of them, but having enumerated their titles, to dismiss them altogether. The first is on the dysentery of hot climates, and on the use of the betel leaf. The second, on the temperature of the sea, at its surface and at a great depth, in which are very few experiments made by M. Péron but a great deal of theoretical reasoning from those made by Cook, Phipps, Forster, and Irving. One experiment however we must mention, because it presented a phenomenon which has not before been noticed; but which, from the facts stated, is easily and satisfactorily explained. In  $4^{\circ}$  North latitude, when the temperature of the sea at the surface was  $24.8$  of Reaumur, it was found, at the depth of 2144 feet, to be  $6^{\circ}$  only—that is, nearly  $19^{\circ}$  of Reaumur less than at the surface. An empty bottle was sent down to this depth firmly corked, sealed, and bound with coarse cloth; it came up, as every one knows it must do, from the pressure of such a column of water on the condensed volume of air within, with the cork in the bottle. The surface of the bottle was immediately covered with drops of water which its diminished temperature had condensed in the surrounding atmosphere; the water within had lost its transparency and was of a whitish colour, and it fermented like sparkling Champaign. On pouring some into a glass, it soon recovered its natural colour and transparency; but when the bottle was again corked and shaken, and the cork drawn out, it escaped with a jet like bottled beer. The phenomenon, he observes, is precisely that of the artificial gaseous waters, which are made by compression. We beg leave however to doubt the accuracy both of the depth to which the thermometer is supposed to have descended, and the extraordinary degree of difference in the temperature between the water at that depth and at the surface. Seamen know how difficult it is to sound with 200 fathoms of line; and there is no instance on record of any such difference of temperature as is here mentioned.

The third memoir is a notice respecting the habitation of marine animals, by MM. Péron and Le Sueur—the fourth, on the vegetation of New Holland, which we have before seen in print, and which is far inferior to that of Mr. Brown on the same subject, inserted in Captain Flinders's voyage, is by M. Leschenault. The next is a fragment on the art of preserving animals in zoological collections, by MM. Péron and Le Sueur; and the last is a general view

view of the English colonies 'aux Terres Australes,' in 1802, by M. Péron, which is now neither interesting nor accurate.

The first volume of this work closed with the arrival of the ships in Sidney Cove, to which point we also followed them in a former Number. We now proceed—

The *Géographe* and *Naturaliste* had scarcely left Port Jackson on their way to Bass's Strait, when they fell in with an English vessel, having on board a Frenchman of the name of Coxwell, whom they had previously seen at Sidney—poor M. Coxwell having conceived that, as peace was now restored between England and France, it would be no bad speculation to fit out a ship to catch sea-elephants in Bass's Strait. Joined, therefore, with a Captain Lecomte, he proceeded from Bourdeaux for this purpose in a small vessel called the *Enterprize*; but being overtaken by a storm, the adventurers lost their sails and found it necessary to make for Port Jackson to refit and repair their damages. Here they obtained all they stood in need of, and experienced, as M. Péron had done, all the friendly attentions that they could possibly require: they were, however, expressly told, that the catching of sea-elephants would not be allowed in the Strait that divides the colony of Van Dieman from that of New South Wales; but that they were at liberty to fish on the Two Sisters, close to Furneaux's Islands, in the entrance of the Strait. After being there about eight days, a violent storm came on, the ship was dashed to pieces among the rocks; and the Captain, his brother, and two-thirds of the crew perished.—'Such,' says M. Péron, 'was the melancholy fate of the first French ship which appeared in those seas! and the disposition of the English government towards strangers is so rigorous, that one may beforehand predict similar disasters to European adventurers who, in the present state of things, should be induced to carry their speculations into these distant regions.' It would appear indeed, from the gloomy pages of M. Péron, that the 'Cabinet of St. James's,' not contented with raising this storm for the express purpose of destroying Captain Coxwell's little ship, and thereby saving all the sea-elephants for its own fishermen, had, by a most extraordinary stretch of power, not only seized upon New Zealand, but upon all the numerous archipelagos of islands of the great equatorial ocean, as appendages to the new empire of New South Wales, without any other limitations to the eastward than the shores of Chili and Peru!—These immense possessions of England, together with her fisheries in the North and South Seas, and her commerce with India and China, incessantly haunt M. Péron's imagination, and lead him into the grossest and most ridiculous blunders and misrepresentations. M. Péron was, no doubt, an intelligent and well-informed naturalist, and, like most of his countrymen, exceedingly fond of making systems and

and building up theories ; he might also have been, as the eulogy in the Appendix states, an amiable, and kind hearted man in private life ; but such a morbid and unreasonable feeling of hostility towards England pervades the whole of his work—such envy, hatred and malice lurk in every page, and burst forth on very occasion where England is mentioned ;—such a rancorous jealousy manifests itself at the commercial prosperity of this country, and so many lamentations are uttered for the decayed state of that of France, that we should not be in the least surprized, if the delay in the publication was, as stated by some of his own countrymen, in consequence of an interdict from Buonaparte, who felt no desire that it should be asked, Why the foreign commerce of France was in so melancholy a state of depression, while that of Great Britain was so flourishing ?

On the arrival of the ships at King's Island in the Strait, the *Naturaliste* took her departure for Europe. The savans, Péron, Leschenault, Bailly, and Lesueur, were landed on the island. It presented to them various products in the mineral kingdom, almost all however belonging to rocks of a primitive formation—granites—porphyries—jaspers ; the waters were strongly impregnated with the oxyd of iron ; and the fishermen told them that, in the interior, was a hill entirely composed of sal gem (native cristallized muriate of soda). The vegetable productions were of the same genera as those on Van Dieman's land, strong and vigorous, but of less gigantic proportions—like them also they were mostly evergreens—and bore no eatable fruits. No trace of human beings either from New Holland or Van Dieman's land could be discovered on King's Island ; but it abounded with curious and useful animals.

The naturalists had scarcely landed among heaps of sea-elephants lying on the beach, some of which began to crawl away with the most horrible howlings, while others remained immovable on the sand, regarding them with a calm and indifferent air, when six British fishermen came down to make an offer of their services. The Chief, whose name was Cowper, told them that he had been thirteen months on the island, with ten people, occupied in catching these marine monsters for their oil and skins, for the China market. It was lucky for the French that these fishermen happened to be on the island, otherwise, with all the stock of animals fit for the sustenance of man, they would most probably have perished with hunger ; for the ship, having landed them on the island, left them to their fate. Péron says they suffered extremely from the pitiful obstinacy of their commander, who on sending them ashore, refused to allow them either arms or provisions. Cowper however invited them to his hut, which with three others stood on the point of a hill ;—this curious establishment is thus described.

‘ The chief of these fishermen, the good Cowper, occupied one of these



these miserable hovels, with a woman of the Sandwich Islands, whom he had brought with him from Mowée, and who served him for a wife and housekeeper; in this same hut were assembled the most valuable of the provisions for the whole community, particularly the strong liquors. In the other huts the rest of the fishermen were lodged. A great fire kept up day and night with huge logs of wood served at the same time to warm the people and to cook their provisions. A large adjoining shed contained an enormous quantity of casks full of oil, as well as many thousands of the skins of seals dried and ready to be sent off for China. On one side was a sort of shamble, in which were suspended five or six Cassowaries, as many Kangaroos, with two fat Wombats. A large boiler full of flesh of the same kind was just removed from the fire, and diffused an agreeable odour.'—(p. 18.)

M. Faure, the geographical engineer, had also been abandoned, when in his boat, by the *Géographe*, and obliged to take refuge among the *New-year's-day* Islands. Here he found a party of a dozen English fishermen placed amidst whole legions of amphibious animals of the genus *phoca*; he was received with the greatest hospitality, and remained three days with them, experiencing the most kind and unvaried attention; and at his departure, they even forced him to accept some of their most beautiful skins. This contrast between the conduct of the poor rude fishermen and that of his enlightened commander, makes M. Péron exclaim—

'How is it that this affecting hospitality, of which long voyages offer so many examples, should almost always exclusively be exercised by men on whom the rudeness of their character and their low condition seem least to impose the obligation? Can it be then that this condition, rather than our splendid education and our philosophy, is apt to develop in us that noble and disinterested virtue which makes us compassionate the sufferings of others?'

This flippant declamation sets M. Péron's mind quite at ease, and he fancies that he has solved a grand problem. A Frenchman never suspects his ignorance, and rarely stops to examine the extent of his own argument. In a better condition of life, these Englishmen would be kind hearted, just as M. Péron, in a worse, would still be envious of his neighbour's prosperity, and his commander jealous of their happiness.

We have now a chapter of nearly thirty pages devoted to the history of the sea-elephant, and another to the advantages which the English derive from the *phoca* of the South Seas. Of the latter we have not one word to offer, as it has not the most distant concern or connection with Baudin's voyage of discovery—the former chapter is amusing enough, if it were only to show how much an ingenious gentleman like M. Péron can make out from an evening's conversation with a few intelligent English sea-elephant hunters; for the whole history of this huge monster is derived from  
that

that source. In giving a few particulars, we must pass over those parts in which the ardent and ferocious loves of 'those interesting creatures,' from the first overture to the final consummation, are described in all the glow of impassioned eloquence, and in the most minute and circumstantial details; a description which, however well it may suit the meridian of Paris, has (thank heaven!) too much warmth of colouring for the cool and sedate constitutions of our English climate.

That particular species of phoca known by the name of the sea-elephant, from the elongation of the upper lip into a kind of proboscis, and distinguished by naturalists under the specific name of *proboscidea*, is found only near the coasts and islands of the southern hemisphere, as the sea-lion, (*phoca jubata*,) with which it has frequently been confounded, is the inhabitant of the northern regions. The male only has this proboscis, which it has the power to expand to about a foot in length. The usual size of this animal is from 20 to 30 feet in length, and from 15 to 18 feet in circumference. They produce but one at a birth, and on the shore, where for six or seven weeks the cub is suckled, and during that time neither male nor female taste any food. Forster says that the sea lions of Staaten land deposit their young on shore, and that during their land-residence they swallow considerable quantities of stones to distend their stomachs, some of which are as large as his two fists; but he did not observe that appearance of digestion having commenced which Beauchesne Gouin, the French navigator, fancied he had discovered, on the same spot. The young of the sea-elephant is, according to M. Péron, about four feet long and 70 pounds weight when born; and he adds, that, in the first eight days, it will increase four feet in length and 100 pounds in weight; and all this at the expense of the mother, who in the meantime has not tasted food. In six or seven weeks they betake themselves to the sea, where the young ones are taught to swim and provide for themselves. About a month afterwards the males and females again return to the shore, when the loves, &c. recommence.

The sea-elephant is a mild and tractable animal. On the first arrival of the English fishers on King's Island, one of the men took a liking to one of them, and begged of his companions to spare its life. For a long time it lived peaceably, and was respected in the midst of the general carnage. The fisherman caressed it daily, and in a few months it was grown so tame that he could without danger mount upon its back, put his arm down its throat, and make it come when called: in a word, this docile and harmless animal did every thing that its protector required, and suffered any thing without being offended.

Gentle, however, as they certainly are, the males sometimes  
make

make a kind of defence against the attacks of their murderers, as in the case of a seaman of Lord Anson's ship whose skull was fractured by an enraged sea-elephant, of which he died in a few days: but the females never attack; always endeavouring to fly, uttering the most doleful cries, and at the same time shedding tears.

The tongue only of these animals, M. Péron says, is used for food, and when salted is considered as a delicacy; but Jonathan Lambert, late sovereign of Tristan da Cunha, says that himself, his family, and his stock, lived for some time almost entirely on the flesh of the sea-elephant; and that he treated his pigs every now and then with one, 'to keep them in heart.' Péron adds, that the liver, which in some of the species is reckoned a luxury, in the sea-elephant is pernicious; and that the English fishers, on trying to make use of it, had experienced an invincible propensity to sleep, which continued for several hours. The fat is esteemed an infallible and speedy remedy for flesh wounds. The hide is valuable for covering trunks and for harness. But the oil is the chief object of the fishery of sea-elephants, of which they furnish an astonishing quantity; the fishermen estimating, according to M. Péron's account, one of the largest kind to yield from 14 to 1500 pounds weight, or about 350 gallons. This oil is stated to be clear, inodorous, and not liable to contract that rancid smell of which whale oil can never be deprived; when burned in a lamp it yields a bright and pure flame, without smoke, and without exhaling that infectious smell peculiar to most animal oils: it lasts longer than other products of the same nature, as the sixteenth part of a pint is sufficient to feed an ordinary wick twelve hours. These details were furnished to M. Péron by the English fishermen, and they seem to have carried a due share of uneasiness to his jaundiced mind, that so lucrative and advantageous a concern should fall to the lot of the hated English.

'The fishery of sea-elephants offers so much facility, it requires so little capital, it ensures advantages so very considerable, that every thing has concurred, for some years past, to give to it a rapid development in the Austral regions. Already on King's Island and the New-year's Islands, two fisheries are in full activity; a third exists on the land of Kerguelen; a fourth establishment of the same kind, I am told, is to be met with on the land of Sandwich; others have been formed on Staaten land. The Malouin Islands are no longer strangers to the English fishermen; and new shoals of these active men will not fail soon to establish themselves on the island of Juan Fernandez, if they are not there anticipated by the Spaniards.' (p. 59.)

M. Péron seems not to know that Juan Fernandez has long been settled by the Spaniards; that it is tolerably well peopled and cul-

cultivated; that it has a governor and a regular garrison; but that the sea-elephants which disturb his imagination so much, are no longer found there. Our author at length takes leave of these amiable monsters of the deep in a lamentation at once eloquent and pathetic.

‘Thus then this large species of the seal tribe is about to be attacked on all points at the same time; it is about to suffer terrible losses which will become more and more irreparable; it will not even have the resource which whales are permitted to enjoy, that of being able to take refuge in the midst of the ice of the poles, to surround itself, against man, with the horrors of nature. In fact, a mild temperature is absolutely necessary to the seal tribe; the land is their habitual abode; from being the cradle of their existence, it becomes the theatre of their amours, it receives their last sighs—With such necessities how could they withdraw themselves from the pursuit of their chief enemies?—For them still more so than for the whales must undoubtedly be realized that eloquent prediction of one of my first and dearest professors (Lacepede): “That large species (of whale) will vanish like so many others; discovered in its most hidden recesses, attacked in its most distant retreats, overcome by the irresistible power of human knowledge, she will disappear from the face of the globe; there will be seen only a few fragments of this gigantic species; its remains will become a dust which the winds will disperse: she will exist only in the recollection of men and in the pictures of genius.”’

From King’s Island we are carried, for the second time, to the ‘land of Napoleon’ and his august family. It exhibits but a sombre and forbidding appearance, like that of the man whose name it bears. In the midst of the calcareous rock, on the Island Decrès, were discovered those remains of petrified forests which we noticed in a former Article. These singular incrustations of the vegetable world are not confined to this and to Kangaroo Island, but are found on the opposite continent of New Holland, on the coast of Nuyts, Leuwen, Edels, Endracht and De Witt; neither are they exclusively confined to the sea shore, but are met with in the interior of the country, and at different elevations above the level of the sea. They not only coat over the pebbles and marine productions, but also the leaves, the fruits, the branches, and the roots of plants; shrubs and even large trees are not free from their attacks, and the numerous trunks standing erect and covered with incrustations clearly announce that this operation of nature ascends to a very ancient date. M. Péron has a theory, with which we are not disposed to quarrel, for the formation of these Gorgonian forests of New Holland, ‘that are so completely coated over with stone, as to tempt one to believe, that a second Perseus had stalked with the head of Medusa in his hand along these distant shores.’

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The shell-fish, he says, which are produced in the sea and thrown by millions on the beach, exposed to the double influence of a burning sun, and a penetrating moisture, speedily undergo a sort of chemical decomposition. In parting with a portion, more or less considerable, of their carbonic acid, they acquire a tendency towards that state in which lime is when used as the basis of cement. This calcareous matter mixing with the quartzose sand, gives a calcareous cement somewhat analogous to that described by Dr. Higgins, and forms those singular incrustations found on the western and southern coasts of New Holland, with which every object is, as it were, glued together. Transported by the winds, this active matter is deposited upon the neighbouring shrubs; at first as light dust, which presently becomes a solid pellicle round the branch which it embraces: from that moment the growth of the plant is injured; vegetation becomes languid; and while yet alive, it is found to have undergone a kind of petrification.

‘In breaking the branches of this kind of lithophytes, while the incrustation is recent, the ligneous texture is perceived to be enveloped in a solid case, and without having undergone any remarkable alteration; but in proportion as the calcareous envelope augments, the wood becomes disorganized and is changed insensibly into a dry and blackish *detritus*; then the interior of the tube is as yet empty, and preserves a diameter nearly equal to that of the branch which has served as a mould; at last the tube is closed and filled up with quartzose and calcareous matter: a few years pass away and the whole is converted into a mass of sandstone. In this last stage of the process the arborescent form alone recalls the ancient state of vegetation.’ (p. 171).

In the same section, in which are contained these observations on the petrified state of the vegetable world, the question is discussed concerning the formation of the mountains and islands composed of madripores; and M. Péron peremptorily decides, what no one will deny, ‘that all the madriporic productions which have been found to exist at elevations more or less great above the present level of the sea, have been formed in its bosom;’ but then comes the difficult and often discussed question, ‘Have these mountains been raised, or has the sea sunk from its former level?’ the latter is M. Péron’s opinion, grounded on that of the most distinguished observers, who agree in rejecting all idea of their elevation being owing to volcanic eruptions,—but still, he observes, a very delicate and interesting question presents itself—‘What becomes of the waters of the ocean as they subside from the mountains which have been formed in their bosom?’—and from this results another equally difficult of solution—‘Whence comes this enormous quantity of calcareous matter which we perceive to act a part so prodigious in the revolutions of our globe?’—these questions, M. Péron observes, open a vast career for the imagination,

imagination, for enthusiasm, for hypothesis—but he pretends not to explain them.

No doubt whatever can be entertained with regard to the formation of those extensive reefs, of those numerous islands, and vast archipelagos, of which multitudes discover their origin to the navigator by the small degree of elevation they have acquired above the level of the ocean, and by the nascent state in which he sees them rising, as it were out of their cradles. In our review of Captain Flinders's *Voyage of Discovery* we offered some observations on those extraordinary formations, the productions of marine worms; for that they are so has been attested by hundreds of navigators, who, in witnessing these operations, have detected nature, as it were, in the very act of creation. On this point we entirely concur with M. de Fleurieu.

‘To which (he asks) of our ordinary systems could one refer the origin of that prodigious number of little platforms, either scattered about, or formed into groups, or united into archipelagos which, from accurate observation, appear to be still in a state of enlargement? We meet with these islands at the distance of fifteen hundred leagues from any continent or great islands, in the midst of a sea of which the plummet of the navigator is unable to measure the depth. The scrutinizing eye of the enlightened observer has discovered nothing in these low islands that declares an ancient existence, the remains or traces of volcanoes, either extinct or swallowed up under the waters, nothing that presents a picture of ruins, nothing in short which could indicate them to be the product of some convulsion of the globe: on the contrary, every thing announces, that they are the product of ages; that the work is not yet finished; that there must be a gradual extension of it; but that a long succession of time is necessary to make this extension sensible.’ (p. 180.)

We are also ready to subscribe to the ‘general results’ of M. Péron on this point.

‘We have seen these zoophytes in a state of petrification forming the greater part of the low islands of the Great Equinoxial Ocean, and some of the highest in this sea and that of India. We have found them in a living state, studding the seas with new dangers, multiplying the reefs of rock, increasing the size of islands and archipelagos, encumbering ports and roadsteads, and laying on every side the foundation of new calcareous mountains. Thus then, while man, who proclaims himself *the King of Nature*, constructs with labour on the surface of the earth those frail edifices which the action of time must soon overturn, the feeblest little worms, of whose existence he was ignorant till very lately, and which he still despises, multiply in the bosom of the seas those prodigious monuments of a power which bids defiance to ages, and of which the imagination even can have no conception.’ (p. 183.)

We find little that deserves notice on the second visit of our navigators to the Land of Nuyts, of Leuwen, of Edels, and of

Endracht, except that, in Shark's Bay, on the coast of the last-mentioned land, M. Péron, with an air of triumph, acquaints us that he has solved with simplicity and accuracy two problems equally important to the zoology and the natural history of New Holland—the one supplying the defective information, and the other correcting an error, of the celebrated Dampier—the first is merely that no river falls into Shark's Bay; the second deserves some further notice, as in attempting to correct one error, this professed zoologist seems to have fallen into another and greater.

When Dampier was in Shark's Bay he caught one of those marine animals from which it takes its name, eleven feet long, 'with a maw,' says this able navigator, 'like a leather sack, very thick, and so tough that a sharp knife could scarce cut it, in which we found the head and bones of the hippopotamus, the hairy lips of which were still sound and not putrified, and the jaw was also firm, out of which we plucked a great many teeth, two of them eight inches long, and as big as a man's thumb.' (vol. iii. p. 126.) Among our early navigators it would perhaps be difficult to name one more intelligent or more accurate in his observations and descriptions than Dampier; who from his friend Rogers had a very accurate description of the hippopotamus given to him, and was himself well acquainted with that species of the *Trichecus* known by the name of the *Manatee*, which he caught abundantly in the West Indies and Bay of Campeachy, and which he also says is plentiful on the coast of New Holland. He could hardly therefore mistake one animal for another. While in Shark's Bay some of Captain Baudin's seamen, having found an animal on shore in a state of putrefaction, drew out seven of its teeth, which they brought to M. Péron. He readily discovered that they belonged to a herbivorous animal, but differed essentially from those of the hippopotamus—'they were in fact,' says he, 'those of the *Dugon*, a mammiferous marine animal but little known,'—we believe he might have added, not known at all;—and in support of this assertion he gives a garbled quotation—from whom?—some naturalist of reputation?—no such thing—but from one *Leguat*, who wrote above a hundred years ago, and whose figure of a sea-cow (*vache marine*) with the head of an Alderney cow, body of a Chinese hog, and four webbed feet, supported by as many stout legs, might alone have been sufficient to stagger the credulity of M. Péron. But *Leguat* never mentions the *Dugon*—his description is that of the *Lamentin*, or, as he says other nations call it, the *Manati*, because of its having hands. Of this also Mons. *Leguat* gives a figure, being a creature with the head of a hog and the body of a whale, furnished with a pair of arms, (with which it is embracing a young *Lamentin*,) and breasts

breasts resembling those of a woman. Though these monstrous creatures, he tells us, were some of them twenty feet long, they came close to the shore, where the water was only three or four feet deep, to feed on the grass at the bottom, sometimes like a flock of sheep of three or four hundred together: they were so tame that he and his companions could wade among them and feel which was fattest and fittest for the knife; for their flesh was excellent, and tasted like the finest veal. This was at the Isle of Rodriguez or Diego Ruys, where Lamentins are now as scarce as Dugons on the coast of New Holland.

M. Péron and the other naturalists deserve great credit for their industry and perseverance in collecting objects of natural history with all the disadvantages under which they were placed by a harsh and unfeeling Commander; who seems to have entertained a thorough contempt for all knowledge not connected with his own profession, and who, even in that department, as far as we can discover, has done little or nothing for science. As M. Péron's part of the volume finishes, by his death, with the land of Endracht, we shall give an instance of the brutal treatment which the naturalists received there from Captain Baudin, which will serve also as a specimen of our author's manner. They had gone on shore to add to their collections, and being drawn off by some natives, who were not of the gigantic size indicated by the prints of feet seen hereabouts by Vlaming in 1697, and by their own officers on their first visit, they strayed so far as to lose themselves among the thickets: not a breath of wind refreshed the atmosphere; the heat of the mid-day sun reflected from the sandy surface was insupportable; and the stunted brushwood afforded them no shelter; they were laden with plants and shells; famished with hunger and choaked with thirst—and, in this state, after three hours of painful travelling, they found themselves close to the place from which they had set out; they determined therefore to follow the winding of the shore, however long it might prove.

'An excessive and continual sweat dissolved our bodies. Our weakness was soon at its height. In vain did we fill our mouths with little pebbles to excite the secretion of a few drops of saliva;—the source of it appeared to be dried up; a feeling of dryness, of painful aridity, an insupportable bitterness made respiration difficult, and in some degree painful; our trembling limbs could no longer sustain us; at every moment, one or other fell down; and it was some time before we had the power to rise.

'I was now constrained to abandon the greater part of the rich collection which I had just obtained at the expense of so much toil and danger, and which the kind M. Guichenault had had the complaisance to assist me in carrying thus far; but soon himself sinking under the weight of fatigue and heat, of thirst and hunger, he fell upon



the ground, pale, disfigured, his eyes nearly closed. All our assistance was of no avail; he could no longer stand up; and he wished, he said, to die on the spot. While waiting till our unfortunate companion should recover some strength, I proposed to M. Petit to plunge ourselves into the sea up to the breast, and to remain there some minutes, being well convinced beforehand that this kind of bath would bring a little relief to our sufferings. The effect far surpassed all my hopes. An agreeable coolness seemed to penetrate through every pore; our mouths became less scorched; the painful pinching which we felt in the stomach and bowels, ceased as if by enchantment; we perceived our vigour renewing—in one word, this salutary bath snatched us in all probability out of the hands of death: under its gentle influence M. Guichenault appeared to revive. To prolong the good effects which we experienced from it, we resolved, after abandoning part of our clothes and our shoes and stockings, to continue our journey in the sea. At sun-set, a gentle breeze sprung up; we left the water to resume the journey on the shore, and walk if possible a little more quick. Our weakness immediately returned, and night surprized us in the midst of the most laborious efforts.'

At length however they perceived a large fire which their companions had made to serve them as a guide, and they succeeded in joining them between 10 and 11 o'clock at night.

'But at this moment the prostration of our strength was at its height; within two hundred paces of the spot, we fell as if lifeless on the strand. Our kind companions ran eagerly towards us; they raised us up, they supported us, and, making several fires around us, succeeded in rekindling the spark of life just ready to expire. Their eagerness was so much the more active as they had already abandoned all hope of seeing us again. . . . Our sufferings however were very far from having attained their limit—no kind of food or drink remained in the boat; we had to pass the whole night stretched on the sand, in our clothes drenched with sea water; and to finish our misery, a thick fog which rose the following morning on the surface of the sea did not allow us (for want of a compass) to rejoin the ship before two o'clock in the afternoon. At this period we found ourselves reduced to the most deplorable condition. For forty-four hours we had neither drank nor eaten, and we had walked fourteen of that number. Pale and trembling, with hollow eyes and lifeless countenances, scarcely could we support ourselves, scarcely could we distinguish objects. I no longer heard any thing, and my parched tongue refused its speech.' (p. 223.)

Every one was moved with compassion except the Commander, who fined M. de Mont-Bazin, (the officer of the boat,) in ten francs for each of the three guns fired the preceding evening as a signal for him to return on board, and upbraided him for not having left the whole three to their fate. 'And yet,' says M. Péron, 'to save the life of this unhappy man at Timor I divided with his physician the slender provision of excellent Peruvian bark which

which I had kept for myself.'—Captain Baudin\* certainly appears to have been of a most unhappy and unaccommodating disposition, without one single qualification for conducting a voyage of discovery: he died at the Isle of France and was buried the day following with military honours, which is all that M. Freycinet, his first lieutenant, thinks proper to say of him.

M. Freycinet now continues the narrative of their operations on the second visit to the coasts of De Witt's Land, the geography of which still remains precisely in the same imperfect state in which Dampier found and left it. The numerous and almost continuous banks of sand, and reefs of coral rocks, with which it is defended, prevented all access to the shore; but the same reefs and banks were favourable to their search for objects of natural history, and assisted very materially in the enlargement of their collections: among other marine productions was a great number of sea-snakes, of all colours and proportions; but what particularly attracted their attention, was a kind of greyish coloured dust which covered the sea for a space of more than twenty leagues from east to west. The same appearance under different colours has been observed by various navigators, and is mentioned by Banks and Solander on the coasts of New Guinea, where the sailors gave it the name of *sea-sawdust*. On examining it with a microscope every atom appeared to have so regular and constant a conformation, that no doubt could exist of their being so many minute organized bodies; and they considered them to be the eggs or spawn of some species of marine animal. The *seas of blood* which are mentioned by several celebrated navigators are supposed to owe their tinge to a single species of microscopical *crustacea*.

On approaching the *Isles of the Institute*, an archipelago consisting of about twenty islets, and situated about the latitude 14°, a boat was sent to examine the Isle Cassini; on its return the officer reported that, within the group of islands, he had fallen in with a flotilla of Malay proas, twenty-four or five in number, which had come from Macassar for the purpose of fishing for a species of *Holothuria*, known by the several names of *Tripan*, *Biche de mer*, and *Sea-slug*. The proas were all under the orders of an old Malay Raja, and one little Chinese compass of two inches in diameter was the sole instrument that directed the fleet, sailing to its destination with the north-west and returning home with the opposite monsoon. It may be remembered that Captain Flinders met with a much more numerous fleet in the great Gulf of Carpentaria employed in the same fishery; and the

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\* The name led us into a mistake in our review of the first volume: It was another Baudin who fell in the battle of Trafalgar.

only difference we perceive between his account of preparing the 'tripan,' and that here given is, that in the former they are said to be dried by the fire of green wood, in the latter entirely by the sun. The two or three pages of trash connected with these '*priapes marines*,' decency demands of us to pass over; like the loves of the sea-elephant, they are only calculated for the meridian of Paris.

From De Witt's Land they proceed a second time to the Island of Timor, and from thence again towards De Witt's Land, which however they were unable to approach: they next tried to proceed to the south-west point of New Guinea; but finding the wind and the weather against them, and the sick list rapidly increasing, they bore up for the Isle of France. On passing the Cape, they called at Table Bay, where a committee of MM. Péron, Le Sueur, and Doctor Raynier de Klerk Dibbez, sat in judgment '*sur un objet assez délicat—ce fameux tablier des femmes Hottentots*.' The result of an examination which we are assured was '*attentif et prolongé*,' is conveyed under ten distinct propositions, of which we shall content ourselves by asserting, on our own knowledge, that no less than seven of them are absolutely false. It is rather too much for a person who never set foot beyond Cape Town to tell the world that all the travellers into the interior of southern Africa, from its first discovery to the visit of M. Péron, have been mistaken; that the *Houzuuanas* (who have no existence but in Vaillant's book) are *Boschimans*, and that the *Boschimans* are a people totally distinct from Hottentots. But a French *savant* must either get rid of his conceptions in the shape of a theory, or burst.

On comparing the general chart of New Holland constructed by Captain Flinders with that which accompanies this volume of Péron, and which is in fact a copy of that published by M. Freycinet in the nautical and geographical account of the voyage, it must strike every one how very well those parts of the latter are filled up, which were surveyed by Captain Flinders, or laid down by him from the surveys of his predecessors, Cook, Vancouver, and Dentrecasteaux, and how meagre is the whole line of the west and north-west coasts, which none of these able navigators had explored, but which was visited twice, and part of it three times, by Captain Baudin. If we except the Baie du Géographe on the Land of Leuwen; a more detailed but still incomplete survey of Shark's Bay on the Land of Endracht; a few clusters of reets and islets along the extensive coast of De Witt's Land, with here and there a point of land or an undetermined gulph, the former seen at such a distance as to leave a doubt as to the continuity of the coast, and the latter purely conjectural; the whole of this extensive coast from Cape Van Dieman to Cape Leuwen of the old charts, or from Cape Leoben to Cape Gosselin of the French,

French, remains pretty nearly in the same state of uncertainty in which it was previous to this voyage of discovery, and may yet be considered as unexplored.

It is scarcely to be conceived that, with two ships and a small vessel, (the *Casuarina* afterwards added,) those who had the conduct of the expedition should not have made every exertion to determine that most extraordinary problem in geography—the existence or non-existence of some large river on the western side of New Holland. That there exists none deserving the name from Cape Leuwen on the west to Cape Howe on the east; nor from thence to Cape York, on the north; nor in the whole sweep of the Gulph of Carpentaria, is no longer a matter of opinion; but whether any river may discharge itself on the western and north-western coast from Cape Leuwen to Cape Arnheim still remains to be solved. The space to be explored indeed may almost be narrowed to the coast of De Witt's Land between Cape North-West (here impudently altered to Cape Murat) and Cape Arnheim; and from the observations of that excellent old navigator Dampier it may be inferred that the opening behind the group of Rosemary Islands (changed with equal effrontery to the *Iles de Montebello*) holds out the most probable hopes of finding such a river.—‘Hitherto,’ says Dampier, ‘we had found but little tides; but by the height, and strength and course of them hereabouts, it should seem, that if there be such a passage or strait going through eastward to the great South Sea, as I said one might suspect, one would expect to find the mouth of it somewhere between this place (latitude  $18^{\circ} 21'$ ) and Rosemary Island.’ (vol. iii. p. 150.) ‘Unless,’ he afterwards observes, ‘the high tides and great indraught thereabouts should be occasioned by the mouth of some large river; which hath often low lands on each side of its outlet, and many islands and shoals lying at its entrance.’ (Contin. p. 6.)

M. Freycinet is about to proceed, or has already sailed, to endeavour to complete the discovery and survey of the western and north-western coasts of New Holland; but, we are glad to learn, that as Captain Baudin was anticipated by Captain Flinders, so will M. Freycinet be by Lieutenant King, who, under happier auspices, we trust, left England some months ago for this very purpose.

This however, we are given to understand, is but a secondary object of the French voyage; the first being that of collecting a number of facts, on various points of the southern hemisphere, for the purpose of ascertaining to a greater degree of precision than is yet known, two objects of no less importance to physical science than to geography—the first is, by a set of experiments on the declination and inclination of the magnetic needle, at

several places very distant from each other on the same parallels and the same meridians, to endeavour to discover the number and position of the magnetic poles in the earth, on the supposition that the present theory of its being one great magnet is the true one—the other, by a set of experiments at the same places, with an invariable pendulum, to ascertain to a greater degree of accuracy the figure of the earth in the southern hemisphere—In the prosecution of such an undertaking M. Freycinet must carry with him the good wishes of every lover of science.

ART. X. *The Tragic Drama.—The Apostate; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By Richard Sheil, Esq. 8vo. London. 1817.

NO department of literature has found more assailants and champions than the drama: this may in some degree be owing to the publicity of its claims. Most other branches win their way in comparative silence, amid the stillness of the closet, and the calmness of literary discussion; the pleasure which they give is wholly abstracted from the senses, and the impression which they leave is generally unaided by the passions. The drama, on the contrary, though it demands to be ‘censured in judgment, awakes the senses to judge;’ it addresses an assembled multitude, who, from physical and mental causes, are, for the most part, in a state of excitement that must be sustained by a continued and powerful appeal, and who require to be dismissed with feelings too various for distinct perception, and too rapturous for sober analysis.

Possessing and asserting this large share of influence, its importance has nevertheless been exaggerated both by those who have attacked and those who have defended it; and perhaps, as is often the case, it has suffered more from the zeal of its friends than from the malignity of its enemies. By the latter it has been represented as operating to the pollution of morals, the relaxation of laws, and even the subversion of governments. By the former it has been praised as not only polishing the manners and refining the taste of a nation, but as essentially connected with the harmony of society, and the morals of mankind. The truth is, that the drama is not a cause, but an effect of the state of society. Men go to a theatre neither to be improved nor depraved, neither to learn nor unlearn the precepts of morality or the rules of life; they go to it as to a place where the mind is to be employed, while the senses are gratified, where genius is to appear arrayed in the graces of elocution, and the splendour of external decoration; they go to witness the representation of sufferings to which all are exposed, or of follies in which all have participated; and they return with their principles neither confirmed nor shaken, except by the operations of  
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the passions which they brought with them, and which would perhaps have operated if they had never entered the walls of a theatre. They go, in a word, to be amused, to seek, in the representations of fictitious life, a solace or a forgetfulness of the evils of reality; and if amusement can be obtained without mischief, though it is the lowest praise with which the admirers of the drama will be contented, it is, perhaps, among the highest that can be bestowed on any known mode of public recreation.

The Drama, which owed its origin in Greece to religion, is indebted to the same cause for its revival in modern Europe. The monks, anxious to interest their audience by sensible representations of the facts of religion, or, perhaps, to diversify the sullen and monotonous gloom of conventual life, exhibited the Mysteries, the first rude form in which the drama re-appeared.—In some respects we trace an involuntary resemblance between them and the Grecian tragedy; they were exhibited *sub dio*, and their foundation rested invariably on the national creed.

At the period of the Reformation, the teachers of the new religion, though professing and generally maintaining a greater strictness of demeanour, attempted to wrest this powerful engine from the hands of their adversaries, and to turn it against them; and controversy, after deluging every other department of literature, forced its way even into the indirect and impracticable channel of the drama. The comedies of Bale exhibited the most awful mysteries of religion clothed in the dark drapery of Calvinistic theology, and the audience with edifying patience sat out dramas, which extended from Adam to the commencement of the Gospel dispensation, and of which the characters were those whom it would now be justly deemed impiety to allude to on the stage, and irreverence even to name on ordinary occasions. Bale had numerous associates in the arduous task of dramatizing the Bible, and we must remember that at that time plays were acted more frequently in the halls of colleges and the palaces of bishops than in theatres, before we can believe that such subjects were selected for dramatic representation, or that actors could be found to personate them. The drama, however, was not much improved by this extraordinary coalescence; into which the tragic muse seems to have entered somewhat ungracefully:\* the very means which her reverend teachers took to break her to their purpose tended (as might have been foreseen) to defeat it. To accommodate the drama to popular conception, they had

\* The defence suggested by Warton of the Mysteries and Moralities, that they tended to abolish the barbarity of military games is, perhaps, the best that can be offered. But how can Warton seriously say, that they 'taught the great truths of Scripture to men who could not read the Bible?' They taught little but licentiousness and impiety, and the sacred names which they use, instead of consecrating, aggravate the profanation.

to mingle the narratives of Scripture with the incidents of ordinary life, and the language of inspiration with the refuse of colloquial abuse, and depraved idiom—hence their representations were without dignity, and their morality without effect.

At various times, it has been attempted to engage the drama in a service equally foreign, and to make it the organ of political sentiment—the attempt was equally unsuccessful, and the reason is obvious.

At the dramas above-mentioned all who were assembled knew what they had to expect: every man sat to be delighted with the echo of his own religious opinions, to have the doctrines on which he rested his future hopes confirmed by example, and enlivened by sensible representation; and retired to compare with his Bible the testimony of confessors, or to meditate on the tortures of martyrs to which, according to the prevalent creed, he might soon be summoned to add his own. The man who could sit to witness the attributes of the Deity or the Covenant of Grace made the subject of theatrical representation, would have shrunk with horror from the scenical martyrdom of a catholic saint. Every man at each assembly was of the same mind, and the satisfaction, however obtained, was universal. But in a drama which is rendered the vehicle of political sentiment, the case is widely different. Such a drama must include the supposition of a state so constituted as to render the theatre accessible to various parties; the audience is promiscuous, and, as at the first representation of Cato, one party applaud to shew that they feel the application of the sentiments, and the other to shew that they disregarded the application; they go not to be pleased with the performance, but with themselves, with their zeal in approving the sanction of their own sentiments, or their vehemence in decrying all that would venture to oppose them.

But the mind delights to keep its pleasures distinct from its toils; and though a man may carry the spirit of a patriot to the theatre, he soon grows weary of the labour of gratuitously supporting it. Thus, after various trials, the adventitious drapery fell from the dramatic muse—*gorgeous tragedy once more came sweeping by in her own sceptered pall*, and the drama was restored to her legitimate rights—of delighting by the living representation of the passions and manners of mankind elevated by poetry, and chastened by morality.

We have thus briefly deduced the history of the drama to prove that its great object was to *give delight with deference to certain restrictions*, and we have been the more circumstantial in doing so, because it leads us to the notice of a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of literature. While in every other department of literature, all means have been employed to excite and to satiate the  
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appetite for novelty; while history, philosophy, and theology have contributed to enrich and diversify poetry, while it has sought to interest us not only by painting man in every situation in which he has yet been discovered, but in situations in which the vivid creations of fancy alone could give a habitation and a name, while the passions have been depicted not only in their visible operation on life, but in the silent and unwitnessed workings of the heart, the drama still rests her claim on the merit of her earliest productions, and the efforts of competitors or of imitators have only served to establish the triumphs of Shakspeare. That the genius of this great writer surpassed, and probably will continue to surpass, the powers of every other dramatic poet will scarcely be disputed. But since the mind of man is always in a state of progression, since the changes of society, though they could not alter the nature of the passions, have at least modified their expression,—since the improvement of our manners, by heightening and refining our sensibility, has afforded opportunities of displaying it in new situations and struggles before unimagined,—since the artificial and imaginary causes of its excitement have multiplied, and thus given to morbid and factitious feeling the sympathy once bestowed only on real—writers of feebler powers might have hoped to please, at least by dramas more regularly constructed,—by feelings more philosophically traced, by exhibitions of complicated passion, which had never been depicted before but in their elements, by new combinations of qualities diversified by the more intricate relations of society, by imagery borrowed from sources which the limited state of literature did not *then* afford, and by a harmony of modulation with which the improvement of our language has enabled us to delight the ear. This at least might have been expected, but that the expectation has not been fulfilled is obvious, from our not having had, since the days of Rowe, (a writer of no poetical eminence,) more than two decisively and permanently successful performances.\*—To inquire into the causes of this, may not be useless, and certainly cannot be uninteresting.

The history of the English stage presents us with two striking periods. The one, when dramatic composition, free from all external influence, formed a distinct and separate school of its own. The other, when the introduction of French rules, both in criticism and composition, gradually changed its aspect, and brought along with it a taste for the principles and structure of the Greek tragedy, on which the French is founded, and which indeed it very closely resembles. There are, in truth, some points of obvious difference,

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\* The tragedies of Zanga and Douglas are the only exceptions we remember; those of the Gamester and the Fatal Marriage owed their revival to the inimitable talents of Mrs. Siddons.

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but it may be observed, in general, that the agreement is essential, and the difference merely accidental. The rigid preservation of the unities of time, place, and action; the historical subjects, regal personages, and public events; the developement of the story *always* at its commencement, and *generally* at its conclusion, committed to narrative, and usually entrusted to an inferior performer, the immeasurable length of the speeches in the dialogue, the absence of all vehement action in the scenes, or *practical* catastrophe on the stage, are points of invariable and original agreement, that not only assimilate, but in a measure identify the French and classical dramas with each other.

The points of dissimilitude are few and unimportant, and, as we before remarked, arise rather from the difference of manners necessarily modified by the lapse of ages, than from any inherent discrepancy either in the conception of the authors or the taste of the audience. The predominance of love\* as the principal agent among the passions, the consequent superiority of female interest in French plays, the bienséance of the heroes who appear to have changed sexes with the heroines, (the latter being licensed to rant, while the former are permitted only to whine,) the official niceties of court etiquette, preserved alike amid the courts of Epirus,† Babylon,‡ Rome,§ and Constantinople,|| where they were all alike unknown, are features of the French drama impossible not to be recognized as national; but the difference produced by them is (to borrow the language of the schools) modal, not essential; they leave the general resemblance unaltered; the unity of their character, principle, and structure unbroken. Such was the school that, at the period of which we speak, held the balance of dramatic criticism suspended with a lofty hand, and pronounced all the theatres in Europe barbarous but her own.

Of the classical drama, on which it was founded, it may not be amiss to add a few words—to assist the inquiries of those who may be desirous of ascertaining why, supported as it has been by scholars and critics, it can never become popular on the modern stage?

The basis of ancient tragedy is mythology—and that mythology, long exploded, can now scarcely afford a striking illustration to the theme of a school-boy, much less a popular subject for tragedy;—what, according to Gibbon, was viewed by contemporary philo-

\* Voltaire, in the preface to his *Merope*, expresses his astonishment at the success of his play, because the interest was not founded on what the French call love.

† *Andromaque*.

‡ *Semiramide*.

§ *Titus*.

|| *Bajazet*.

Abbé le Blanc gives a humorous defence of the politesse of the French stage, which he, perhaps, thought very serious. 'I am sure there is nothing half so insipid in *Titus*, or any of Racine's effeminate heroes, as in the title which Dryden gives to his celebrated tragedy "All for Love, or The World Well Lost,"'

sophers with cold and jealous scepticism, is viewed by modern readers with incredulous disdain. This mythology, always offensive to reason, cannot be considered entitled to much respect for its morality.—The gods who (always visibly or invisibly present) constitute the whole *matériel* of the drama, are beings whom, as mortal, we should feel disposed to execrate, and whom their rank of deity only makes us view with greater horror;—they are all malignant, vindictive, and meanly jealous of their prescriptive privileges of sacrifice and worship; in passion they are below mortals, in power they are fatally superior to them. In this system, religion and morality are completely disjoined;—the deities frequently impel to the commission of the most atrocious crimes, and *their anger is never excited by the breach of moral duties.*

In these plays all the excitement that might be derivable from the operation of the passions, or the influence of character, is necessarily suspended. It is not the agitation of the human mind, but the hostile agency of the gods, we are called on to witness;—the fate of the personages is decided from the commencement of the drama, and often announced in the prologue by the gods themselves.

If one overpowering and tremendous impression of the power of the deities (abstracted from all ideas of their justice or their beneficence) were the result of these exhibitions, the grandeur of the impression might atone for its falsity and immorality. But nothing like this terrible singleness of view can occur in the perusal of the Greek tragedy. The gods (who have all the littleness of mortality among themselves, as well as in their mortal transactions) are as much at variance with each other as they are with their human victims.

One final observation occurs to us on the subject of the Greek drama, grounded, like the rest, on that false mythology which pervades its whole essence. Of all the various views under which human misery can be beheld, that is surely the most overpowering which denies it all the consolations of conscious rectitude, and all the hope of future reward. The gods of the Greek drama are so intently occupied in aggravating the miseries of human existence, that they seem never to have time or inclination to afford their victims or their favourites a hope of expiation or relief from futurity. This, it may be said, was their national creed—granted;—but does not the concession aggravate the difficulty, by proving a total want of the sensibility not only of poetical justice, but of moral feeling, in both the author and the audience? All around the personages of their tragedies is suffering—all beyond them is darkness.—In a word, the Greek drama presents an actual moral desert, without one fertile spot to cheer the traveller, not even a *mirage* to allure him by its seductive brilliancy.

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Were we to take our estimate of the effect of the French and classical drama on the English, from the simple and obvious truth, that previous to their introduction our drama had attained its present distinction, and since that period its decline has been rapid and total, it might seem enough,—but we conceive this can be more successfully proved by a brief recurrence to our dramatic history. To enable us to judge of the causes that rendered the early writers so eminent, we must take a view not only of their mental powers, whose admitted superiority was doubtless the first of those causes, but also of the circumstances under which those powers were exercised, of the state of society and literature under which they existed, of the prevalent habits of thinking at that period, and the influence which these causes produced on their writings.

The Reformation had introduced an unbounded freedom of thought—the most awful subjects had been rendered familiar, they were the topics of lonely meditation, and of public discussion;—the same license was probably extended to every other subject that the human mind can grasp or retain—the key of knowledge was wrested from the jealous and tenacious hands of the Romish priesthood, the doors of the temple were thrown open, all were invited to enter, and multitudes obeyed the call.

Men thus born amid controversy, and brought up among the perpetual fluctuations of opposite opinions, are of all others most apt to think and write for themselves. This was eminently the case with the dramatic writers before whom life lay open in all its exhaustless varieties. They were literary *αυτοχθόνες*, they *had no precedent* to look to, for they were themselves the originators of the English drama; no *authority to regard*, for though some of them were ‘scholars, and ripe and good ones,’ not one, with the exception perhaps of Jonson, conceived the idea of prescribing as a standard the drama of distant ages and remote nations: they *had no dread of their audience*—the theatres were frequented by men who, satisfied with the faithful representation of passions and manners, paid little regard to those rules by which succeeding critics have tried to restrain the enthusiasm of composition, or the sympathy of attention, to teach writers that they must please, not by consulting nature but art,—and spectators that they should be satisfied not when they feel they *are* pleased, but when they are informed (and sometimes they need the information) that they *ought* to be. Every variety of passion, however unfit to be exposed, and every modification of character, however difficult to be traced, enter into their representations, which include the whole of human existence. Many incidents in life are mean and trivial, yet they stoop to record them; many passions are foul and loathsome, yet they do not shrink from painting them;—  
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they excel in the representation of mental debility, and of mental derangement, not in a ranting explosion of scenical violence, but in its deep, definite, and settled complexion, not as the passing cloud of the soul, but as its darkened and condensed atmosphere, ‘where the light is as darkness.’ They *turn not aside for danger or delight*;—if their drama requires change of place, they waft the spectator without hesitation from Athens to Thebes—if it demands a lapse of years, their first act shews their hero in the weakness of infancy, and their last in the dotage of decrepitude.

The talents of these great writers favoured them much, but the state of the age favoured them also. The moral sensibility of the times, though sufficiently acute to sympathize in natural feelings, was by no means refined: provided moral justice was generally preserved, they little regarded poetical consistency, or even decorous representation: they could endure the sight of every crime provided it was finally punished; and sustain the view of every passion provided it was checked by conscience amid its triumph, and punished by remorse in its defeat. The writers knew what the audience could bear, and all they could bear was certainly laid on them—the last struggles of human feeling in its most direful extremities, the ravings of blasphemy, the impieties of atheism, the presence and actual agency of benevolent or malignant spirits, the whole energies of mortality, and the ‘powers of the world to come’ were brought in aid of the effect of their drama, and the effect certainly did not disappoint them.

The return of Charles produced a revival of the theatre, which had been suppressed by the rigour of the Puritans, and the age became fertile in dramatic poets. But they had lost the independence of character, the liberty of thought, the poetic *παρρησία* that distinguished their predecessors. The writer was no longer a man who enjoyed the unforced and gratuitous effusions of his genius, and committed his cause with fearless confidence to posterity; he was become a venal scribbler, grasping at ephemeral notoriety, flattering wickedness in high place, and bartering his birthright of fame for a paltry pittance often withheld by caprice, or embittered by insult.

In the writings of these men, there is a strange mixture of licentiousness and poetry, of genius and depravity. The French court had taught them gallantry, but not refinement; they eagerly imbibed all of evil which their teachers could communicate, without the palliatives which those teachers are so dexterous in administering, their gay, easy wit, their apparent heedlessness of the mischief they do, their art in withdrawing our attention from their *object*, and fixing it on their *manner*, and their power of giving to the result of deep and painful reflexion, the air of a superficial remark,

mark, or an extemporaneous sally. By these writers *love* is painted only in its physical raptures, beauty its sole incitement, and fruition its only reward; *virtue* (or, as they write it, *vertue*) is employed to signify neither moral excellence in the abstract, nor one of its modes separately exercised, but merely the assemblage of qualities good and bad that exist in the character to which the term is applied, and honour is represented in a whimsical suit of ill-assorted and incongruous appointments, like a *preux chevalier* of the feudal age, accoutred in the flowing wig, the lace cravat, and the shoe-roses of a gallant in the court of Louis Quatorze, turbulent, warlike and ferocious like the one, full of quaint terms, florid courtesy, and amatory compliment like the other.

The loose opinions of the age with regard to religion are easily discoverable; the usual topics employed even by dramatic writers, of a dependence on the wisdom of the Deity for the ultimate solution of the difficulties of life, of support under its inflictions here, and a confidence of remuneration for its sufferings hereafter, those general palliatives of human wretchedness which the good are anxious to minister, and the miserable are willing to receive, are utterly banished from their pages. In lieu of these we find perpetually occurring the names of fate, destiny, and chance—mysterious words—by whose assistance men under every dispensation have helped themselves to believe that their crimes and sufferings might be ascribed to any agency but their own—with these is mingled a frequent reference to the influence of *the stars*, the belief of which was strongly operative even in that age of irreligion, so closely united are the extremes of superstition and infidelity.

Dryden was one of the first to pay his homage to the new taste by writing his plays in rhyme, a task easy to him from his affluence of language, and his power of confining reasoning within the bounds of verse, but evidently imposed from the practice of the French, whose poverty of imagination or of language allows no difference between poetry and prose but that which is made by rhyme. His example was attempted to be followed by Lee, Otway, and Sir Robert Howard; nor did these writers confine their imitations solely to rhythmical modulation; they began to borrow the *topics*, though not the *conduct*; the *manners*, though not the *passions*, of their plays, from the French. Heroes declaim in elaborate antitheses on the respective claims of passion and duty, and heroines reply in speeches where the *pour et contre* is stated with technical precision in a nearly equal number of verses, with precedents and cases in point from reports of adjudged causes in the court of Cupid. Those who have curiosity or patience to consult the Indian Emperor, the Conquest of Grenada, and Aurengzebe, will find ample proof of the pertinacity of these amorous disputants; the Amazonian  
heroines

heroines will never be won by those who cannot conquer them in argument, and the heroes return hit for hit with all the expertness of Priuce Prettyman and his tailor.

The usurpations of French authority were, however, still confined to the externals of the English drama; its peculiar tone of passion and its poetry had escaped: the powerful imagination of the English writers burst through the restraints imposed on the language and manners of the stage; they still thought and taught others to reason, they still felt and compelled their audiences to feel:—the argumentative and often sublime poetry of Dryden, the wild, but sometimes thrilling pathos of Lee, the lulling tenderness, and the simple nature of Southerne, prove that all was not lost. In the next age, however, the oppression became complete; Rowe acknowledged it by relinquishing the freedom of style that had distinguished his first and most animated production, 'The Ambitious Step-mother:' and Addison confirmed it by his *Cato*, a performance which may be allowed to make ample amends for all the irregularities of the English tragedies that had dared to touch our hearts; a tragedy reformed according to the strictest canon of classical orthodoxy, and in which the critic (unless he be as merciless as Denuis) can complain of nothing but the omission of a chorus.<sup>1</sup> During this period of coffee-house critics (viz. from the reign of Anne to that of George II.) we find but one tragedy that has become a permanent addition to the stage, Young's *Revenge*—and that play (a lesson to the unsuccessful pupils of the French school) founded not on the fate of kings, or the vicissitudes of empire, but on the powerful operation of individual passion in domestic life; while the other plays of the author, (*Busiris* and the *Brothers*,) though written (like all he wrote) with high poetical talent, and embellished with all the splendour of sententious morality, have been consigned to oblivion. During this period there was no deficiency of dramatic writers, and of writers whose names still survive with all the lustre of poetical reputation: there was only a total deficiency of those powers which have learned the secret of pleasing not from art but from nature, which aim to delight or to terrify not by the observation of rules, but of passions and of life.

We had a Thomson, whose exquisite pencil, while it could paint all the forms of inanimate existence, and give to nature almost the same beauty in the closet that she possesses in the fields, lost all its magic colouring and picturesque fidelity when it attempted to sketch the forms of life—his *landscapes live*, his *groups* are *corsets*. There is much mention of liberty in his plays and some talk of love; but who was ever kindled by his patriotism, or melted by his passion?

We had a Johnson, whose mighty mind, while it derided the

restraint of artificial tactics, submitted to undergo their discipline and pace in their ranks. There is, however, a kind of reluctant grandeur in his submission. But Johnson, with his gigantic faculties of reasoning, his unequalled penetration of life, and his extensive resources of metrical combination, had no power of affecting the passions. No philosopher can be easily a dramatic poet; in his most acute dissection of human feelings there will be a technical coldness that marks the lectures of a *professor*,—he will write not to make men feel, but to make them learn; the height to which he is elevated will prevent his participation in the views which he exhibits; the storms burst far below his feet, and his representations of them tend rather to make the audience analyse the abstract causes of passion, than to shudder at its visible effects.

We had a Glover and a Mason, who exhibit with sufficient strength the example of perverted genius which we are confirming by these multiplied instances. They seem (especially the latter) to have been men of poetical powers, and the Caractacus of Mason has left us something like a display of fresh and luxuriant foliage interspersed amid the leaves of a *hortus siccus*. The faded colours of the ancient drama revive under his touch, as the paintings of Pompeii are said to resume the vividness of their tints on the affusion of water, and to lose it again when the humidity ceases. It is unnecessary to say how many authors failed in their dramatic attempts from the same cause, unless the warning might be useful to future adventurers.

The history of the stage, indeed, at this period, is as melancholy as the diary of a consumption; the audience yawned at their Sophonisbas, Clytemnestras, Eurydices, and Elviras;—the critics consulted the rules, to be instructed in their verdict—the poet quoted Greece and France in his defence—and the town left them to settle the dispute in empty theatres.

This too was the age of the Franklins, the Murphys, and the Dows, of Roman Fathers and Grecian Daughters, of Sethonas, Cleonices, and Matildas—The English Genius was forced to mince her step, and modulate her accent like Achilles in petticoats—Jephson wrote with occasional spirit, but Jephson was not the Ulysses to discover the latent hero, and restore him to his sex and his majesty. To this lowest state of depression has English tragedy sunk, we say *has sunk*, because the kind of Galvanic existence bestowed on it of late years by the German writers, is by no means an unequivocal symptom of natural vitality. The poets of this age are not likely to be skilful prescribers in this desperate case. They are too gloomy, metaphysical and recherchés, too much wrapt up in their own peculiar conceptions, to attend to those broad and general delineations of life and pas-

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sion that are required in dramatic exhibition. Of those to whom the tragic drama may look with hope of its revival, we confess we cannot regard the author of the *Apostate* as likely to be one. This play has been successful in representation, but that success which arises from a skilful adaptation of character to the powers of a popular tragedian, and an incidental felicity in the use of local allusion and temporary topics of interest, is not what can claim genius for the poet, or celebrity for his performance. The enthusiasm that is felt by an audience for a beautiful and interesting actress extends in some degree to the characters she supports; and thus a play may follow triumphantly in the wake of popularity, and assume the distinction which it only shares:—but the reader feels no enthusiasm of this kind, the attractive names in the *Dramatis Personæ* have no charms for him, and a play must be estimated in the closet not by its borrowed but its genuine powers of giving delight. This tragedy certainly possesses one merit,—that of preserving unrenitted interest in the progress of the narrative from the first act to the last; the dramatic excitement never ceases or languishes, it is supported by a rapid succession of events which, though destitute of intrinsic novelty, are at least varied; and by a catastrophe which, though common-place, is certainly unexpected—this is a great and necessary art in dramatic composition; without it poetry fatigues, and passion exhausts us—but still it is rather an art than a talent, it savours more of the experience of the mechanist than of the inspiration of the poet. But let us estimate it as we may, its use on the stage is as indispensable as its effect is resistless, and that which produces a powerful effect must be allowed to possess some share of merit. There are also some prettinesses of composition diffused through the piece—the versification does not resemble that of any other author, and in this age of *schools*, not to be a plagiarist is to be not wholly without praise. The great defect of the piece is that compared with which all other defects are trivial—it is that of mediocrity—there is nothing of the ‘*mens divini*or,’ nor of the ‘*os magna sonaturum*:’ when we compare the strength of the situations with the feebleness of the poetry, we are half tempted to believe that one author sketched the plot, and another furnished the language, as great painters are said to trace the outlines of their figures and leave the colouring to their pupils.

There is nothing new in the characters.—Hemeya, Malec and Florinda, are Jaffier, Pierre and Belvidera over again; the same iteration of stubborn haughtiness, contemptible facility and mischievous officiousness. It is usual with inferior writers always to confine their characters to certain *casts* which they never lose without a forfeiture of all their powers and privileges:—their villains, like Pescara, are without ‘mitigation or remorse,’ their lovers



without common sense or natural feeling, their priests always superstitious, their tyrants like Bajazets and Herods, and their heroines always beautiful, agonized, much afflicted with fainting fits, and sorely inclined to hereditary madness:—there is no shadowing, no keeping, no perspective in their paintings,—their representations of character and passion are purely *generic*, there is no discrimination of kindred qualities, no dissection of complicated feelings, no operation of mingled motives, all objects appear in the same *plane*, without prominence and without relief. Poverty of imagination is always leading such writers to grasp at any subject of local interest for support, and therefore generally leads them into improprieties. Thus a ranting declamation against the Inquisition is put into the mouth of a Moslem, one of that religion which teaches its professors to propagate their faith with the koran in one hand and the sword in the other. St. Dominic himself, with Torquemada to help him, would have met with his match for persecution in Mahomet—his disciples might well spare us their lectures on religious liberty. There is something too like the cowardice of conscious weakness in delighting to attack what none attempt to defend.

Upon the whole, this play with the powerful assistance of eminent actors and scenical illusion, and burning palaces, and processions with towers of the Inquisition in perspective, and Moors who preach the Gospel to Christians just as they are going to be burnt for not believing it, and half-mad, half-poisoned, heroines who visit their lovers in dungeons with wreaths of flowers on their heads, may produce an effect on the stage,—but what effect will it produce in the closet?

We had purposed to extend our criticisms to the tragedies of Bertram, Manuel, and others of recent date; but circumstances, with which we will not trouble the reader, have (for the present, at least) compelled us to forego our design.

ART. XI.—*France*. By Lady Morgan. 4to. pp. 375. London. 1817.

**F**RANCE! Lady Morgan appears to have gone to Paris by the high road of Calais and returned by that of Dieppe. In that capital she seems to have resided about four months, and thence to have made one or two short excursions; and with this extent of ocular inspection of that immense country, she returns and boldly affixes to her travelling memoranda diluted into a quarto volume, the title of *FRANCE!* One merit, however, the title has—it is appropriate to the volume which it introduces, for to falsehood it adds the other qualities of the work,—vagueness, bombast, and affectation. This does not surprize us, and will not surprize our readers when they

they are told that Lady Morgan is no other than the *ci-devant* Miss Owenson, the author of those tomes of absurdity—those puzzles in three volumes, called *Ida of Athens*, the *Missionary*, the *Wild Irish Girl*, and that still wilder rhapsody of nonsense, *O'Donnell*—which served Miss Plumptre, kindred soul! in her famous tour through Ireland,\* as an introduction to society, a history of the country, and a book of the post-roads.

Lady Morgan remembers—with more anger than profit—the advice which we gave her in our first Number on the occasion of *Ida of Athens*; and, in the Preface to her present publication, treats us with the most lofty indignation—she informs us, that we made ‘one of the most hastily composed and insignificant of her early works, a vehicle for accusing her of licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism. To cure her (she adds) of these vices, we presented a nostrum of universal efficacy; and prescribed (by the way Lady Morgan’s language smells vilely of the shop since her marriage) a simple remedy, a spelling-book and a pocket-dictionary, which, superadded to a little common sense, was to render her that epitome of female excellence, whose price Solomon has declared above riches.’—p. viii.

There is an inveterate obliquity in Lady Morgan’s mind, which prevents her from perceiving, or stating a fact as it really exists. In copying our *recipe* (to accommodate our language to her ear) she has omitted the principal ingredient. We were not so lightly impressed with the danger of her case, as to suppose that it might be alleviated by a spelling-book and a vocabulary only: there was, *as she well knows*, another BOOK, which we recommended her to add to the list; and it was on the humble and serious study of this, (need we add that we spoke of the BIBLE?) that we mainly relied for that amendment in her head and heart, which her deplorable state seemed to render so desirable.

In the wantonness of folly she tells us, that, in ‘pursuance of our advice, she set forth “like Cœlebs in search of a wife,”’—not quite, as we shall prove to Lady Morgan before we have done with her—‘and, with her ENTICK in one hand, and her MAJOR in the other, obtained the reward of her improvements, in the person of a Doctor Morgan; and, in spite of “the seven deadly sins,” which the Quarterly Review laid to her charge, is become, she trusts, a respectable, and, she is sure, a happy mistress of a family.’ Lady Morgan does well to speak thus modestly of the former part of her position:—of the latter, she may be as positive as she pleases. Happiness is a relative term, or, as it is more correctly explained by Slender to his cousin Shallow, *thereafter as it may be*. We

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\* Quarterly Review, No. XXXII. Art. III.

have no reason to believe that all the captives of Circe were unhappy. But to proceed—

‘The slander thus hurled at her happily fell hurtless; the enlightened public,’ as she informs us, ‘by its countenance and favour, acquitted her of all the charges; placed her in a *definite* rank among authors, and in no undistinguished circle of society.’ As the climax of her triumph over us, she boasts that O’Donnell has been translated into three languages. *What* three languages she does not state; but if the *English* be one of them, we humbly beg to be informed where the work is to be had, that, by the help of the said translation, we may have the pleasure of opening its treasures to our readers.

Lady Morgan, in the passages just quoted, seems strangely anxious to persuade the world that we accused her of *personal* licentiousness, profligacy, &c. but she does both us and herself injustice. We spoke then, as we shall do now, only of her works. We disclaim all personal acquaintance with Lady Morgan—we never saw her; and, except as a book manufacturer, know absolutely nothing about her—and it is not without sincere pain that we feel ourselves obliged to repeat, on the occasion of her *latest and most important* work, the same charges, (but with increased severity and earnestness,) which were forced from us by her *earliest and most insignificant*.

Before we proceed to show how little Lady Morgan is mended of Miss Owenson’s graver faults, and how very like FRANCE is to *Ida of Athens*, we must notice a more venial error which we formerly recommended for correction, and which we lament to find as bad as ever. Lady Morgan’s readers will recollect that almost the only intelligible passages in her former works were those in which, confessing that her manuscript was ‘illegible,’ she assured us, that *many* of the errors were merely errors of the *press*; and we therefore thought it not inexpedient to suggest to this young lady, (such, ten years ago, we supposed her to be,) the advantage of taking a few lessons in ‘joined-hand’ in order to ‘become legible.’ On the subject of this friendly hint we are sorry to find her still very wrathful, though she affects to receive such criticism with all the dispassionate coolness of Sir Fretful Plagiary: but her *bitter gratitude* carries her too far, when she says that she has profited by our lesson so much, as to have learned to write legibly; or, as she expresses it, ‘to have received a reward’ (viz. Dr. Morgan) ‘for her *caligraphic* acquirements.’ Unfortunately for her veracity, we find, in the very next page, the following flat contradiction of this assertion, and downright denial of her *caligraphy*.

‘The publisher feels himself called upon to state that the delay which has taken place in the appearance of this work has arisen, in the first

first place, from the *very illegible* state in which the manuscript was transmitted to him, and which therefore required twice the usual time to print.'—*Advertisement*.

This, we must observe, is the publisher's reply to an accusation made against him by the writer, of having '*intirely* caused a delay equally injurious to the interests of the work, and to the reputation of the author:' but this attack on her publisher is, in truth, rather intended to afford an excuse for Lady Morgan's own errors, and to give a colour to the stale apologies by which she has already *more than once* endeavoured to lay her own blunders to the charge of her printer. She tells us, that—

'The following pages have been composed between the months of November and March, from the heads of a Journal kept with regularity during my residence in France, in the year 1816, and having *bound myself* to my publisher to be ready for the press before April, I was obliged to compose à trait de plume, to send off the sheets chapter by chapter, without the power of detecting repetitions by comparison, and without the hope of correction from the perusal of proof sheets.'—p. vi.

This indiscreet squabble (*bellum plusquam civile*) between the author and the publisher, lets the world a little too much behind (as she would call it) the typographical scene: the uninitiated will be shocked to find that the sylphid Miss Owenson, the elegant Lady Morgan, is in fact a mere bookseller's drudge, (we tremble as we write it!) and that this large and valuable quarto volume, so pleasantly denominated *France*, was written under contract, to be delivered, like other Irish provisions, between the months of November and March.

Lady Morgan treats our former strictures as '*unfounded calumnies*,' and with great acrimony appeals from our judgment to that of (what she calls) the public; namely, the '*no undistinguished circle*' in which she lives, and the buz of which she fancies to be the voice of renown. As on the present occasion we are obliged to renew, with increased force, all our charges against the former works of this lady, we may be sure that she will be still more indignant; and it therefore behoves us to proceed methodically, and lay the case more fully before the public than we formerly thought it worth while to do: but to anticipate Lady Morgan's future complaints of falsehood, scurrility, and calumny, we shall take the precaution of judging her, absolutely and literally, out of her own mouth: *she shall be her own critic*; all the severity which we shall use will be to quote her own words, and all that we shall think it necessary to do will be to arrange our extracts under the particular heads to which they seem to belong. We trust our readers will excuse us for paying so much attention to what they will find to be so worthless a publication; but the subject of that publication

is important, and the manner in which Lady Morgan treats it deserves the severest reprehension.

Our charges (to omit minor faults) fall readily under the heads of—Bad taste—Bombast and Nonsense—Blunders—Ignorance of the French Language and Manners—General Ignorance—Jacobinism—Falsehood—Licentiousness, and Impiety.—These, we admit, are no light accusations of the work; but we undertake, as we have said, to prove them from Lady Morgan's own mouth.

**BAD TASTE.**—The work is composed in the most confused manner, and written in the worst style—if it be not an abuse of language, to call that a *style*, which is merely a jargon. There is neither order in the subjects nor connection between the parts. It is a huge aggregation of disjointed sentences so jumbled together, that we seriously assert that no injury will be done to the volume by beginning with the last chapter and reading backwards to the first; and yet it has all the affectation of order: it is divided into *parts*, and the *parts* into *books*; and each *book* has a running *title*, as 'Society,' 'Peasantry,' &c. But Lady Morgan has a very convenient way of getting rid of the trammels of order to which a division into *parts* and *books* might have subjected her excursive genius—she every here and there breaks off her subject and, interposing a long line of asterisks, thus—

\* \* \* \* \*

proceeds to any other topic which occurs to her. In her first book there are no less than sixteen of these gaps, and if there had been a gap wherever there was a breach in the order of narration, or a change of subject, there would have been several hundreds. As to the running titles of her book, these are convertible amongst themselves, and the chapters which are called 'Peasantry' might be quite as truly denominated 'Paris,' and vice versa.

Of these statements, we cannot, from the nature of the case, lay before our readers such distinct proofs as we shall upon other points. To give them a full idea of the disorder in which Lady Morgan has flung out her observations, our Article must have been as long as her volume. Of her bad taste in other respects instances will be found hereafter, but one is too remarkable not to be here especially quoted. *Lady Morgan despises Racine*: to be sure, he was guilty, in her eyes, of the atrocious offence of piety; and for this she rather more than sufficiently sneers at his imbecillity.

'Dieu m'a fait la grâce, (says the *feeble* Racine to Madame de Maintenon,) en quelque compagnie que je me suis trouvé, de ne jamais rougir de l'évangile ni du roi.' 'Racine, who associates the king and the Gospel so intimately in his familiar letters, talks in his work on the Port-Royal of the great designs of God on the mère Agnès, (one of the founders of that religious community,) such was the intellectual *calibre* of the author of *Phédra*.' (Phèdre).—Part i. 48.

But

But her rage against his memory is carried so far that, in defiance of the unanimous voice of France, and the assent of all Europe, and in contempt of a century of fame, she (Lady Morgan, who does not understand his language, and cannot write correctly the name of his best known tragedy) has the wonderful audacity to pronounce him no poet!—ii. 95, 98.

BOMBAST and NONSENSE.—This also would be a very long chapter if we were to do full justice to our subject, but we shall only select a specimen or two.

—A clock gives rise to the following observations.

‘To count time by its *artificial* divisions, is the resource of inanity. The unoccupied ignorance of the very lowly, and the inevitable *ennui* of the very elevated, alike find their account in consultations with a time-piece. It is in the hour-glass of energy and of occupation, that the sand is always found lying neglected at the bottom.’—i. p. 37.

—Some profound remarks on national character are introduced in this simple, elegant, and intelligible manner.

‘National *idiosyncrasy* must always receive its first colouring from the influence of soil and of climate; and the *moral* characteristics of every people be resolvable into the peculiar constitution of their *physical* structure. Religion and government, indeed, give a powerful direction to the principles and modes of civilized society, and debase or elevate its inherent qualities, by the excellence or defect of their own institutes. But the complexional features of the race remain fixed and unchanged, the original impression of nature is never effaced.’—i. p. 85.

—The following pathetic exclamation breaks forth at the sight of some tulips growing at a cottage door in France.

‘Oh! (these groans are very frequent with Lady Morgan,) ‘Oh! when shall I behold near the peasant’s hovel in my own country, (Ireland,) *other flowers* than the bearded *thistle*, which there waves its lonely head and scatters its down upon every passing blast, or the scentless *shamrock*, the unprofitable blossom of the soil which creeps to be trodden upon, and is gathered only to be plunged in the inebriating draught, commemorating annually the fatal illusions of the people, and drowning in the same tide of madness their emblems and their wrongs.’—i. 29.

We do not pretend to guess what this passage can mean; but we will readily pay Lady Morgan the compliment of saying that the flowers of her eloquence are just such *flowers* as the *thistle* and *shamrock*.

—Having a note to write in French she consults her footman, and, in return for his assistance, she compliments him with the title of an *illiterate literatus*, (p. 207.) an expression which we the more readily adopt into our language, as it seems to afford a generic name for the very class of writers to which Lady Morgan belongs;  
we

we really know not how we could better express her merits than by calling her an *illiterate literata*.

—Lady Morgan thinks the period at which she visited Paris was very favourable for observation—

‘The agitated surface, still heaving with recent commotion, was strewn with the relics of remote time thrown up from the bosom of oblivion.’—p. 109.

—Diderot had said, foolishly enough, that to paint a woman, you should dip your pen in the hues of the rainbow, and dry the writing with the dust of butterflies’ wings—Lady Morgan contrives to turn this silly hyperbole into still ranker nonsense.

‘To paint the character of a woman,’ says Diderot, ‘you must use the *feather of a butterfly’s wing*.’—i. 163.

BLUNDERS.—‘This also is a plentiful crop—we shall only amuse our readers with some samples of the article, which savour very strongly, not of French but Hibernian origin.

—During a royal visit to the theatre, at which Lady Morgan was present, she was afflicted with such a *squint* in her *mind’s eye* as to see

‘That the King and Royal Family occupied a *centre box on one side*.’ ii. p. 134.

—In her admiration of General La Fayette, she intends to dignify him with the title of *patriarch*, but by an unhappy ignorance of her own language contrives to make the general’s children and grand-children the *patriarchs*.

‘We found General La Fayette surrounded by his *patriarchal family*, his son and daughter-in-law, his two daughters and their husbands, and eleven grand-children.’—ii. p. 183.

—But this is not quite so extraordinary as the fact which she has discovered, that, in the families of the emigrant nobility, the children are all the same age or nearly so with their own parents; ‘the old emigrant nobility, and their scarcely younger offspring.’ (i. 113.) After this sensible exordium, she goes on to pour out a torrent of falsehood and jacobinism upon that ‘prejudiced,’ ‘ignorant,’ ‘selfish,’ ‘bloody’ and ‘revengeful faction,’ the royalists of France.—Although it does not belong to this part of the subject, we cannot refrain from asking Lady Morgan to instance one drop of blood shed by the emigrants since the restoration.

—The rights attached in most other countries to primogeniture, have been abolished in France. This fact Lady Morgan pleasantly blunders into the abolition of a practice which, except in the case of twins, has obtained in all countries since the world began.

‘There is no primogeniture in France!’—i. 22.

—In the same blundering way she transforms the ‘*Palais du sénat conservateur*,’

conservateur,' into the '*Palais conservateur*', (ii. 34.) a title which all the directories, councils and senates which have in turn inhabited it, regret that it so little deserves.

—The king's *surgeon*, because he was one of the *frères de la Charité*, she mistakes for the king's confessor, and on this low and stupid blunder of her own, insults Louis XVIII. and builds a comparison between the spiritual influence of the former and that of the *Père de la Chaise*, the confessor of Louis XIV.—ii. 131.

—Milton sings of *towers and battlements*,  
 'Where perhaps some beauty lies  
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.'

Our learned Lady believes that the place and not the beauty is the *cynosure*, and informs us that the court of the Grand Monarch

'Was the fatal cynosure of the women of France.'—i. 160.

—In the dispute between the real and pseudo Amphytrions in Molière's play, one of them, to establish his identity, appeals to the company whether he had not invited them to dinner, upon which Sosia, in pleasant ridicule of the way in which parasites decide in doubtful cases, says

'Le véritable Amphytrion  
 Est celui chez qui l'on dîne.'

This, Lady Morgan had heard, we presume, applied with pleasantry and success; and resolved to make the most of so good a joke, although she does not see where it lies, she quotes the words in a dozen different places, and in every one of them with about as much success as he of whom Joe Miller relates that he let fall a shoulder of mutton and then begged pardon for a *lapsus lingue*.

'Cider is not held in any estimation by the *véritables* amphytrions of rural *savoir vivre*.'—i. 71.

'The Countess De Hossonville (who had invited Lady Morgan to breakfast) was the *véritable* amphytrion of this delightful day.'—i. 229.

The other instances are equally pointless and absurd.

#### IGNORANCE OF FRENCH LANGUAGE and MANNERS.

—The allegation that the manuscript was illegible and the long list of Errata prefixed to the work, induced us to impute to *mistake* a thousand instances which we might otherwise have introduced under this head; but enough remains to show, that of the manners of France ancient or modern, and of the language, with which she so affectingly,—et usque ad nauseam,—interlards her pages, she is more ignorant than a boarding-school girl.

—She describes the cottages in Normandy as

'Deeply buried in their *bouquets d'arbres*, or *knots* of fruit and forest trees.'—i. p. 35.

If



If it were not for Lady Morgan's own officious translation we should have thought *bouquet*, nosegay, a mere error of the press for *bosquet*, a grove or tuft of trees; but, with the assistance of the translation, it becomes evident that Lady Morgan found the word *bosquet* in her notes, and not remembering what it meant she turned it into *bouquets*: but on consideration, not very well understanding what a *bouquet d'arbres* could mean, she recollects that *bouquet* is a *knot* of flowers and that it may therefore also be a *knot* of oaks.

—The word 'Menin,' the name of some young officers who attend the Dauphin of France, Lady Morgan translates the *minions* of the Dauphin, (i. p. 99). We could not guess where she found this strange mistranslation, but happening to look into Boyer's School Dictionary, we there found '*menin, minion*:' how it got there we cannot tell, but if Lady Morgan knew any thing of the French language or French history she would have known that the English minion comes from the French *mignon*, and that this name, in its peculiar, offensive meaning, was applied to Joyeuse, d'Espernon, &c. well known as '*the minions of Henry the Third*.'

In speaking of Buonaparte, Lady Morgan says—'He was quite a different personage to the few who had *les petites entrées*, and the many who had ONLY *les grandes*.'—i. p. 213.—The fact is itself false—and a story which Lady Morgan builds on it, is miserably silly; but we only quote the passage as a proof of her ignorance of the French language and manners. Deceived by the term *petites*, which seems to apply itself to the few, as *grandes* to the many, she reverses the true meaning of the words. The ordinary reception at court which is given to every body is called *les petites entrées*—the more intimate admission into the royal society is called *les grandes entrées*. This blunder is not a mere slip of the pen, for Lady Morgan repeats it in more than one place; and we notice it the rather, because, ignorant as it proves her to be of the very terms which were used in the old court of France, she on all occasions affects to be a nice critic in its etiquettes, and a severe censurer of its manners.

—We shall presently see how she can bungle a Greek name into something which is both Latin and French, and yet neither.—The whole Ægean family is fatal to poor Lady Morgan.—She assures us that she saw with her own eyes Gerin's (she means Guerin's) picture of Phædra and *Hyppolita*. She may have seen a picture; but she certainly could not have understood it, nor even have read Racine's play, from which it is taken.—The fact, we take to be, that this learned Lady's knowledge of the history of Theseus has been supplied by the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which there happens to be no Hypolitus, and to be an *Hyppolita*.

—Of

—Of the Place du Carrousel she says,

‘In 1622 Louis XIV. gave here his famous fête to Mad. La Valière, and strove to win her heart by flying Turks, whose sorties from the angles of the court, are said to have given it its present name, by a forced etymology of *Quarré-aux-ailes*, originating the modern appellation of *Carrousel*.’—ii. 24.

Here is a delightful bunch of blunders. The *Carrousel* is not a modern appellation—it was not first called by that name in the time of Louis XIV. It is derived not from *Quarré-aux-ailes*, but from *Carouse*, *Carousel*, meaning in old French, as in old English, feast, festivity; and Louis XIV. was not born for nearly twenty years after Lady Morgan describes him as a flying Turk.—Some French wag, seeing her taking notes, must have imposed this story on her simplicity.

—Lady Morgan is mightily familiar with the princesses, duchesses, countesses, &c. &c. of France, and intimates pretty roundly that her own ‘personal talents and celebrity’ obtained her admission into French society to which few if any other foreigners were received. i. 241, 242. Yet there is hardly one of those ‘dear,’ ‘beautiful,’ ‘gracious,’ and ‘witty’ friends, (for this is the coin in which she repays her entertainers,) whose name she can spell; and though she talks as familiarly of these Parisian ‘lions

As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs,’ she is so portentously ignorant as to confound the husband of her ‘dear’ friend Madame Lefebvre Desnouettes, with Lefebvre Duke of Danzick. ii. 258. Another ‘dear’ friend she calls the Duchess of Biron-Gonteau. She confounds Madame de Staal and Madame de Staël; calls the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe the daughter of the Duke de Richelieu, and throws away a wonderful deal of applause, meant for the painters Girodet, Gerard, and Guerin, upon three phantoms called Gerodet, Girard, and Gerin. She places *la bonne et bourgeoise Mad. Geoffrin*, as the French call her, in ‘the first class of nobility,’ to evince her acquaintance with the great; and in her rage for fine writing, talks of ‘*the glance of an ennuyée Du Deffand*.’ ii. 154. Madame Du Deffand was as well known for her blindness, as celebrated for her conversational and epistolary wit. These would be trivial mistakes, if they were not so numerous as to be the proofs of ignorance and not of inadvertency; and if they were not delivered in a tone of the most impertinent self-sufficiency.

—But amidst all her pyebald quotations and her arrogant criticism from French authors and on French language and society, a confession slips out which shows how well fitted she is to be the judge of such subjects: when she visited the Institute

‘She held in her hand the “*ordre des lectures* ;” and, though acquainted with

with the subjects which were to be discussed, she found it extremely difficult to follow the speakers, or rather the readers.'—ii. p. 161.

Notwithstanding this avowal, that she could not *follow*, that is, *understand*, what was said, though she was previously apprised of the subject of the discourses, she fearlessly gives an account of the several speeches, and finally concludes by condemning the whole Institute in a lump.

'Something wearied by the discordant and declamatory tones I had so long listened to, and not particularly edified or entertained by the subjects or compositions of the various discourses, I felt both my ear and spirits relieved by the breaking up of the Institute, which upon the whole gave me an impression little favourable to incorporated bodies of learning, or confraternities of taste.'—ii. p. 163.

And this condemnation of academies in general she supports by the shrewd observation, that 'neither Homer nor Ossian belonged to an academy.'—ii. 163.

We shall conclude this topic, with producing a witness whose authority Lady Morgan will not deny, namely, the translator, *hired by herself*, or, (to use the publisher's more gentle term,) *procured*, to bring out a Paris edition of her work.—On the occasion of some of her French scraps, the poor perplexed translator subjoins a note to say 'that, though the words are printed in the original to look like French, he honestly confesses he does not understand them.'—Vol. i. p. 84.—*French edition*. And he slyly adds, '*Nous sommes fâchés de ne pouvoir les TRADUIRE à nos lecteurs.*' It is, we believe, peculiar to Lady Morgan's works, that her English readers require an English translation of her English, and her French readers a French translation of her French.

GENERAL IGNORANCE.—This chapter would properly be a recapitulation of the greater part of the volume. As to quotation, we are in an absolute '*embarras de richesses*,' or, as we should rather say, *de pauvretés*: we must, therefore, take what we find next our hand.—She is told

'that in Auvergne, *LA Bretagne*, and *THE Béarnois*, the subject of the modern *idylliums* may be found not less touching, or *naïve*, than the ancient. Nor indeed are the *Theocriti* and *Sannazaris* of the *Théâtre des Vaudevilles et de la Variété*, unfaithful to their originals.'—p. 43.

We beg our readers to ponder a little on this passage, and to try to discover (for we cannot) why the French article should be prefixed to *La Bretagne*, and the English to *the Béarnois*—why the adjective *naïve* should be in the feminine gender and singular number, to agree with a plural neuter or masculine, we know not which? why this exact writer should talk so carefully of *Theocriti* and *Sannazaris*, and give the Greek name a Roman, and the Roman name an English declension? why, amid so much pretension to scholarship,

scholarship, she offends our ears with modern idylliums? and finally, why she supposes that Theocritus and Samnazarî wrote farces, and whereabouts in Paris she found the *Théâtre de la Variété*?

—But there is another writer for the stage, with whose plays Lady Morgan seems not much better acquainted than with the farces of Theocritus, we mean Shakspeare. ‘The belles lettres of national literature seem to come to the French youth as reading and writing did to *Touchstone*, by nature.’—p. 149. We do not recollect any thing in *As You Like It* which resembles this, and we vehemently suspect that Lady Morgan alludes to the observation of our old friend Dogberry; which she may have *heard* quoted in company: if she had *read* the admirable scene in which it is to be found, she could not have forgotten it.

—Lady Morgan is desperately enamoured of Buonaparte and all his generals, for which, indeed, the best excuse seems to be that she knows little or nothing about them. In page 214 she tells a flaming story of the devoted attachment of General Rapp to Napoleon, which story is probably a fabrication; but in the course of it, to excite a greater interest in favour of her hero, she calls him a *veteran*. Unhappily for Lady Morgan’s accuracy, Rapp was hardly thirty when he was made aide-de-camp to Buonaparte; even now he cannot be more than forty-five years of age, and the circumstance, if any thing like it ever occurred, must have taken place ten years ago; and if Lady Morgan had looked with attention at some of the pictures which she so flippantly attempts to describe, (ii. 21.) she could not have forgotten the figure of Rapp, which is any thing but that of a veteran.

—But her ignorance upon all other subjects is a blaze of light—her arrangement is the perfection of lucid order, compared with the confusion which she makes of every thing connected with the reign of Louis XIV. (a portion of history the best known even to ordinary readers) and her floundering efforts to persuade the world of the meanness and pride, prodigality and penury, refinement and bad taste of that too-long-mistaken monarch, and of his so much boasted age.

She begins, as we have seen, by exhibiting him at a masquerade twenty years before he came into the world;—she would have had him a patron of learning at the same early period, and she is mightily indignant that he waited to be born before he began to patronize Molière.

‘Amid the false glare which has been flung over the reign of Louis XIV. the ascribing a more than proportionate share of talent to the day he flourished, and the attributing its existence to the munificent patronage of the sovereign, are positions equally false and unfounded;—Molière had already nearly *ran* (run) his great career of glory, and was crowned

crowned with fame and opulence beyond his desires, before his pieces formed the amusement of the Court—He was already entertaining the Marshals of France at his villa near Paris, when the sun of royal favour first turned its rays upon him.—When he first arrived with his troupe in Paris in 1635, he played at the sign of La Croix Blanche, in the Faubourg of St. Germain—He did not receive his patent from the king for his theatre till 1660.—ii. 115, 116.

Louis was born in 1638, so that he could hardly have seen Molière at the Croix Blanche in 1635; and it seems his tardy patronage of Molière commenced when he was only twenty-two years old. And Lady Morgan, it appears, does not consider the *Tartuffe*, the *Misanthrope*, *L'Ecole des Femmes*, *L'Ecole des Maris*, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, or *Le Médecin malgré lui*, as contributing to Molière's glory, as they were all produced under the royal countenance.

—In two several places she mentions Cardinal Richelieu as the minister of Louis XIV. (ii. 116—150); and to his councils she attributes the vanity and despotic disposition of that monarch. Louis must indeed have had earlier and more extraordinary talents than even the flatterers whom Lady Morgan so indignantly censures, attribute to him, as he was only four years old when the Cardinal died.

—If she is ignorant of the time when this remarkable sovereign was born, she is no less so of that of his death; for she gravely assures us that she herself saw and conversed with or was present at a conversation between two officers who had served in the armies of Louis XIV. or, as she impudently calls them, in the revolutionary jargon which insults age and loyalty, 'two *voltigeurs de Louis XIV.*' (i. 117.) As these gentlemen go to court and walk up and down the stairs of the Tuileries, Lady Morgan cannot suppose them to be more than eighty years of age; and if they were only fifteen when they began to serve, it follows that according to Lady Morgan's chronology, Louis (dancing with his mistress in 1622, and living till 1750) must have attained the age of at least 150 years. And all this ignorance she betrays in her blundering and mischievous anxiety to ridicule the ancient nobility, men as respectable for their early loyalty as for their subsequent devotion to their duties.

—In the same way she fancies that the battle of Fontenoy was fought in the reign of Louis XIV.; and she has here divested herself of the shift to which she usually has recourse,—of laying the blame on the printer for substituting that monarch instead of Louis XV.; for in the same spirit of ridiculing all that belonged to the ancient monarchy, she laughs immoderately at the bloodless and inglorious campaigns of Louis XV. *les campagnes à la rose*, (i. 115.) as she calls them. We presume that even Lady Morgan's ignorance cannot

cannot mean to treat the battle of Fontenoy as a 'campagne couleur de rose,' which is what she must mean by her jargon of *campagnes à la rose*.

—After this our readers will not be surprized to find that 'the great Condé' was incarcerated in Vincennes, and that

'his original crime, and the cause perhaps of all his after errors, was his devotion to a beautiful wife whom he refused to resign to the romantic passion of—Henry the VIth.'

This is certainly the best apology we have yet heard for the errors of the great Condé; but we fear that it cannot be admitted to be valid by those who, like ourselves, venture to believe that the great Condé was not born, and of course (we presume) not married, till many years after the death of the supposed paramour of his 'beautiful wife.'

—Lady Morgan is equally well informed in architectural history.

'The palace of the Tuileries, *as it now stands*, was built by Catherine de Medicis, in 1564. It is curious to observe, that in the apartments of the rez de chaussée occupied by Catherine de Medicis, Napoleon Buonaparte, ex-king of Rome, held his fairy court; and while the baby king dispensed smiles and sugar-plums in *one of the wings* of the palace, the holy representative of St. Peter lavished demi-francs and benedictites from the windows of the other.'—ii. 28, 29.

Catherine, unluckily, did *not* build the Tuileries *as they now stand*; she began the palace, but it was not till the degraded reign of Louis XIV. that it was finished *as it now stands*: and we are sorry to be obliged to spoil Lady Morgan's excellent jokes upon the Pope, who lavished his benedictités from one *wing*, while young Napoleon dispensed sugar-plums from Catherine de Medicis' apartments on the rez de chaussée (how topographically accurate Lady Morgan is!) in the *other wing*. Alas! the wings are precisely those parts which were not built nor even begun till after Catherine's death.

—With equal accuracy she describes another palace.

'The Palais Bourbon, one of the most splendid palaces in Europe, was built by Louis XIV. for his natural daughter, the Princesse de Condé, after the design of Gerardin.

'Although the origin of its foundation be now forgotten,' (*which it is not, except by Lady Morgan who pretends to remember it,*) 'the Hotel de Bourbon, or the Palais du Corps Législatif, whatever name it may bear, must always be a monument of interest, and an object of admiration: its *Corinthian* portico; its *Grecian* peristyle; its elegant pavilions; its vestibules; its colonnades, &c. &c. *still remain*.'—ii. p. 9.

This whole passage is a tissue of the grossest ignorance.

The Palais Bourbon was not built till several years after the death of Louis XIV. and this learned lady, who so carefully distinguishes Grecian from Corinthian architecture, and the Corinthian portico

from the rest of the building, will be a little astonished to learn, that the *whole* edifice is Corinthian, and that there is no peristyle, (Grecian, Roman, French, or even Irish,) to be found in the structure: it is quite clear that she does not know the meaning of the word peristyle; and it is equally so, that she thinks the *Corinthian portico* is of the same date as the rest of the palace, though the former was built about the year 1730 and the latter about 1800.

—She is equally flippant, equally ignorant, on all subjects connected with the arts.

‘The majestic Parthenon frowns beside the superb temple of Pæstum, and contrasts in its severe simplicity,’ &c.—ii. 42.

She imagines that there is but one temple at Pæstum, and that it is *superb*, compared with the frowning and severe simplicity of the Parthenon; and yet she tells us that she had seen the models of these edifices: if so, she must have mistaken the one for the other; for our readers well know that the temples at Pæstum are in the earliest and severest style, and that the Parthenon, though in the purest taste, was adorned with all the splendour of sculpture.

—Lady Morgan hardly knows, surprizing as such ignorance must appear, the difference between sculpture and architecture.

‘Sculpture, an art which peculiarly belongs to a free country, and which has rarely flourished amongst slaves, wholly declined in the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. and, with the exception of the Porte St. Denis, left nothing of these times in France that is not inferior,’ &c.—i. 19.

The pompous assertion with which this passage begins, is unfounded; it might be more justly said that sculpture never flourished in any free state except Athens, and there only during the *dictatorial* administration of Pericles. But the truth is, that all such generalities are nonsense. No nation, which is sufficiently enlightened to have any taste in the fine arts, can be enslaved to such a degree as to affect the genius of the sculptor more than any other artist: and Lady Morgan would be very much puzzled to produce specimens of any great works of the fine arts produced by what *she* would call *free* countries. Where are the statues of the Roman republic—where are the paintings of the Commonwealth of England?

But the Porte St. Denis is a specimen, it seems, of sculpture,—we had always thought it was a specimen of architecture. All ornamented architecture must have a certain degree of sculpture in the first and extended meaning of the expression; but it so happens that, of all the triumphal arches in the world, the Porte St. Denis has the least sculpture on it, even in this sense; and in the more technical meaning in which we and Lady Morgan use the word *sculpture*, as the representation of animal life, it has none *at all*.

As

As the apex of her ignorance in these points, she calls Buonaparte's arch in the Carrousel, 'the GRAND triumphal arch:'—it is not only smaller than the three other arches which Lady Morgan must have seen at Paris, but it is unluckily the smallest in size, and most trifling in execution of all the arches in the world!

—We have seen how well skilled Lady Morgan is in French,—she also favours us with a few specimens of her knowledge of Italian. She talks with great indulgence of 'the frailties of a French woman of fashion, as long as they are *peccate celate*.'—i. 185. and when she would describe the comfort of having a home to one's self, she employs the following phrase, which we copy punctatim: 'Casa-mia, piccolina, che sia.'—ii. 8. We are much mistaken if her Italian translator (if she can *procure* one) does not lament his inability to translate her Italian, as her French translator despaired of her French.

—Lady Morgan, who never lets pass the double opportunity of shewing her ignorance and her irreverence for sacred things, talks of 'the aerial character of the little *cherubim*, the *maudit page* in Beaumarchais' play of Figaro.'—ii. 47. Some one, however, seems to have informed her that the word *cherubim* is plural, and thereupon the learned lady, as usual, charges the mistake upon her printer, and in her elaborate list of Errata requests us to alter *cherubim* into *cherubin*, which latter she takes to be the singular number of the former.

'Thus fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

—When Lady Morgan talks of the litterati of France, she takes occasion to tell us, in a tone of regret, that 'even the superior effusions of Parny, author of *Eloge à Eléonore*, *Les Guerres des Dieux*, &c. &c. are scarcely known in this country by name.'—ii. p. 206.

Will our readers believe that this Parny—whose *superior effusions* Lady Morgan would have known in England—is the most beastly, the most detestably wicked and blasphemous of all the writers who have ever disgraced literature! that the *Eloge* (as she calls it) of Eléonore, is neither more nor less than a system of debauchery, detailed in the language of the brothel!—the language, did we say?—it is detailed

'——— cum verbis, nudum olido stans

Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet!'

and that the other work which she quotes with eulogium, *Les Guerres des Dieux*, (or, as we believe it is called, '*La Guerre des Dieux*'), is the most dreadful tissue of obscenity and profaneness that the devil ever inspired to the depraved heart of man; and that, while we write this, we still tremble with horror at the guilt of having read *unwittingly* even so much of the work as enables us



to pronounce this character of it! We will be fair with Lady Morgan. We do not believe it possible that she could have seen or known what she was talking about;—and we therefore rather set it down amongst the proofs of her flippant and arrogant ignorance than impiety.—Lady Morgan, however, is better read in the virtues of Buonaparte; and, determined that none of them shall be lost to her countrymen, she adds, in a tone of triumph over the wretched taste and parsimony of the Bourbons, ‘*PARNY was protected and pensioned by Napoleon!*’

**JACOBINISM.**—Lady Morgan, though a knight’s *Lady*, is, we are afraid, somewhat of a democrat, and we strongly suspect that her present rank does not sit naturally upon her; she certainly takes all the opportunities she can find, and liberally makes them when she cannot find them, to sneer at and depreciate the legitimate government, the royal family, and nobility of France, and to extol the enemies of France, of her own country and of the civilized world.

—‘The horrors of the revolution’ are, it seems, ‘bug-bears dressed to frighten children,’ (i. 91.) and, what is still more surprizing, the legitimate monarchy of France, and not the revolution, is answerable for all those enormities, because

‘the generation which perpetrated these atrocities were the legitimate subjects of legitimate monarchs, and were *stamped with the character of the government which produced them*, and the Marats, Dantons, Robespierres belong *equally* to the order of things which preceded the revolution, and to that which filled up its most frightful epochs.’—i. 92.

If this, which we take to be the greatest discovery of modern times, be true; if the monarchy be really guilty of the crimes of the republic; if Louis and not Marat, if Maleherbes and not Danton; if the Princesse de Lamballe and not Theroigne de Mericourt are the real perpetrators of the regicide and the massacres of September because the regicides and *massacreurs* were born under the legitimate monarchy, we appeal to Lady Morgan’s impartiality whether the same rule must not be further extended, and whether all the glories in arms and arts, all the private virtues and public bounties of her idol Napoleon ought not to be attributed to the ancient government, under which he was not only born but carefully educated both in arts and arms? Our readers smile at this argument, and at the virtues of Napoleon. We assure them that there is hardly any virtue, and no kind of merit which Lady Morgan’s blind devotion does not attribute to ‘the child and champion of jacobinism.’ In addition to being ‘the *greatest captain* of the age,’ (i. 97.) (she does not except the *greater* who conquered him,) Lady Morgan assures us that ‘his manners were kind and gracious,’ and ‘his feelings generous’ (ii. 181.)—that he was ‘popular for many

many little acts of generosity and bonhomie,' (i. 97.) and that 'his *personal bravery*' rendered him 'worthy the devotion of his soldiers.' (i. 151.) 'His policy,' she acquaints us, 'was merciful,' (i. 106.) and 'during the first period of his reign' (in which Palm, Wright, and D'Enghien were murdered) 'his popularity was *unsullied*,' (i. 98.) his public deportment put the exhibition of vice out of fashion, (i. 102.) as a sovereign he was '*grand*' (i. 102.) in his conceptions; forgiving in his temper, even to his personal enemies, (i. 106.) and munificent and discriminating in his bounty, (i. 98.) In private life, he was a sincere and ardent friend, (i. 165.) and 'even his enemies acquit him of ever forgetting a favour or neglecting a friend.' (i. 107.) Such are a few of the topics of Lady Morgan's loyal and judicious admiration of Buonaparte; we trust them, without a comment, to the execration of every lover of truth.

—In the same way she heaps her jacobinical admiration upon every person and thing which belongs to the revolution, and vilifies and libels all that is connected with the legitimate government.

'How true Frenchwomen can be in feeling and sympathy to their husbands has been painfully evinced during the horrors of the revolution, the struggles of twenty-five years of emigration, and, *above all*, during the political vicissitudes and conflicts in France which have occurred *since the return of the Bourbons*.'—i. 179.

Thus Lady Morgan asserts that the trials to which domestic feeling has been subjected have been more numerous and more cruel since the restoration, than during the revolution;—a restoration which has exhibited the execution of two traitors taken with arms in their hands, and convicted in due course of law; and a revolution in which (to omit the *noyades* and *fusillades* which tainted the rivers, and drenched the soil of France with innocent blood) 5000 persons were massacred, in the streets of Paris alone, within six and thirty hours, and fifty or sixty a day sent to the guillotine, without the forms of a trial, for ten or twelve successive months.

For the devoted wives of the royalists she has only a cold and general phrase; for the heroic attachment of the injured queen to all the duties of a wife and mother, she has not a word; for the sorrows and sufferings of the orphan of the Temple, no feeling, no tears—nothing but clumsy ridicule, envenomed calumny, and jacobinical rancour—while the griefs of the Buonapartists, victims of the restoration, are recited in a catalogue (a short one indeed, but as large as she could make it) of their names, and in bursts of Lady Morgan's finest and tenderest style of sorrow.

'The young and unfortunate Madame La Bedoyere, dying of a broken heart for him, whom her tears and supplications could not save;—the struggles, the exertions, the almost manly efforts, made by

Madame Ney, are cited even by their enemies, as incomparable. The ready self-immolation of Madame La Valette, who knew not, and feared not, the results of the task she had undertaken; and the sacrifices of Madame Bertrand, who so willingly gave up a world, where she still reigned supreme in the *unproscribable* influence of fashion and beauty, to follow her brave husband into a voluntary and dreary exile; these are splendid instances of conjugal virtue.'—i. 179—181.

Ney, indeed, is a particular object of her lamentation; because, we presume, he was the greatest and most infamous traitor of the Hundred Days. He is with her 'the gallant Ney, the theme of every soldier's praise,'—p. 237. and his death is one of 'those views of human conduct, one of those scenes of human suffering which sicken the heart and wither up its powers. Here civilized society seems to lose its splendour, and the development of the human faculties seems but to multiply the power of doing evil.'—p. 238.

—But the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, her ladyship coolly palliates by an observation 'on the fatal *policy* which *may*, or *may not* have necessitated his death.'—p. 239. The sentence itself is nonsense, but the meaning is tolerably plain and sufficiently atrocious; she sometimes, however, *speaks out*, and does not leave us to infer her sentiments.

The royalists she calls 'a long-forgotten *faction*,' (i. 113); and when she overhears a lady observing at court, *comme Madame d'Angoulême est embellie ce soir! et sa Majesté, qu'il a l'air d'un père de famille!* she sets it all down with indignant contempt, as the '*jargon of loyalty*.' i. 20. She lavishes upon Brissot the most enthusiastic praises for bold and fearless eloquence, and for public spirit, good sense, genius and patriotism. Brissot (as every one knows) was a spy, a libeller, a jacobin, a murderer, and a regicide, who had neither talents nor courage. For Monge, the bloodiest satellite of Robespierre and the meanest slave of Buonaparte, who signed the death warrant of Louis and voted a crown to Napoleon—for him she cannot find a lower epithet than 'the *illustrious*!' But the chief gods of her idolatry (our readers will see by-and-bye that this is hardly a figurative expression) are the vain, feeble, doting coxcomb Lafayette, who, after indulging his vanity by insulting his king and overturning the throne, fled basely from the storm which he had raised, and only returned to public life to take a seat in Buonaparte's Champ-de-Mai; and Gregoire, the ex-bishop of Blois, one of the first of the clergy who in 1789 abandoned his duty, his order, and his sovereign—who proposed in the infernal Convention the abolition of royalty; who asserted that 'kings were in moral life what monsters were in nature,' and who crowned his infancy by volunteering (for he was absent on a mission at the time of the king's trial) a letter to the Convention, in which, with

with a hypocritical cant more disgusting than the naked cruelty of Sieyes, he says that 'his holy profession (*his* holy profession!) forbids him to pronounce the penalty of death on any criminal, but that as a greater punishment he condemned him to live;—such was the 'virtuous,' 'venerable,' 'religious,' 'enlightened,' 'beneficent,' 'humane and philosophical' friend of Lady Morgan. We need not quote any more of her personal panegyrics; they are all upon persons of the same stamp, men of blood, whose only celebrity is that they belonged to the worst times of the revolution.

We shall conclude this chapter, which we could easily make as long as a volume, with stating that Lady Morgan gives at full length, and as excellent productions, several infamous songs, in which the king, the royal family, &c. are grossly libelled. Our anxiety that Lady Morgan should stand convicted (as we have said) out of her own book induces us to conquer our reluctance to propagate slander by quoting a stanza from one of them as a specimen of its jacobinism, a word which includes disloyalty and impiety.

'Quand Berri, D'Artois, D'Angoulême  
De ville en ville ont colporté,  
Des héritiers du diadème  
La dilittanté Trinité.  
Ils se donnoient pour des grands Princes,  
Mais bientôt chacun dit, tout bas,  
Pour leurs grandeurs, ils sont trop *minces*,  
Çà ne tiendra pas, ça ne tiendra pas.'—i. 139.

**FALSEHOOD.**—Of Lady Morgan's offences in this way we have incidentally given several examples already, and we might quote more than half her book;—but we shall only select a few specimens.

—In speaking of the profligacy of the court of Louis XIV. she expresses her high indignation at the unblushing fidelity in which the Memoir writers describe those details of depravity, and by way of having *a hit* at a *duke* and of course an *aristocrat*, whom she hates, though he has been nearly a century dead, she says, sneeringly, 'It is the illustrious St. Simon who attests the enormities he so gaily pictures.'—p. 39. Now our readers well know that the Duke de St. Simon is the most severe and merciless castigator of the scenes which he records; that his Memoirs are written in a style of misanthropism and indignation which resembles that of Juvenal; and that so far from his having given *gay pictures* of profligacy, his capital fault is that he saw every thing in the blackest colours, and wasted upon trifles, or suspected faults, too much of his gloomy castigation. But Lady Morgan slanders the living, and, *à fortiori*, has no respect for the dead, unless they have been shot for treachery.

—Lady Morgan, whose conscience perhaps increased the ordinary

delusions of her imagination, fancied on one occasion, that she was about to be arrested.

‘Bastilles, lettres de cachet, mysterious arrestations and solitary confinements started upon my scared imagination, and I had already classed myself with the Iron Mask and caged Mazarine, the Wilsons, Hutchinsons and Bruces.’—p. 136.

This is the *lie* by implication.—Wilson, Hutchinson and Bruce had grievously violated the laws of France:—they were openly arrested, legally confined, publicly tried, leniently sentenced, and generously pardoned: and this is the case which this wretched woman chooses to associate with Bastilles, lettres de cachet, and iron cages. But the falsehood of falsehoods, is the old and impudent one which we have so often refuted, that England has been guilty of treachery and bad faith in her treatment of Buonaparte: we shall not condescend to enter into any discussion of subjects of this nature with such a person as Lady Morgan; but content ourselves with submitting to the indignation of our readers the whole passage, which is as false in fact as it is disgusting in principle and contemptible in style.

‘Napoleon, always greater in adversity than in prosperity, chose to trust to the generosity of the English nation, and to seek safety and protection amidst what he deemed a great and a free people. This voluntary trust, so confidingly placed, so sacredly reposed, was a splendid event in the history of England’s greatness—it was a bright reflection on the records of her virtues! It illuminated a page in her chronicles on which the eye of posterity might have dwelt with transport! It placed her pre-eminent among contemporary nations! Her powerful enemy, against whom she had successfully armed and coalesced the civilized world, chose his place of refuge, in the hour of adversity, in her bosom, because he knew her brave, and believed her magnanimous!

‘Alone, in his desolate dwelling; deprived of every solace of humanity; torn from those ties, which alone throw a ray of brightness over the darkest shades of misfortune; wanting all the comforts, and many of the necessities of life; the victim of the caprice of petty delegated power; harassed by every-day oppression; mortified by mean, reiterated, hourly privation; chained to a solitary and inaccessible rock, with no object on which to fix his attention, but the sky, to whose inclemency he is exposed; or that little spot of earth, within whose narrow bounds he is destined to wear away the dreary hours of unvaried captivity, in hopeless, cheerless, life-consuming misery! Where now is his faith in the magnanimity of England? his trust in her generosity? his hopes in her beneficence?’—ii. 189, 190.

‘This is, perhaps, the proper place to notice a circumstance which has forcibly pressed upon us, from the first opening of Lady Morgan’s book.

‘————— Oh l’ennuyeux conteur !  
Jamais on ne le voit sortir du grand seigneur ;  
Dans le brillant commerce il se mêle sans cesse,  
Et ne cite jamais que duc, prince, ou princesse.’

It

It would appear from her pages that nothing had taken place at Paris during her short residence there, in which she was not, in some way or other, personally concerned. To her every event in every party of politics or pleasure, occurred; and to her every remark was addressed. The eternal exordium to all her anecdotes is—*La princesse de ——— said to me; la duchesse de ——— said to me; la marquise de ———, —for Lady Morgan realizes the visionary grandeur of Malvolio,—la comtesse de ——— said to me, &c.* Now we will take upon ourselves to dispute most of these *dites à moi*. That something like them was said, or rather told to Lady Morgan, we well believe; but not by the persons represented.

The French critics politely attribute this *égoïstique perfidy* to that invention, which (as they say) ‘doit rarement abandonner Lady Morgan.’ Invention, however, had little to do in the affair; as, perhaps, these gentlemen could have told us. The fact is, (as we have said,) that they were told to her, as good things;—and this, and this alone, accounts for that utter confusion of dates, names, and titles, with which she has repeated them in her book. Many of them took place before she was born; and we could point out not a few that were actually printed and published at Paris several years before it was honoured with her presence. Of all this Lady Morgan knew nothing. Jests and repartees, stale even to a French lacquey, appeared to her pure novelties; and she saw (in the simplicity of her ignorance) neither difficulty nor danger in appropriating them to conversations of her own, and taking the lion’s share of their merit and importance to herself.

**LICENTIOUSNESS.**—Lady Morgan quizzes (to borrow her own phraseology) with great taste, the respect which a catholic people pays to the Holy Virgin; but she grows particularly facetious, or, as they say in Ireland, *roguish*, in relating that, on a procession at Boulogne-sur-mer, in honour of the Mother of our Saviour,

‘The priests, to their horror, could not find a single *virgin* in that maritime city, and were at last obliged to send to a neighbouring village to request the *loan of a virgin*—A *virgin* was at last procured; a little indeed the worse for the wear; but this was not a moment for fastidiousness, and the Madonna was paraded through the streets.’—i. p. 59.

We say nothing of the staleness of this joke, borrowed from the loose tales of Boccaccio and La Fontaine, nor of the ignorance that travesties a French Notre Dame into an Italian Madonna: we only request our readers to consider what manner of woman she must be that revives and displays such false and detestable grossness of which even a modern jest book would be ashamed.

—In the same spirit, she slyly denominates the priests who walked in company with some young women at a religious procession, ‘*STOUT young priestlings*,’ and she summarily dismisses all the  
rest

rest of the persons who attended this pious ceremony as ‘the corps dramatique.’—i. 57.

—Some of our readers may have heard the title of a most profigate French novel called ‘*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.’ We had hoped that no British female had ever seen this detestable book; it seems we were mistaken. Lady Morgan sneers at the Court of Louis XVIII. ‘because all “*Liaisons Dangereuses*” are banished from it.’ p. 132. And, lest her meaning should be mistaken, she distinguishes ‘*Liaisons Dangereuses*’ by marks of quotation, and goes on to say that when *piety* usurps *their* place, (i. e. the place of deliberate seduction and debauchery, or, as she delicately words it, of ‘gallantry and the graces,’) it is as if chimney sweepers were to usurp the place of Cupids. *ibid.* But even upon this subject she contrives to evince her ignorance, and attributes this work and the other abominable works of La Clos, to the respectable historian Duclos.

But Lady Morgan appears equally well read in the loose volumes of Pigault Le Brun, and recommends the character of a prostitute in one of them, in the following terms:—

‘The charge of coarseness made in France against the author, is too well founded to admit of defence; but the mind that originated the frail but *fascinating* character of *Fanchette*, in the *Macédoine*, one of the most amusing and philosophical of his tales, is surely capable of great elegance and refinement of conception. But for her “*Vertu de moins*,” there are few female writers, however delicate or celebrated, who would have disdained the creation of such a character, as the tender, generous and devoted *Fanchette*.’—ii. p. 227.

This *vertu de moins* is a gay and civil mode of expressing one of the deadly sins, &c. and Lady Morgan quotes with great apparent delight an observation of one of her friends on this subject.

‘Speaking on this subject to a very clever and very witty French woman, Mad. d’E\*\*\*d, she observed respecting the decency, even of the women most notedly gallant, “*Les Françaises sont les seules femmes peut-être à qui il soit permis d’avoir des torts; car elles seules s’attachent à leurs devoirs et à la décence, quand même elles ont une vertu de moins*!”’—i. 190.

But Lady Morgan appears to go beyond even the indulgence to crime which these words imply, for she says distinctly in another place:—

‘It is no uncommon thing in France, to see the most lasting attachment succeed to the most lively passion; and *all* that was faulty, in unlicensed love, become *all* that is respectable, in disinterested friendship.’—i. 163, 164.

In no very delicate phrase Lady Morgan violently reproaches D’Alembert that his connexion with Mademoiselle de l’Espinasse was *too Platonic*—she would have had it a little more substantial.

‘The

‘The Academy was to D’Alembert another *Mademoiselle de l’Es-pinasse*. In his connexion with either, there was not a trace of energy of character, or of mental manhood.—All was feebleness and subjection. He carried the love letters of the one to his rivals, and he seconded the tyranny of the other in his discourses.’—ii. 151. 152.

With these principles we are not surprised to find Lady Morgan applauding the farce of *Figaro* as one of the most amusing and *philosophical* which any language has produced.—ii. p. 46. ‘The representation of which (she says) she could have attended every night it was played, while the inimitable *Tartuffe* inimitably acted, almost put her to sleep.’—ii. 118.

In this philosophical farce the chief character is a young page who longs for every woman he sees, while all the others are employed in different ways in the same kind of pursuit; whereas in poor *Molière*, the lady, in whose character *Mademoiselle Mars* exhausted the patience of Lady Morgan, was a woman of *virtue*, and this tedious play ends in the discomfiture of the adulterer.

—But the climax of Lady Morgan’s laxity will be found in nine pages (169 to 177) of eulogy upon a *Madame D’Houdetot*, an avowed adulteress, and, if we are to believe Lady Morgan’s friendly account, a prostitute: we shall not sully our pages by more particular extracts, we shall only say that Lady Morgan, after telling us that this *Madame D’Houdetot* passed through the hands of *Voltaire*, *St. Lambert*, *Rousseau*, &c. and became, in old age, the mistress of a *Monsieur S.* concludes by

‘lamenting that she arrived too late to have seen this interesting and extraordinary woman; but occasionally associating with those who once had the happiness to live with her, and *delightedly tracked* the print of her steps in those elegant circles, over which she once presided.’—p. 176.

Lady Morgan is so very figurative in her expressions that we apprehend, however blameable the countenance given in this passage to vice may be, it would be uncandid and unjust to take her *au pied de la lettre*, and suppose that she would *really have found delight in tracing the steps of Madame D’Houdetot*.

IMPIETY.—*Madame de Maintenon* declares that some of the gay men of the court were ‘pleins de grandes impiétés, et de sentimens d’ingratitude envers le roi.’ ‘To us, who have been taught to ‘fear God and honour the King,’ this does not seem a very extraordinary, nor a very hazardous remark; but Lady Morgan is of a different mind, and parodies Scripture for the purpose of turning it into ridicule.—‘It was the *fashion* of that *pious* day to confound the sovereign and the Deity, and to consider the king both “as the law and the prophets” within the *purlieus* of his own court.’—p. 47. —Lady Morgan is enamoured ‘of the highly-prized *petits soupers* of Paris, the point de rassemblement of wit, pleasure, and fashion,’  
and



and these, in her impious jargon, she calls 'the PASSOVER of family re-union;' words which have really no meaning, and excite no idea but that of disgust and horror at the profanation on which this audacious worm seems to pride itself.—p. 225. In another place she calls the 'civic dinner' given under the tyranny of Robespierre, (the mere triumph of one bloody faction over another,) 'the *passover* of an *emancipated* people.'

On the subject of a port-folio of water-colour drawings she says:

'These transcripts of the *prima intenzione* of superior genius always appear to me more precious and interesting, than the long-studied, long-laboured task, that time and judgment work into faultlessness. It is like the sublime command, "*Let there be light; and there was light.*"'—ii. 64. 65.

—When she would describe the streets of Paris, it is by a profane allusion—their narrowness is 'an original sin without redemption.'

—On the occasion of the homage paid to the King, she takes the favourable opportunity of uttering another horror. She laments that he is obliged to hear so much flattery, because, 'as the Chevalier de Boufflers says, with more levity than becomes the subject, *Il n'y a que DIEU qui ait un assez grand fond de gaieté pour ne pas s'ennuyer de tous les hommages qu'on lui rend.*'

Levity!—'more levity than becomes the occasion'!—and, with this gentle observation, she registers and disseminates a blasphemy which we dare not translate, and which, if any of our readers has patience to read a second time, he will find to be as silly as it is impious.

—The infamous Volney,—or, in Lady Morgan's opinion, 'the *sublime* Volney, withdraws his *high-born* genius from its devoted career, and descends to the cold and tame pursuit of chronological calculation. His *Histoire de la Chronologie* is undertaken in a very philosophical, and, from some passages which I heard cited, a very sceptical mood. He attempts to prove the history of Moses is a compilation of astronomical facts, that Abraham was a brilliant constellation, and Moses himself Bacchus, or the sun.'—p. 213.

We shall not stop to notice the incredible ignorance even of her *sublime* and *high-born* genius's own works, which this mad woman shews, when she fancies that these 'dreams of the devil' are at all new. We shall merely add, that instead of the horror which our readers feel at this threadbare impiety, Lady Morgan treats it with great coolness as simply 'an attempt to disturb the genealogical line of patriarchal nobility.'

Some of these expressions would have led us to suppose that this Lady Morgan was an atheist; she seems to intimate, however, towards the conclusion of her work, that she is only a deist, and that she has as much and the same kind of religion as the American savages. She says that at a certain fête made for *her*, the manuscripts of the atheist  
Voltaire

Voltaire were displayed, and the *sublime* ode of the atheist Chenier, in praise of the said Voltaire, was recited with an emotion on the part of the audience

‘only to be felt and understood by this ardent people to whom *genius* is but another word for *divinity*, and who, next to the GREAT SPIRIT, venerate THOSE whom he has *most informed with the rays of his own intelligence*.’—p. 243.

That is to say, *Voltaire* and *Chenier* are worshipped by Lady Morgan’s ardent friends next to what she calls, in imitation of the Iroquois, the *Great Spirit*! and lest any one should mistake her distinct meaning, she distinguishes the words *Great Spirit* by a peculiar type. On the daring blasphemy of the concluding line, which represents the God of all purity as illuminating, with the brightest rays of his own intelligence, the minds of such monsters of vice and infidelity, we almost tremble to think again.

Once more, and we have done.—If it be asked why, with the feelings which we have expressed, we proceed to notice such abominations, we answer, with a pious father of the church, LEGIMUS, NE LEGANTUR.

‘Truth wants no ornament; religion is in itself an *abstraction*; “the evidence of things unseen.” It is ever to be regretted that the first religious ceremony, mentioned in holy writ, caused the first *murder*, in the first and only family then upon earth.’—i. p. 60.

Our readers cannot have gone far in this work without being struck with the wonderful similarity of its sentiments and language to those of the *Letters from Paris*,\* reviewed in a former Number. Both exhibit the same slavish awe when speaking of the usurper, the same impudent familiarity when noticing the lawful monarch; both profess the same admiration of all that was feeble, and treacherous, and bloody in France; the same hatred of all that was firm, and loyal, and virtuous: both evince the same proneness to profanation, the same audacious contempt of every thing savouring of religion and piety. Both mistake the whinings of a few obscure Jacobins for the general voice of the French people; and both,—more insane than the madman in Horace who kept his seat after the curtain had dropped, and heard *miros tragædos* in an empty theatre,—at a period when every moment brings fresh proof of the return of France to its characteristic loyalty and attachment to its ancient line of kings, can see nothing, can hear of nothing, but plots to overthrow the government, and bring back the golden age of their day-dreams, the reign of rebellion, plunder, and blood.

We shall not, of course, be accused of attributing to Mr. Hobhouse the portentous ignorance and folly of Lady Morgan.—Mr.

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\* The Substance of some Letters written from Paris, by John Hobhouse, Esq.

Hobhouse,

Hobhouse, unfortunately for himself, is not ignorant, unless of existing circumstances:—but Lady Morgan (and we record it to her praise) possesses one substantial advantage over him. She insults and vilifies the royal family of France, it is true, but she does not outrage humanity so far as to term them ‘bone-grubbers,’ because they piously sought to give the remains of their sovereign and father, a decent burial.

We must now have done:—to confess the truth we have long since been weary of Lady Morgan, and shall not therefore offend our readers by any further exposure of the wickedness and folly of her book; of both of which we have given an idea less perfect, we readily admit, than we had materials for, but one which will, we hope, prevent, in some degree, the circulation of trash which under the name of a *Lady* author might otherwise find its way into the hands of young persons of both sexes, for whose perusal it is utterly, on the score both of morals and politics, unfit.

The volume closes with four bulky ‘Appendices on Politics, Finance, Law, and Physic, by Sir T. Charles Morgan, M. D.’ thrown in, we presume, as a kind of makeweight to the literary cargo which his lady, *as per contract*, ‘was bound to deliver between the months of November and March.’ Three of them are on subjects of which the Doctor is utterly ignorant; and we therefore think that he has been prudently, as well as kindly, advised ‘to confine his literary mania in future to the ambition of being read by apothecaries.’

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We have just received a second edition of Lady Morgan’s *France*, in two volumes, octavo, preceded by a flourishing preface, in which she affects all the intoxication of literary triumph that the rapid success of her quarto should have necessitated a second edition. This is, we fear, of a piece with all the rest, or, in other words, a downright falsehood; we have compared the octavo edition with the quarto, and have no doubt that the former has been printed off from the same types which were set up for the latter, a species of manœuvre which enables a publisher to make two editions out of one; and what puts it beyond doubt that Lady Morgan’s *triumph* is reducible to this trick, is the fact that in this second edition *not one of the numerous errors of the first (of which both Lady Morgan and her printer had grievously complained) is corrected*; nay, the very table of *errata* which accompanied the quarto is carefully reprinted in the octavo. So much for the glory of a rapid sale, and the triumph of a second edition!—And thus Lady Morgan concludes as she began.

NOTE

## NOTE on the Article on 'Java.'

The horrible tragedy of 'Dutch cruelty' has already commenced in Java; and it will not stop here.—Scarcely was the ink dry with which we penned the sentence in page 74, to which this refers, when we received the following account of a most atrocious transaction, to which we scarcely know where to look for any parallel, unless it be that of the Black Hole in Calcutta, the massacre of the English in Amboyna, or of the Chinese in Batavia, when the streets of that capital literally ran with blood. We pledge ourselves for the truth of the statement, and by exposing to the whole world a scene of such infamy, feel that we are performing a public duty. May we hope that this exposure will be the means of creating such universal indignation against the parties concerned in the bloody deed, as may prevent the recurrence of such inhuman and disgraceful transactions!

'Towards the latter end of November last, the Petingee or chief of the village of Chipamoonchong, in the district of Chatsem, named Keysa, observing dissatisfaction to prevail among the inhabitants of the district, in consequence of some unauthorized exactions of the Kapala Chootack, and other native chiefs in authority over them, took advantage of the circumstance, and getting several other heads of villages to join, prevailed on a number of the lower class to assemble, under the ostensible plea of going to Indramayo, to lay their grievances before the "Landrost," as the President's assistant who had charge of the police in those districts was usually called.

'Having thus collected together a body of men in the first instance, small parties, under active emissaries, were dispatched to the neighbouring districts to beat up for recruits, and many cases occurred of poor people being actually tied and forced to join the party.

'As they increased in numbers, the party moved towards the river Chimanoock, the boundary between the Indramayo districts and Cheribon, and in their route were joined by all who had, or fancied they had, any grievance to complain of. Among these, it is understood, that very few were from Kandang-houses, but some heads of villages, and a considerable number of the lower class are stated to have joined from the district of Indramayo, and of the latter a number from the lowland Cawang districts.

'At this stage of their progress, it appears to have been first circulated among them that Pungairan Kanooman might be expected from the "sea-side," to join them as their chief. This Pungairan Kanooman, who I understand was banished during the insurrection of Bagoos Rangun, is represented to be a descendant of one Seedan, who was the first promoter of the disturbances in Cheribon formerly, and his family have always possessed great influence in the western part of that district.

'Whatever the real object or expectations of the leaders of these deluded people may have been, it is clearly ascertained that not a single chief of rank above the head of a village joined them, or appeared in any manner to give them support or countenance.

'By

' By the time they arrived at Lobenar, a village situated on the banks of the Chimanook, seven palls from Indramayo, the party amounted to about 900 men, which number it never exceeded. It is a fact well worthy of notice, that in the course of a desultory march of near fifty palls, from Chasam to Lobenar, not an instance is known to have occurred of property of any kind having been injured, and although they remained stationary at Lobenar for many days, during which the rice, paddy, cattle, and other property of Mr. Muntsinghe was most temptingly in their way under the charge only of a few slaves, not a single article was touched, nor a human being molested.

' Preparations were now in forwardness by the residents of the Prianger Regencies and Cheribon to attack the insurgents, if they may be so called, and it was carried into execution at Lobenar on the 20th of December. Previous to this, however, they had been attacked more than once by the assistant resident at Indramayo, or under his orders, but he was repulsed, and on one occasion, I understand, with the loss of either four or six European soldiers.

' I cannot pretend, nor is it necessary for me, to describe the operations of Mr. Motman (the Dutch resident) on the 20th; but, as I am informed, his arrangements, however long delayed, doubtless from unavoidable causes, seem to have been judicious and perfectly adequate to the object in view: and his conduct, as well as that of his head assistant, Mr. Van de Poel, during the contest, is represented on all sides as meriting praise for courage and humanity.

' It is estimated that 100 of the insurgents fell in the engagement, and 594 were made prisoners. Keysa, the Petingee who first commenced the insurrection, was observed to be very actively encouraging his men to repel Mr. Motman's attack, and this man was found among the killed.

' When the prisoners were disarmed, Mr. Motman delivered them over to the military, in order that they might be securely guarded to Indramayo. On their arrival there, they were all put into a coffee storehouse within the fort, and the storehouse was surrounded by sentinels. In the course of the night it is stated that an attempt was made, on the part of the prisoners, to escape from confinement,—the soldiers on guard fired upon them, and, horrible to relate, it ended in the massacre of about 300 souls, in cold blood, by the military, under the orders and in the presence of their own officers!

' Mr. Motman, I am told, did all that was in his power to stop this dreadful sacrifice of human blood, but without effect: no attention seems to have been paid to his representations, and he was obliged to submit, as he himself declares, with feelings not to be described, to the spectacle of an unarmed multitude of poor misled creatures whom he had vanquished and made prisoners in the morning, massacred by their own guards, commanded by two officers, one bearing His Netherland Majesty's commission of Captain, and the other of Lieutenant, under the weak, inconceivable, and inhuman pretext that they could not be otherwise responsible for the security of the prisoners, or for their own safety, as the prisoners intended to run "Amook"!

' Will it be credited that a number of unarmed wretches, confined in  
a secure

a secure teakwood building within a fort, should ever think of attacking a military force surrounding them as guards, and to whom they had but a few hours before surrendered themselves as prisoners, while they had yet arms in their hands?—He must be credulous indeed who can bring his mind to believe this!—If ever the truth comes to light, it will then, I am convinced, be found that an effort to give themselves fresh air, quite natural to so large a body of men confined in a building of comparatively small dimensions, the doors and windows of which were no doubt closed for security, was, by the pusillanimity, if not the cruelty, of their guards, considered as an attempt to escape,—and the scene of blood once begun, the prisoners apprehending what was to follow, made such resistance as they had in their power in the vain hope of saving their lives.

'But let this be as it may, those who remained alive from the massacre were embarked in coffee prows, and dispatched up the river to Canony Sambong,—and while on the river, the second act of the tragedy took place. An attempt is said to have been again made by the prisoners to escape, and on this occasion many more were sent to the other world to join their companions in misfortune. Indeed so insatiable appears to have been the thirst for Javanese blood, that of 594 taken prisoners by Mr. Motman on the day of the engagement, but 113 arrived alive at this place, where they are now in confinement!

'Many of these men have been examined before the commission appointed by his Netherland majesty's government to investigate the cause of the late insurrection; and as far as I can learn, they agree in stating that their only object was to go to Indramayo, and lay their grievances before the Landrost. In general, their complaints are against the Kapala Chootacks and other native chiefs in immediate authority over them;—and this affords an obvious excuse for their assembling in a body to complain to the European local authority;—which I believe in my soul was the only object the lower class had in view, whatever plans of a more extended or dangerous nature may have actuated Keysa and other of their leaders.'

*Chianchore, 22d January, 1817.*

It is added that the Dutch had taken to themselves great merit for the gallant conduct displayed by their troops on this occasion—Poor Javanese! what a dreadful change of masters have you experienced!

•• In No. XXXI. (p. 165) we had occasion to mention a very curious Globe, 'in the Library of the Inner Temple,' and which (as our information stated) had been recently whitewashed. The word was not very happily chosen; but we never understood (nor suspected that our readers would understand) by it, that the aforesaid Globe had been literally coated over with lime, but merely painted and embellished. It appears, however, that we were misinformed both as to the situation and condition of this venerable Globe. Sir William Scott, (who is a Benchler of the Middle Temple,) laudably anxious for the credit of his brethren, directed an inquiry to be made into the fact; and has obligingly favoured us with the result. We believe that the most effectual mode of setting ourselves right with this learned Society and the public in general, will be to print Mr. Phillips's letter.

'Sir William

'I am desired by Mr. Reaston to acquaint you that the Globes stated by the Quarterly Review to have been whitewashed are in the Middle Temple Library in excellent preservation

'Middle Temple, March 5, 1817.'

'I am, &c.

J. PHILLIPS.'

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LIST

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The GENERAL INDEX, announced in our former Number, is deferred till the Publication of the NINETEENTH VOLUME,—and it will form Nos. XXXIX. and XL.

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1817.

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ART. I.—*Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa.* By the late John Leyden, M. D.; *enlarged and completed to the present time, with Illustrations of its Geography and Natural History, as well as of the Moral and Social Condition of its Inhabitants.* By Hugh Murray, Esq. F. R. S. E. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1817.

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very

very in the *interior*, commencing with the early voyages of the Portuguese along the western coast, from their first establishment at Arguin, to their settlement on the coasts of Congo, Loanga, and Benguela; and the various attempts of the missionaries to convert the natives to Christianity: this is followed by the early discoveries of the French, chiefly up the Gambia and Senegal; by those of the English on the same rivers, particularly the Gambia; by the travels of Saugnier and Brisson on the Sahara or Great Desert; and lastly by an account of the formation and proceedings of the African Association, and the discoveries made by its several travellers from Ledyard to Park, concluding with the narratives of Adams and Riley.

The second book, which takes up the greater part of the second volume, exhibits the discoveries in the maritime countries, beginning with Abyssinia, the chief native power, and making the circuit of Africa by Egypt, Barbary, the western coast, round the great southern promontory, up the eastern coast to the point whence the writer set out. The third book occupies the remainder of the volume, and consists of, 1. An historical view of geographical systems relating to Africa. 2. Historical view of theories respecting the course and termination of the Niger. 3. A general view of the natural history of Africa, and 4. A general view of its moral and political state. Under the first two heads 'it is attempted,' says the author, 'to exhibit, as a branch of the history of science, a view of the progress of inquiry and speculation relative to this continent, from the earliest ages, rather than to indulge in present conjectures which a few years, it is to be hoped, would render superfluous.' Finally, to these are added several maps, and an appendix containing translations of some scarce and curious passages of the early geographers relating to central Africa, rarely accessible to the general reader. From this cursory analysis, it will not be difficult to form some notion of the nature and importance of the mass of matter included within these volumes. Indeed we are acquainted with few works of this kind that comprehend so much valuable information in so condensed a form, or in so small a compass: at the same time, however, it should not be concealed that it betrays evident marks of haste; and, were we disposed to find fault, we should also say that there is too little of the early Portuguese discoveries, and too much of those of modern date; more use, for instance, might have been made of the work of Tellez, which is a very scarce book; of '*Chronica de Companhia de Jezu em Portugal*,' which is equally so; and even of De Barros:—while a shorter abstract of Park and others, whose works are in every body's hands, would have been thought sufficient. A compilation, at once concise and comprehensive, requires more attention and judgment

than the world in general is inclined to admit, and, indeed, can only be properly appreciated by those who have been employed in the same way. The shelves of our libraries groan under the ponderous volumes of 'collections' and 'compilations;' too many of which are mere bundles of extracts in gross, first filed upon wires, like so many bills of parcels, and then printed off in the way that the worthy *emeritus* professor of the University of Salamanca used to send his two monthly volumes into the world.

At the remotest period of authentic history, the whole of the northern coast of Africa appears to have been well known: profane history may, in fact, be said to date its origin from northern Africa. But of the interior, the ancients possessed only a very limited and imperfect knowledge. The Great Desert was the boundary of their discoveries; all within it, and beyond it, was a *terra incognita* which never ceased to inspire emotions of wonder and curiosity, mingled with sensations of terror.

'It was the region of mystery, of poetry, of superstitious awe. The wild and strange aspect of man and nature, the immense tracks abandoned to wild beasts, the still more immeasurable deserts of sand beyond, and the destruction which had overwhelmed most of those who attempted to penetrate; all these formed, as it were, a fearful and mysterious barrier, drawn round the narrow limits occupied by the civilized nations of this continent. Every object which appeared through the veil tended to heighten this impression—the human race under an aspect and hue no where else seen on the globe; animals of strange form and magnitude; forms of society altogether uncouth and peculiar. Imagination, kept always on the stretch, created wonders, even where nature ceased to present them. No part of the interior was ever explored with such precision, as to deprive that active faculty of full scope for exertion; and the whole region was in a manner given up to fable.'

The rise of the Mohammedan power, and the irruption of the vast hordes of Saracens which poured into Africa, effected a complete revolution in the moral and political aspect of that continent. The commercial habits, the zeal for science, the migratory spirit of the Arabs, enabled this patient and abstemious people to overcome, for the first time, the difficulties of the desert, 'that barrier which deterred all former approach.' Its naked and desolate appearance had no horrors for the wandering Ishmaelite; it was but the copy of his native country on an enlarged scale; and its moving sands and naked surface of clay, sprinkled with flint, were equally familiar to himself and to his camel. Some of these enterprising men, attracted by the gold of Ghana and Wangara, and others, flying before the arms of the Saracens, crossed the great sandy desert, and established themselves on the banks of the Nile of the Negroes. Of the numerous kingdoms formed by these people about the tenth and eleventh centuries, Ghana was the most splendid and powerful.

powerful. The king's palace is described by the Arabian writers as a solid structure, adorned with paintings and sculpture, and having the rare luxury, at that time, of windows of glass. 'A mass of native gold, neither cast nor wrought by any instrument,' says Edrisi, 'but shaped by Divine Providence only, of the weight of thirty pounds, was fitted as a seat for the royal throne;' and 'tamed elephants and camelopardales are mentioned as among the accompaniments which swelled the pomp of the sovereign's equipage.' It would seem, that China is not the only country in the world where justice is demanded by beat of drum. 'Every morning,' says Edrisi, 'the captains of the King of Ghana come to his house, and one that bears a drum never ceases beating of it till the king comes down to the palace gate, mounts his horse, and all who are oppressed or grieved present themselves before him.'

Ghana, however, does not appear to have long maintained its superiority. At the period of Leo Africanus' travels in central Africa, some very important changes had already taken place. Ghana was become subject to the kingdom of Tombuctoo, founded, we believe, in the year of the Hegira 610 (A. D. 1215.) No very exalted notions can be formed of the splendour or magnificence of its celebrated capital, so long and so vainly sought, from the description of Leo; which, on the whole, agrees with those of more doubtful authority collected by modern travellers;—hovels built in the shape of bells, with walls of stakes or hurdles plastered with clay, and covered with roofs of reeds. Yet an extensive accumulation of huts like these scattered over a sandy plain, along the banks of a muddy river, and dignified with the name of city, is still an object of such anxious research, that neither difficulties, nor danger, nor personal privations, nor sufferings, have been able to deter a succession of daring adventurers from following up those attempts, in which their predecessors have not only failed, but generally perished. Impelled by a thirst of fame, or by an ardent desire to gratify curiosity—in short, by a resolution to do something that has not yet been done—perils and difficulties serve only to inflame ardour into enthusiasm. Tombuctoo, however, is, at least, a real object.—But a zeal not less ardent and unwearied, and enterprizes not less daring, distinguished the early career of the Portuguese. An imaginary personage of the name of Prester John, whose origin, abode and history appear to have been equally unknown to them, was the great moving power that gave activity and energy to their expeditions. 'The glory of the Portuguese name, the discovery of new worlds, even the opening of the sources of golden wealth, were all considered as subordinate to the higher aim of discovering the abode of a person, who was known in Europe under the uncouth appellation of *Prester John*.'

It may neither be uninteresting nor unamusing to bring together a summary account of the proceedings of English travellers, or those sent under the auspices of England, and particularly of the more daring adventurers for the hitherto prohibited city of Tombuctoo; and of the attempts of the Portuguese to discover the abode of Prester John; as to those two nations and two objects the world is mainly indebted for the knowledge it possesses of the vast continent of Africa.

The first Englishman who visited the *interior* of Africa, or, at least, the first of whom we have any account, was neither impelled by a thirst of gain, nor a spirit of curiosity; he was an accidental and involuntary adventurer. About the year 1590 one ANDREW BATTEL, being on board a Portuguese vessel that touched on the coast of Benguela, was left by the crew, as a sort of hostage, among the Jagas or Giagas, a ferocious tribe of the interior, who had come down to the coast, and laid waste the less warlike territory of Benguela. He describes these people as a wandering banditti, without possessions, industry, or arts; living on plunder, and desolating every country through which they pass; who murder their own children by burying them alive as soon as they are born, and recruit their numbers by carrying off the boys and girls of other tribes of thirteen or fourteen years of age, and training them up to their own way of life, which is 'to make war by enchantments, and take the devil's counsel in all their exploits.' With this savage horde Battel lived for many months; the time being chiefly spent in 'continually triumphing, drinking, dancing, and eating men's flesh.' Battel was a near neighbour of Purchas, and was considered by him as a man worthy of credit: there can be little doubt that he believed what he narrated, and his account of the man-eaters received a sanction from succeeding travellers. Lopez describes these Giagas as inhabiting the mountains behind Congo, and more especially those 'near the lake out of which the Zaire flows;' he mentions their laying waste the whole of the kingdom of Congo: and Merolla the monk, who at every step encounters a witch or a wizard, asserts 'that he *saw* the *shambles*, near the capital, where human flesh had been sold by them while they occupied that place; 'they offered it (he adds) very cheap to the Portuguese, whose object, however, was to procure their captives alive rather than to have their bellies filled with such barbarous food.' That the story of this human flesh-market should not be lost, Pigafetta's narrative of the wonderful adventures of Lopez, in the collection of De Bry, has been illustrated with an elegant plate in the best style of Wolfgangus Richter, exhibiting a butcher in his *shambles*, finer than any in Leadenhall-market, in the act of cutting up a young lady, and surrounded by legs, arms, hands, and various other joints.

joints, regularly suspended on hooks, and all beautifully *white*. But the stories of Lopez, of Merolla, and another good father of the name of Jerome, are such palpable fabrications, more especially those of the latter, who, with his rosary and the aid of the Virgin Mary, defeated whole armies; that whatever credit they might once have obtained, they are now unworthy of the least attention. Father Jerome asserts that, on the banks of the Zaire, the King of Concobella, who styled himself 'Lord of the Waters' and 'Ruler of the Elements,' fed his favourites with the flesh of condemned criminals; and that his majesty sent to him (Jerome) the carcass of one of the fattest and best conditioned, out of a gang of traitors, with a hope that it would be found tender and well flavoured. But even these are innocent, when compared with the audacious falsehoods of an ignorant and fanatical Capuchin of the name of Cavazzi, who seems to have raked together all that his predecessors had said before him, and to have added to them the suggestions of his own distempered imagination. 'The Jagas,' he says, 'are exceedingly fond of the flesh of young women, especially of their bed-fellows of the preceding night;' and he adds, 'that one of the most favourite dishes of the princes of this nation is a fœtus cut from the womb.' The ladies, too, it would seem by his account, are no less delicate in their taste than the gentlemen; for a certain princess is mentioned, who, to shew her great fondness for her gallants, feasted on them in succession:—but more of these Capuchins hereafter. We now know that not only the outrageous stories of this monkish dolt, but all the other accounts of cannibalism in this part of Africa, are entirely false; and that the people are invariably more mild and harmless, in proportion as they recede from the sea coast. The practice, mentioned by Degrandpré, on the coast of Congo, of cutting the bodies of certain animals in pieces, and exposing them to be devoured by birds of prey, may have given rise to the fables of early travellers; but among savages every horde represents to strangers the next to it as cannibals.

Had Mr. Murray consulted Hackluit's invaluable collection, (and we are somewhat surprized that he should not have made himself familiar with it,) he would have found accounts of many voyages along the coast of Guinea and to Benin, by Englishmen, previous to the patent of Elizabeth in 1588; as Windham's, for instance, in 1553, Lok's in 1554, Towerson's in 1555, and various others. The patent granted by Elizabeth was to certain merchants of Exeter, to carry on a trade to the rivers Senegal and Gambia; and accordingly, in 1591, we find that a voyage was undertaken by Richard Rainolds and Thomas Dassel to the Gambia, where they found the Portuguese in great numbers, who were exceedingly jealous of the new visitors,



and formed a conspiracy to seize their vessel and massacre the crew; but it was discovered and thwarted. Very little is recorded of the early voyages of our countrymen along the coast of Africa; but it would seem that the English merchants, who first established a trade on the Senegal and Gambia, soon felt an unbounded desire to explore the interior of western Africa in search of that which, in every age, has strongly tempted human cupidity—*gold*; and in 1618 a company was formed for the express purpose of penetrating to the country of gold, and advancing to Tombuctoo. GEORGE THOMPSON, a Barbary merchant, was the person selected for the enterprize. He sailed up the Gambia in a vessel of 120 tons, having a cargo on board of the value of £1857. At Kassan he left his vessel and proceeded up the river, but in his absence the Portuguese rose upon the crew, massacred the whole of them and seized the ship. Thompson, however, was not intimidated by this disaster, but formed his establishment in the upper part of the river, and wrote to the company for fresh succours; they sent out two expeditions; the first of which proved fatal to nearly the whole of the crew, from the inauspicious season at which it arrived: the latter, under the command of Captain Jobson, was more successful; but on its arrival at the mouth of the Gambia, the first intelligence which reached its commander was the death of Thompson. ‘A deep mystery,’ says Mr. Murray, ‘hangs over the fate of this first martyr in the cause of African discovery.’ It seems he had pushed up the river as far as Tenda, where, it is said, he was killed in a conflict with some of his own party.

JOBSON was not discouraged by this catastrophe of his predecessor. His first exploit was to seize a boat containing the effects of one Hector Nunez, who was considered as the ringleader in the seizure of Thompson’s ship. On reaching Kassan he found that all the Portuguese inhabitants had fled from the place. Proceeding upwards, he arrived at Jerakonda (the Jonkakonda of Park) where he met two of Thompson’s men. He next reached Oranto where Thompson had established his factory; here he was visited by the king, Summa Tumba, a blind man, who ‘made haste (Jobson says) to drown his wits in the *aqua vitæ* we brought him:’—but the great article of demand was salt. Sailing upwards, the country became more mountainous and barren; and the wild animals multiplied: there was ‘a world of sea-horses, whose paths, as they came on shore to feed, were beaten with tracks as large as London highway.’ He passed the falls of Barraconda, after which the navigation of the river became difficult and dangerous from rocks and shallows. From the top of a high mountain nothing could be perceived except ‘deserts replenished with terrible wild beasts, whose roaring we  
heard

heard every night.' Jobson saw in one group sixteen great elephants, and frequently 'twenty crocodiles one by another.' At length the party reached the hill of Tenda (the Koba Tenda of Park.) Here they were visited by Buckar Sano, the great merchant, accompanied by his wife and daughter and a troop of forty attendants. Buckar drank so much brandy that he lay the whole night dead drunk in the boat. Salt was here also the chief article of demand, and slaves that of supply; but gold was the object of Jobson's inquiry; and the black merchant inflamed his cupidity by assuring him that he himself had been in a city, the roofs of which were covered with gold!—unfortunately this African Eldorado was situated at the distance of four moons to the southward. Vast multitudes flocked to Tenda, some out of curiosity to see the white men, and others for the sake of trade—but salt was still the cry, and, as ill luck would have it, Jobson's stock was exhausted: however a few bottles of brandy procured from the king the entire cession of Tenda and all the territory around it. Jobson did not reside long in his new dominions; the mention even of two places in the neighbourhood, Tombakonda (the Tambacunda of Park) and Jaye, the first of which he concluded to be Tombuctoo, and the other Gago, described by Leo as abounding with gold, had not the power of retaining, or drawing him a step farther. 'Perhaps,' Mr. Murray observes, 'he conceived that, having reached the vicinity of Tombuctoo and the country of gold, and having discovered traces of the Arabs, or Barbary Moors, who, he was informed, visited this district, he had accomplished the main purposes of his mission, and that little could be gained by ascending farther.' Being favoured by the stream on his return, he reached Barraconda in six days, whereas it had cost him twelve to ascend. On his arrival at Kas-san, he found that the climate had done its usual work—the master and great part of the crew of the vessel had died; and there remained not above four in a condition for any labour. He lost no time in sailing down the river; and returned safe to England.

The next Englishman who proceeded up the Gambia is called, by Captain Stibbs, VERMUYDEN, whose narrative is contained in a Memoir inserted at the end of Moore's volume of Travels. The vague and confused manner in which it is drawn up, the paucity of names mentioned, the quantity of gold said to have been met with, have created a suspicion of its being spurious; Stibbs, however, expresses no doubt of its authenticity. The Memoir opens with describing the situation of the principal mine of gold: You come first, the writer says, to a broad collection of waters not much inferior to Winandermeer in Lancashire. At the first fall, in the channel coming from E. S. E. ten pounds of sand produced forty-seven grains of gold. On passing the upper fall the sand, when washed, yielded  
gold

gold in abundance; and on reaching the top of the rock he discovered 'the very mouth of the mine itself.' Not the least indication is given by him of the place where this source of wealth is situated, either with regard to its distance or relative position from any known spot; but an apology is made for his 'miserable ignorance of the mathematics.' He seems to have had no idea but that of finding gold. For this purpose he was provided with pick-axes, mercury, and the *virga divina*, the last of which, failing in its effect, made him the laughing-stock of his companions; but he defends the potency of his magic wand by ascribing its loss of virtue to the length of the voyage. His progress was stopped by a formidable fall, after he had proceeded so far that 'never any boat nor any christian' had ascended so high. This might well be; as it appears from his journal that he was out more than three months after passing Barraconda, whereas Jobson occupied only twelve days in reaching the utmost limit of his expedition.

All further attempts on the part of the English to penetrate by this channel into the heart of Africa, appear to have been laid aside for that time. They were renewed, however, about the year 1729, when CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW STIBBS was dispatched by the Royal African Company, with orders to navigate the Gambia, as high as possible, in search of gold. On his arrival, he found that Mr. Glynn, the governor, had been dead six months: his successor was a person of the name of Willy, to whom our adventurer applied for leave to hire canoes suited to the navigation of the river, but he was coolly answered that there were none to be had. Captain Stibbs then wrote an indignant letter, which he hoped 'would rouse him from his lethargy and give him more generous notions of the expedition;' but three days after, the Company's pinnace brought down his dead body. Two months were lost by the captain in procuring five canoes, and the season was far advanced before he started. He took with him fifteen Europeans, thirty Africans, besides several women and boys, and an interpreter who, being a Christian, considered himself a white man 'though as black as coal:' there was besides a *balafeu*, or African musician, 'to cheer up the men, and recreate them of an evening.' On approaching Barraconda he learned that the town had been destroyed, and its inhabitants carried off, by a hostile chieftain; he was further told that the country beyond it was destitute of all supplies, and possessed by a cruel and treacherous race; and the negroes in a body announced their determination to proceed no farther. No one, they said, had ever ascended beyond Barraconda; Barraconda was the end of the world; or, if there existed any thing beyond, it was a country of savages with whom their lives would be every moment in danger: and nothing short of the irresistible power of a bottle of brandy could prevail

prevail on them to stir a step beyond 'the world's end.' The people, however, proved to be very harmless, and supplied them plentifully with fowls and other provisions. Stibbs discovered that he was now got into the region of sea-horses, crocodiles, and baboons: in fifteen days he reached the flats near Tenda, when finding it impossible to proceed, he tacked and sailed down the river with all expedition.

In 1732 MR. HARRISON set out on an expedition up the Gambia, but he proceeded only to Fatatenda, whence, on finding that his sloop could get no higher, he dispatched one Leach in the boats towards the upper part of the river. Having sailed about twenty-two leagues above Fatatenda, Leach encountered a ledge of rocks stretching across the river, which appeared to present an insurmountable barrier to his further ascent, and he returned to the sloop.

About this time some intelligence was gained of the interior of Africa through a channel sufficiently remarkable. JOB-BEN-SOLOMON, a young African prince, had been sent by his father, the King of Bunda in the territory of Foota, to traffic on the Gambia, but with strict injunctions not to pass that river, as the Mandingos, on the opposite side, were deadly enemies of Foota; the prince, however, felt an irresistible desire to pass this forbidden boundary. He accordingly crossed the Gambia, and lying down in the heat of the day under a shady tree, he was attacked and seized by a party of Mandingos, who carried him to Joar, and sold him to a Captain Pyke, who was taking in slaves for the plantations in America. The captain readily allowed him to send to his father; but the ship sailed before the deputation from the king arrived with an immense ransom for the release of his son. He was carried to Maryland, where, it appears, he was so ridiculed and insulted by the white inhabitants for his strict observance of the Mohammedan religion, that at length he fled, was taken up as a fugitive slave, and thrown into prison. Here he was visited by several English merchants, and among the rest by one of the name of Bluet, who afterwards wrote the history of his life. His story soon reached England, and Mr. Oglethorpe, of the African Company, undertook to have him brought over with the view of restoring him to his native country. On his arrival he was introduced to the King and Queen, and was presented by the latter with a handsome gold watch. He learned to speak and write English, and assisted Sir Hans Sloane in the translation of some Arabic MSS. His memory was so good, that he wrote out three copies of the Koran merely from recollection. He sailed from England in July, 1734. On his arrival at Fort James a messenger was sent to his father to inform him of the event, for the return of whom he waited with great impatience for four months, at the end of which he received the melancholy news  
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of his death, which happened almost immediately after learning the return of his son. Deeply afflicted with this information, Job set out immediately for Bunda; about which time MOORE, who has furnished these particulars, quitted the country, and nothing more was ever heard of this young African prince. Bunda is supposed to be the Bondou of Park, situated on the Upper Senegal, immediately to the east of Foota 'Torra.

Moore, the superintendant of the African Company's trading stations on the Gambia, collected and published a great deal of curious information respecting this part of Africa; but he did not himself penetrate so far into the interior as some of his predecessors. His account of the manners of the various tribes, of their drunken and brutal chiefs, of slave-catchers and slave-dealers, and of the commerce of the river in general, is interesting and valuable—but as the book is easily met with, it is unnecessary for us to notice it further.

From this period half a century elapsed without furnishing one adventurer into the interior worthy of mention. But the establishment of the AFRICAN ASSOCIATION in the year 1788 formed a new era and opened new prospects in the career of African discovery. Our readers are aware that the object of this society was to find out and engage persons, qualified by enterprize and intelligence, to make discoveries in the inland parts of Africa. It was composed of men eminent for rank and wealth, and still more eminent for zeal in the cause of science and humanity. 'The result of their labours,' as Mr. Murray observes, 'has thrown new lustre on the British name, and widely extended the boundaries of human knowledge;' at the expense, however, it is to be lamented, of many valuable lives, for the loss of which the additional information gained will hardly be thought to compensate.

MR. LEDYARD, by birth an American, was the first geographical missionary employed by the Association. In mental and bodily qualifications he was singularly endowed for 'enterprizes of great pith and moment.' In early life his propensity for adventure had led him to pass several years among the American Indians. In the humble capacity of corporal of marines he had sailed round the world with Captain Cook. His next object was to engage in a trading adventure to Nootka Sound, and from thence to traverse the continent of America from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Disappointed in this scheme, he determined to traverse Europe and Asia as far as Kamschatka; and with this view, crossing to Ostend, he proceeded by Denmark and the Sound to Stockholm; and walked from thence, round the head of the gulf of Bothnia, to Petersburg. Here he arrived without either shoes or stockings, or the means of procuring them, till he had obtained from the Portuguese ambassador a supply of twenty guineas on the credit of Sir Joseph Banks.

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That gentleman also procured for him permission to accompany a detachment proceeding with stores to Yakutz in Siberia, six thousand miles to the eastward. From this place he travelled to the coast of the Kamschatkan sea, which he was prevented from crossing by the ice, and was obliged to return to Yukutz. Here he was seized by some Russian soldiers in the name of the Empress, and conveyed on a sledge, in the depth of winter, to the frontiers of Poland, and turned adrift, with the comfortable assurance that if he was again found in Russia, he would be hanged. He reached Koningsberg utterly destitute; but here again the credit of Sir Joseph Banks procured him the sum of five guineas, which enabled him to reach England. His first visit was to his benefactor, who communicated to him the views of the Association, in which he at once engaged; and on being asked, at what time he would be ready to set out—‘To-morrow morning,’ he replied without a moment’s hesitation. Sir Joseph Banks wanted no more to inform him that Ledyard was the man he sought; full of energy, at once inquisitive and adventurous, unsubdued by difficulties and unappalled by dangers. He was particularly struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance and the inquietude of his eye; his figure, scarcely above the middle size, expressed great strength and activity. Such was the person to whom the arduous task was assigned of traversing the widest part of the continent of Africa from east to west in or about the parallel of the Niger. From his arrival at Cairo in August, 1788, he constantly visited the slave markets in order to converse with, and obtain information from, the travelling merchants of the caravans. His account of the Egyptians, published in the Reports of the Association, is striking and original, and bears the strongest marks of lively and acute observation, of a mind free from all prejudice, or fanciful theory, and an understanding deep and penetrating. Had Ledyard committed to paper ‘all he felt and all he saw,’ no modern book of travels, we are well assured, would contain half so interesting or so instructive a picture of man in the various circumstances under which he appears, as would be found in the narrative; of which his own sufferings and adventures would not form the least attractive and important part.

‘I am accustomed to hardships,’ said Ledyard, on the morning of his departure to Africa; ‘I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering: I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity: my distresses have been greater than I ever owned, or ever will own, to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear, but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the Society:  
and

and if I perish in the attempt, my honour will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds.'

The testimony which this accurate observer of human nature bears to the universal benevolence of the female character is so just, that it cannot be too often repeated.

'I have always remarked,' says he, 'that women in all countries are civil and obliging, tender and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are fond of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err, than man, but, in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar—if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so: and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.'

Such a man, 'who,' as Mr. Murray observes, 'could ingratiate himself with the ferocious Moors of Egypt, could hardly have failed of obtaining a kind reception from the gentle and hospitable negro, had no untoward accident intervened.' But fate ordained it otherwise. In consequence of vexation from repeated delays in the departure of the caravan for Sennaar, he was seized with a bilious complaint, for which, most unadvisedly, he swallowed a large dose of vitriolic acid, and, to relieve himself from the violent pain occasioned by it, had recourse to another dose of tartar emetic. The result of such medicines in such a climate needs hardly be mentioned—this hardy traveller died under their operation.

MR. LUCAS was the next person engaged by the Association to explore the interior of Africa. He had been sent, when a boy, to Cadiz to be educated as a merchant; and on his return was captured by a Sallee rover and carried to Morocco, where he remained three years: after this he was appointed vice-consul and chargé d'affaires to Morocco, where he resided sixteen years. On his return, he received the appointment of Oriental interpreter to the British court. The knowledge which he had acquired of the manners and language of the Arabs fitted him peculiarly for the views of the Association; and he was engaged accordingly to proceed, in the first place, from Tripoli to Fezzan, with which Tombuctoo was understood

understood to have a regular intercourse. Whatever information he could obtain at Fezzan he was directed to transmit by the way of Tripoli, and to proceed himself either down the Gambia, or to the coast of Guinea. In October, 1788, he arrived at Tripoli, and was introduced to the bashaw, who inquired eagerly after the object of his journey to Fezzan, which, he observed, no Christian had ever attempted. Having satisfied the bashaw on this subject, he promised him assistance. While Mr. Lucas was waiting to accompany an army about to proceed against some revolted Arabs, two shereefs arrived from Fezzan with slaves and other merchandize; and as their descent from Mahomet secured their persons from violence and their property from plunder, Mr. Lucas wished to proceed with them,—to this the bashaw not only consented, but made him a present of a handsome mule; and the bey, his son, gave him a tent, and a letter of recommendation to the king of Fezzan. On the 1st February, 1789, their little caravan left Tripoli, and proceeded by the route of Mesurata. On the fourth day they reached the ruins of Lebida, the Leptis Magna of the Romans, where Captain Smith of the navy, of whom we shall presently have occasion further to speak, has obtained the permission of the present bashaw to dig for the remains of antiquity, and to bring away whatever columns of porphyry, fragments of sculpture, pieces of statuary, &c. he may think proper, without any restriction.—The following day they reached Mesurata, and were received with great kindness by the governor. But as no camels were to be had, the two shereefs retired, one to his native town, the other to his friends among the mountains, to wait till the journey should be practicable; while Mr. Lucas returned to Tripoli, and from thence to England. He had however employed himself sedulously during his stay at Mesurata, in procuring, from the shereef Mohammed, an account of Fezzan and of the countries beyond it towards the south, which he had visited as a factor in the slave-trade; and the accuracy of this account was confirmed by the governor of Mesurata, who had himself been at Fezzan: and at the same time a more decisive test of its value was obtained by the Association, in the absence of Mr. Lucas, through the narrative of Ben Alli, a native of Morocco, who had made extensive journeys, as a merchant, in the countries to the south of the Sahara. The report therefore of Mr. Lucas, in the proceedings of the Association, may be considered as authentic;—the only point, however, which we shall notice, is its agreement with all the Arab authorities in stating, that, about a hundred miles south of Cassina, the river, which is supposed to be the Niger, (but which is most probably a branch of it only,) *flows from east to west*, and with such rapidity that no vessel can ascend its stream.

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The failure of these first two essays was no otherwise discouraging than by pointing out the difficulties of the attempt to penetrate into the central parts of Africa from the north. The attention of the Association was therefore turned towards the Gambia as the point from which the course of the Niger could most effectually be explored. As a proper person for this purpose, MAJOR HOUGHTON was engaged in 1791, having made himself acquainted with the language and manners of the Moors, during his residence, as British consul, in Morocco, and with those of the coast negroes while fort-major at Goree. He sailed up the Gambia to Pisanía, the residence of the hospitable Dr. Laidley, and from thence to the Mandingo kingdom, at the capital of which, Medina, he was received with great kindness and hospitality by the king of Woolli, who gave him directions as to the routes by which it was possible to penetrate into the interior regions. Here also he collected information of these regions from the slates or slave-dealers, travelling shereefs and marabouts, which were forwarded to the Association by Dr. Laidley. His expectations of success were most sanguine. In his letter from Medina of the 6th May, 1791, he says—

‘ I have obtained the best intelligence of the places I design visiting, from a shereef here who lives at Tombuctoo, and who luckily knew me when I was British consul to the Emperor of Morocco in 1772. I find that in the river I am going to explore, they have decked vessels with masts, with which they carry on trade from Tombuctoo eastward to the centre of Africa. I mean to embark in one of them from Genni, in Bambarra, to Tombuctoo.’

From Medina Major Houghton advanced to Bambouk, and, after crossing the Falomé, at Cacullo, arrived at Ferbanna. Here he was received by the king of Bambouk with extraordinary hospitality, who gave him directions for his route to Tombuctoo, furnished him with a guide, and with money to defray the expenses of the journey. From Simbing, the frontier village of Ludamar, he wrote with a pencil his last letter to Dr. Laidley, dated 1st September, 1791, expressed in the following words:—‘ Major Houghton’s compliments to Dr. Laidley, is in good health, on his way to Tombuctoo, robbed of all his goods by Fenda Bucar’s son.’—At Jarra he engaged some Moorish merchants, who were going to purchase salt in the desert, to convey him to Tisheet, but it is supposed that he suspected the perfidy of his companions, and determined, at the end of the second day, to return to Jarra, when he was plundered and deserted by the Moors. He had been without sustenance for some days when he reached Jarra, a watering-place belonging to the Moors, where he was either murdered or suffered to perish, for want of food. His body was dragged into the wilderness, and left to waste under a tree which was pointed out to Park when

when at Jarra. Dr. Laidley endeavoured in vain to recover his books and papers. Thus perished the second victim to the discovery of interior Africa.

But the fate of these enterprising men neither discouraged the Association from persevering, nor deterred others from embarking in the same pursuit. MUNGO PARK, a native of Selkirk, had just returned from a voyage to the East Indies, in the capacity of surgeon to a ship: hearing of the plan of discoveries pursuing by the African Association, he offered his services, through the medium of Sir Joseph Banks, which were immediately accepted;—and in May, 1795, he sailed from Portsmouth for the river Gambia. The results of his travels are too well known to require any repetition in this place; suffice it to say, that they were of the greatest importance—they established a number of geographical positions, along a line of more than a thousand miles, directly east from the coast; fixed the boundary of the Moors and negroes in the interior; pointed out the sources of the three great rivers, the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Niger; and restored to the latter its true course as described by the ancients, the traveller having verified it by direct and personal inspection. This splendid discovery tended rather to increase, than to gratify, the ardent curiosity by which his mission had been prompted. He was led, by an irresistible impulse, to learn something more of the mysterious stream which no European eye except his own had seen;—to trace its progress into the unknown depths of Africa, and ascertain its termination. For this purpose he embarked, for the second time, under the auspices of government. Whether he lived to have his curiosity gratified—whether he be still existing in some yet unexplored region in the heart of Africa,—or whether, as is most likely, he has experienced the fate of his unfortunate companions, are questions which, in all human probability, will never be cleared up, till the great problem of the termination of the Niger shall be solved. On the 7th November, 1805, he launched forth on the stream of this celebrated river, and since that day no accounts of him deserving to be considered as authentic, have been received in any quarter. The story patched up between Isaaco and Amadi Fatouma, we deem to be wholly unworthy of credit:—but the number of years that have elapsed since his departure have nearly extinguished every hope, except in the breast of his son, a youth of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who is said to burn with an ardent desire to descend the stream of the Niger, and, like another Telemachus, to explore the unknown regions of central Africa, in search of a lost father. To the classical pen of Mr. Wishaw we are indebted for all that has appeared of the personal history of this interesting and celebrated traveller.

While Mr. Park was exploring the countries along the line of  
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the Niger, for the first time, MR. BROWNE, a private gentleman, urged by a spirit of adventure, set out from Assiut in Egypt, with a view of getting into Darfûr, a country unknown to Europeans, except from some of its natives resident in Egypt, who seemed to possess a less intolerant spirit towards Christians than Mohammedans in general. From this point he conceived that the choice would be open to him, either to penetrate into Abyssinia by Kordofan, or to traverse Africa from east to west. For one of these purposes he left Assiut with the Soudan caravan, on the 28th May, 1793—passed through the Greater Oasis, (where the people subsist chiefly on dates,) and Sheb, famous for its native alum; and arrived at Sweini in Darfûr on the 23d July. He soon discovered, however, that the people of Darfûr not only considered him as an infidel, but as a being of an inferior species, whose colour was the effect of disease, or the mark of divine displeasure. His Egyptian agent, whom he had brought from Cairo, not content with robbing him, infused suspicions into the mind of the sultan, who ordered him to be confined to the town of Cobbé. The only person from whom he received any kindness was the melek of the Jelabs, or officer presiding over foreign merchants. By this man he was dissuaded from attempting to proceed to Bergoo, on the west, on account of the jealousy between that power and Darfûr; or to Sennaar through Kordofan, on the east, because of some insurrection there; and advised him to embrace the first opportunity of returning to Egypt. The sultan's permission, however, could not be procured for this purpose, till Mr. Browne contrived to alarm the merchants of the caravan, by hinting at the danger of their appearing in Egypt without him; when, after being deprived of all his remaining property by the sultan, he was permitted to depart, and reached Assiut in the summer of 1796, after an absence of nearly three years.

For several years Mr. Browne remained in England, enjoying that reputation which his intelligence and enterprize had so well earned; when the spirit of adventure broke forth afresh, and drew him from a state of peaceful inactivity. The central regions of Asia, so little known to us, were selected as the theatre on which his powers of research were to be exerted. Humboldt's description of the Cordilleras of the Andes excited in his breast an unconquerable desire to explore the Himalaya and the Hindoo Coosh; but it was ordained otherwise—for in his way thither, he fell, in Persia, by the hand of an assassin, who (it is supposed) was tempted to take away his life for the sake of the valuable property which he somewhat too incautiously carried about him.

The next adventurer employed by the African Association was FRIDERIC HORNEMAN, the son of a German clergyman, and educated at Gottingen. At his own request he was recommended by

Dr.

Dr. Blumenbach, who, in his letter to Sir Joseph Banks, observes, that to an excellent constitution Mr. Horneman united great literary acquirements, and a considerable knowledge of mechanics, both theoretical and practical; that he was patient of fatigue; in his form stout and athletic; in his habits temperate and abstemious; in his disposition cheerful and full of vivacity; and acquainted with sickness only by name. On the strength of these recommendations, he was at once engaged; and passing through Paris and Marseilles, reached Cairo in September, 1797, where he was detained; first by the plague, and then by the landing of the French at Alexandria, on the report of which he was seized and, with the rest of the Europeans, confined in the castle. As so few liberal acts are recorded of Buonaparte, it is but fair to mention that he no sooner learned, on his arrival in Cairo, the situation and destination of Horneman, than he sent for him, supplied him with passports, and made him liberal offers of money or whatever else might tend to facilitate his progress. On the 5th September, 1799, Horneman set out for Fezzan with the caravan; and on the 15th arrived at Ummegeoir, a small village situated on a rock: two days more brought him to the oasis of Siwah, famous for its dates, and still more famous for the ruins of Ummebeda, which are supposed to be the remains of the celebrated temple of Jupiter Ammon, the object of unbounded veneration to the ancient world. Passing through Schiaca, Augita, Black Harutch, (the *Mons Ater* of the ancients,) and the vast plain of White Harutch, the caravan arrived at Temissa, the frontier town of Fezzan; and, on the seventy-fourth day of their departure from Cairo, reached Mourzouk, the capital. During his stay at this place, Horneman collected much valuable and interesting information;—that which related to the Niger agrees with all the Arab authorities, which identify it with the Egyptian Nile. From Mourzouk, Horneman proceeded to Tripoli, whence he returned to Fezzan in January, 1800. In the April of that year, he writes that he is on the point of setting out with the caravan for Bornou, in company with two great shereefs, whose protection he conceives will afford him full security. From that time no accounts have been received of him, except that Mr. M'Donogh, the consul at Tripoli, was told by a Moorish merchant, that Jussuph, the name by which Horneman went, was well at Cassina about the month of June, 1803. The Association observe in their Reports of 1808 and 1809, that some uncertain rumours tended to encourage a hope that he might still be safe;—but the lapse of seventeen years must have extinguished the last faint gleam. A communication indeed has recently been received from CAPTAIN SMITH, employed in surveying the northern coast of Africa, which leaves little doubt that this ingenious and enterprising traveller died

soon after his departure from Fezzan. The circumstances which led to this communication are exceedingly curious.—In a conference between Captain Smith and the bashaw of Tripoli, at which the Mamluke Reis, bey of Fezzan, happened to be present, the latter, on being interrogated respecting an expedition into the interior, in which he had recently been engaged, gave the following account. Proceeding to the southward from Mourzouk at the head of his army, and passing Bournou, he entered (he said) a country inhabited by a fine race of negroes, on whom he made war, and whom, after numerous encounters, he defeated and drove into a large river, in which the greater part of them perished. This river he called the Nile, and described it as running to the *eastward*. It was wide, but full of shallows; and long and narrow boats, carrying from five to fifteen or twenty tons, were passing and repassing. On his return, he fell in with a ruined city, heaped with the remains of large edifices, and filled with such numbers of statues as to have all the appearance of an inhabited place.—This description so fired the curiosity of Captain Smith, that he determined, if possible, to visit the spot, and the bashaw, who was then about to make war upon his son, the bey of Bengazi, obligingly ordered a party of Janissaries to escort him to Raz Sem, or Ghirza, which he apprehended to be the place meant by the bey of Fezzan.

On the 28th February last Captain Smith left Tripoli, and on the 3d March reached Benuleat. Here he learned that at Ghirza he would find plenty of figures of men, women, and children, intermixed with those of camels, horses, tigers, ostriches, and dogs, all in stone, to which they had been changed by Divine Providence as a punishment for their sins. After passing a dreary, mountainous country, they arrived on the 8th at Zemzem, about three or four miles from Ghirza. On reaching the spot, the mortification of our traveller will readily be conceived, at finding nothing but a few ill-constructed houses on the break of a rocky hill, and, at a little distance, a number of tombs constructed in bad taste, with ill-proportioned columns, and clumsy capitals, the frize and entablature of which were loaded with absurd representations of warriors, husbandmen, camels, horses, and other animals in low relief, forming, he says, the very worst attempts at sculpture that he ever beheld. Captain Smith thinks that, as this collection of tombs lies near the Fezzan road, travellers from the interior might occasionally turn aside to examine them; that these people, having never seen any other sculpture, probably described them in glowing colours to the inhabitants of Tripoli, and that their accounts, aided, perhaps, by the story of Nardoun, have gradually swelled into the tale of a Petrified City,—which has acquired such celebrity in Africa as to obtain universal belief. It has even been deemed a species of pilgrimage

pilgrimage to resort to the spot, and invoke a blessing on the petrified Moslems. With pious ejaculations of this kind, either written or sculptured, the pedestals, it seems, are actually covered. It was on this journey that, in the course of conversation, the bey of Fezzan told Captain Smith that, about seventeen years ago, an Englishman accompanied him on an expedition to the southward of Fezzan, died on the road in consequence of a fever, and was buried near Aucas. The time and place exactly correspond with what has been surmized of the fate of the unfortunate Horneman.

On the very first landing of the Portugeuze on the western coast of Africa, they understood that, far to the eastward of Tombuctoo, was a people who were neither Moors nor pagans, but whose religious ceremonies resembled their own; since which there is scarcely a traveller into the interior who has not heard some vague accounts of them. Horneman mentions a tribe of the Tuarick situated on the Niger, and named Zagama: the colour of these people was not black, neither had they the negro features; and they were described to him as being *Nazari* or Christians. Park also heard of a Christian nation on the borders of the Niger, and Jackson speaks of a race of Christians who are reported to dwell on the shores of a sea (or lake) fifteen days journey to the eastward of Tombuctoo. Captain Smith had frequent conversations with different persons on this subject, from which he collected that certain tribes 'of muscular negroes' near Wangara answer to the description. A French captain, who had resided twenty-five years at Tripoli, in the service of the bashaw, related to him, that on carrying some of these negroes from Tripoli to Algiers, an evening bell was heard from an European ship, on which those on deck manifested the utmost delight; and, calling up their companions, embraced them with great fervor, pointing to the vessel and repeating the word *campaan*. On inquiring the meaning of this, he was told that, in their native town, there was a large building, having a bell, which every morning and evening summoned them to prayer; that in this edifice there was neither idol, mat, nor divan, and that the priest alone officiated. Captain Smith also learned that the late bey of Bengazi, who in his boyhood was brought as a slave to Tripoli, recollected some ceremony similar to that of the celebration of mass, and the use of consecrated wine. These are but vague notices; but the circumstance of the bell and the wine, combined with the absence of the almost universal rite of circumcision, would seem to indicate that the Mohammedan doctrines have not reached the central regions of Africa.

After all hope of Horneman had nearly been abandoned by the Association, two gentlemen offered themselves, the one, MR. FITZ-

GERALD, to proceed by the way of the Cape of Good Hope; the other, MR. NICHOLLS, to go whithersoever the committee thought fit to send him. The proposal of the first was rejected; we do not exactly see why, as, in our opinion, the interior of South Africa is an object of as great, and perhaps greater, interest than the interior of North Africa; being a much better country, and inhabited by a superior race of people. Had DR. COWAN and LIEUTENANT DONOVAN, who were sent by Lord Caledon to explore it, fortunately kept from the verge of the Portuguese settlements, where the slave-dealers reside, we see no reason why they might not have penetrated to Egypt or Abyssinia. Indeed there appear to be various places on the eastern coast of Africa, from which the interior might be explored with a more reasonable chance of success than from the opposite side; and we are rather disposed to think, with Lord Valentia, that Berbera, situated between Gardafui and the Strait of Babelmandel, and to whose great annual fair caravans resort from the interior, offers a point to set out from with the fairest prospect of visiting the Bahr-el-Abiad, or main branch of the Nile, whose source has been so long concealed in the solitudes of Africa.—A still nearer way to the regions both of the Nile and the Niger, which are commonly confounded by the Arabs, would be that of the Riogrande or Qulimané, near Melinda, whose source is probably on the opposite side of the same mountains which give rise to the Bahr-el-Abiad. We require better proofs of the ferocity of the interposing Gallas than the mere assertions of the Abyssinians, who are perpetually at war with them, and who, like all barbarous states, represent their next neighbours as the most savage of cannibals. Father Lobo threw himself among them, and it does not appear that they manifested any disposition to use the missionary as their traducers, the Abyssinians, treat their own cattle.

MR. NICHOLLS, the other volunteer, was sent to Calabar, in the Gulf of Benin, which is certainly the nearest point on this side of Africa, to the regions of the Niger; and must, indeed, be very near to that river, if it should be found to flow in a southerly direction. It was then believed, and has since been amply confirmed, that the Houssa merchants have frequent communications with Benin, and that no mountains impede the journey, which, however, is sometimes retarded by rivers and swamps. Mr. Nicholls arrived at Calabar in January, 1805: there he learnt that most of the slaves came from the west; and that the river of Calabar was not navigable to any great extent, being interrupted by a fall or cataract, which might be heard for several miles, and beyond which the land rose very rapidly. The same direction is given to the united streams of Rio del Rey, Calabar, Formosa, and several others, in the 'African Pilot,' on information collected from the old English, Dutch, and Portuguese

Portuguese slave-dealers; and there can be little doubt that instead of being a continuation of the Niger, according to M. Reichard's hypothesis, all these streams, which form the delta of Biafra, have their source in the Kong mountains, from the opposite side of which the Niger, the Gambia, and the Senegal take their rise. Mr. Nicholls did not live to make any discoveries in this quarter; he was seized with the fever of the country, and fell a victim to it.

The next adventurer in African discovery (but not, as Mr. Murray supposes, employed by the Association) was a German of the name of ROENTGEN. Neither was it this gentleman, to whom the committee of the Association alluded in their report of May, 1808, but Mr. Burchardt, whose name was then withheld from prudential motives. Mr. Roentgen was recommended by Professor Blumenbach to Sir Joseph Banks, as a young man of considerable talents, great zeal, and a good constitution. Though then only in his twenty-first year, he had performed many long and fatiguing journeys on foot, and particularly an arduous one across the Alps: but whether it was that he did not meet with the countenance and support which an ardent zeal had led him to expect, or that the proffered assistance was too tardy for his sanguine expectations, he was induced to resort to a private subscription, by which he raised the sum of £250; and this he deemed sufficient for his first essay. Instead, however, of setting out for Barbary, after properly qualifying himself to pass for a Mohammedan, and undergoing those strange preparations which we described in a former Number, such as eating flies and spiders—living on bread and water—leaving his bed to sleep under hedges in frost and snow, &c. to the surprise of all his friends, he set out suddenly with Mrs. Bathurst, on her journey to the continent in quest of intelligence concerning the death of her husband, who, it will be recollected, disappeared in a very strange and unaccountable manner in some part of Prussia.

On his return, however, he proceeded, in 1811, to Mogadore, intending to make his way through Terudant to Akka, on the confines of the Desert, where he hoped to find a caravan of Tombuctoo traders; and, by joining himself to their company, in the character of a merchant and a doctor, he expected, without much difficulty, to reach Tombuctoo. In the course of his Arabic studies at Mogadore he became acquainted with, and eventually took into his service, a renegade, who described himself as a native of Yorkshire, but born of German parents, and who, having been at Mecca, assumed the title of 'El Haje,' which may too frequently be considered as synonymous with 'vagabond.' Haje professed his readiness to accompany Roentgen, and became the confidant of his whole plan. The imprudence of reposing confi-



dence in a person almost entirely unknown at Mogadore, was strongly urged, but in vain, by the English gentlemen resident there; and equally vain was every attempt to induce him to delay his departure till he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Arabic language. Meanwhile, his residence in the town without any apparent occupation had attracted the notice of the governor, and he therefore resolved to take the first opportunity of commencing his journey: this was speedily afforded him by joining in an excursion of pleasure into the country, made by the few European residents at Mogadore. No one knew of his intention but the gentleman to whom we are indebted for these particulars. Accordingly, in the evening, when the rest were about to return to Mogadore, they learned, with surprize, that their companion was determined to proceed, though unprovided either with tent or bedding. The gentleman above-mentioned rode with him till eleven at night, when they reached the banks of the Tensift, where they were joined by the renegade, and two mules with the baggage, consisting of two or three *haiks* and rugs, a few articles of merchandise, a case of medicine, some books, among which were a Koran and an Arabic dictionary, and a set of mathematical and astronomical instruments. Roentgen had about 700 dollars in gold and silver coins, part of which he carried himself, and the renegade the remainder, sewed up in their girdles. At two o'clock the gentleman took his final leave of the traveller, who, there is every reason to believe, was murdered the same night. Various reports were in circulation at Mogadore respecting this murder, but the general suspicion fell on the renegade, who was never afterwards seen there. No appeal was made to the emperor to pursue the assassin, as Mr. Roentgen had never claimed the official protection of any consul or public agent; but an Arab was taken into custody at Morocco in consequence of offering for sale some articles suspected to have belonged to Roentgen; of these, a watch and a towel were afterwards identified at Mogadore: the Arab was tortured, but made no confession.

The melancholy fate of Roentgen was deeply lamented by all his acquaintance at Mogadore. He was a young man, our informant says, of a most disinterested and amiable character. In the pursuit of knowledge he was indefatigable. It is impossible for those who were not witnesses of his zeal, to form an adequate idea of the pains which he bestowed on the acquirement of whatever he considered essential to the success of his enterprize. He had accustomed himself to every variety of bodily fatigue, privation, and hardship; and he had succeeded to that degree in preparing himself to live on any species of food, to which he might be reduced, that there was scarcely any vegetable substance, however

nauseous

nauseous and loathsome, which he could not eat with apparent indifference. Botany and entomology were among his favourite pursuits in the neighbourhood of Mogadore, in both of which he had made considerable collections. In one excursion he had wandered from his company in search of his favourite objects, and when evening made it necessary to return, was no where to be found; every place was examined, his name was repeatedly called, but all to no purpose. At last, however, he was discovered stretched at full length, and motionless, on the ground, in a thick underwood. His eyes were closed, his pulse scarcely perceptible, his extremities cold, and from his mouth was emitted a thick foam. All endeavours having failed to restore animation, he was laid across a horse and taken towards the city: here he was put to bed, still in a state of insensibility; but in the course of the night happily recovered his faculties. He could give no account of what had happened to him, and was quite astonished when told of the state in which he had been found and conveyed home: it was ascribed, however, to his having eaten of some plant or insect of an intoxicating or poisonous quality, as nothing escaped his taste that appeared new to him.

Among the many valuable qualities of this unfortunate young man, that of prudence cannot certainly be included. Every difficulty immediately vanished before the influence of that enthusiasm with which his ruling passion for African discovery seemed always to inspire him. In all intercourse with the Moors and Arabs the utmost prudence and circumspection are required; but these Roentgen uniformly despised.\* Utterly regardless of danger himself, he imputed the cautionary advice of his friends to constitutional timidity, or to the reserved and calculating spirit induced by commercial habits, and ill suited to a career like his. Fired with the glory which he was about to acquire by the success of his enterprise, and strongly tinctured with *fatalism*, he seemed at some moments to leave all hazards entirely out of his calculations; and was frequently heard to declare his entire conviction, that he was the person *destined* by Providence to complete the discovery of northern Africa.

Of MR. LEGH's journey in Egypt and Nubia, as well as the involuntary travels of ADAMS and RILEY in the Sahara, we have already given such ample details, as to render a recurrence to them

\* An instance of the imprudence and extravagances, into which his enthusiasm occasionally betrayed him, shewed itself on a visit which he made to Morocco. Arriving within sight of that city, and of the lofty range of Atlas beyond it, he broke out into such rapturous and extravagant expressions of joy, both in words and gestures, that the Moors about him concluded him to be mad. A circumstance to which he probably owed his life, as the Moors hold madmen as well as fools in a kind of superstitious regard.

unnecessary. MR. BURCHARDT, a Swiss, who has spent so many years in northern Africa and Arabia, as to be enabled, by his intimate knowledge of the manners and language of the natives, to pass, at will, for a Turk, an Arab, or a Moor, is still on his travels, and probably at this moment either a resident of Tombuctoo, or some other city on the banks of the Niger. His papers, we understand, are arranging for publication; and, from his character and experience, may be expected to contain more detailed and accurate information of the various people and nations visited by him, than has yet been communicated, from any quarter, to the European world. Should he even be disappointed in his object of reaching Tombuctoo, we shall at least have from him a detailed account of his journey from Upper Egypt, through Nubia, to the confines of Dongola, a great part of which is new ground.

Another traveller in this part of Africa deserves to be mentioned—CAPTAIN LIGHT, of the Royal Artillery, whose journal, we understand, has been given to Mr. Walpole, who is preparing for publication some tracts on the East. It contains a very brief, but striking description of the temples—the state of the country, political and natural—the trade and the employments of the inhabitants—their language, dress, and arms—with a list of the villages between Philæ and Wadde-el-fee, the last cataract, three days' journey above Ibrim, the highest point reached by Mr. Legh. Perhaps the most interesting of Captain Light's observations relate to the numerous remains of Christianity, altars, bas reliefs of the Virgin, &c. among the most ancient pagan temples which had been taken possession of by the early Christians for the purposes of public worship. In several places were also paintings of scriptural subjects of the Greek church. He found the square masonry forming the mouths of the mummy pits at Deer or Iddeer, loaded with Greek inscriptions and crosses, proving that Christians had been buried there; but the jealousy of the natives, who will never be convinced that curious travellers are not seeking for treasure, prevented him from gratifying a wish to procure some of the mummies, in the hope that a connexion might be traced between the Greek, the Coptic, and the Hieroglyphic, as it can scarcely be supposed that the two latter were dropped at once. He also learned that temples, with pictures like those which he had seen at Dakkee and other places, were found on the left bank of the Nile as far as Dongola; and he seems to have little doubt, that the progress of Christianity in the early period of its establishment, might thus be traced along that river into Abyssinia.

We have finally the melancholy task to notice the fatal issue of two recent expeditions, undertaken by the government, to explore, in every possible way, the course and termination of the Niger,  
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—the first, under the conduct of CAPTAIN TUCKEY, of the navy, proceeded up the Congo or Zaire in southern Africa; the other, under the direction of Major Peddie, of the army, ascended the river Nuñez, in north Africa, with the view of getting to the navigable part of the Niger by a shorter track than that pursued by Park, and of proceeding down the stream of that mysterious river wherever it might conduct him. Captain Tuckey was a brave and intelligent officer, of a zealous and ardent mind, well stored with resources, and not easily subdued by difficulties. His attention had been particularly directed towards nautical discovery and maritime geography, on which subject he drew up a treatise in four volumes, during a long and painful captivity in France. His lieutenant, Mr. Hawkey, was a fellow prisoner, who during his confinement had not neglected the improvement of his mind, and had acquired considerable skill in drawing. The master, Mr. Fitzmaurice, was an excellent surveyor. Three gentlemen of science, Mr. Professor Smith, of Christiana in Norway, botanist and geologist; Mr. Cranch, geologist and collector of subjects of natural history; and Mr. Tudor, comparative anatomist, besides Mr. Lockhart, a gardener from His Majesty's Botanical Garden at Kew, accompanied the expedition; all of whom, with the exception of the surveyor and the gardener, fell a sacrifice, not so much to the climate, as to the example set by their commander of an over anxious zeal to accomplish the great object of their mission. Finding the river above the cataracts to be hemmed in between a range of precipitous mountains which forbade all approach to its banks, and, for the distance of thirty or forty miles, bristled with rocks and foaming with rapids; and understanding, at the same time, that it again became navigable higher up, they were led on from place to place, until they fell down, one by one, completely exhausted by fatigue and the want of nourishing food, which brought on a fever not unlike, in its symptoms, to the Bulam fever; and so fatal, that out of thirty persons who set out on this land journey, sixteen perished before they left the river, and two in the passage across the Atlantic to Bahia. Captain Tuckey is said to have been the last who gave in, persevering to trace the river till it became a majestic sheet of water from four to five miles in width, forming, with its well-clothed banks, scenery not less beautiful and far more magnificent than any afforded by the Thames. From the disappearance of the mountains, the expansion of the river, its northerly direction, the rising of its water long before the rains set in, and from the information derived from the natives, he had no doubt, it seems, of the source of the Zaire being to the northward of the line; and if any faith may be put in Sidi Hamet's Wassanah, as described by Riley, as little can we doubt that the Zaire and the  
Niger

Niger are the same. Riley, however, is a loose writer.\* We will not here repeat the arguments for the identity of the two rivers,—of such a conclusion we may, however, safely venture to assert the increased validity, since the time they were first given in our Review.

The military expedition has been almost as unfortunate as the naval one. Its commander, MAJOR PIEDIE, died at Kacundy, on the river Nunez. The surgeon had previously fallen shortly after their arrival on the coast; and Lieutenant M'Kay shared the same fate up the river. Hearing of these misfortunes, and urged by an ardent desire to become a party in the hazardous enterprise, Lieutenant Stuckoe of the navy, who had been sent to Sierra Leone with a prize by Sir James Yeo, could not resist the temptation of volunteering his services; and actually set out to join the expedition. For this breach of duty, (for such we suppose it must be accounted,) it is to be hoped that he will not be too severely censured; for, had the party been fortunate enough to embark on the Niger, a marine officer would have been of infinite service in the navigation of the river.

On the 30th June, however, this officer returned to Sierra Leone with the melancholy intelligence of the death of CAPTAIN CAMPBELL (who had succeeded to the command) at Kacundy. He was stopped, it appears, at a place called Pangettoe, on the road to Labay and Teembo, about 150 miles beyond Kacundy, and delayed there for three months, in consequence of a refusal of the chief of the Foolahs to let him proceed, on the plea of a war then existing between him and a neighbouring chief. At this place he lost the whole of his camels, his horses, and the greater part of his asses. Seeing no prospect of being able to proceed, he determined to retrace his steps; and, after many difficulties and privations, reached Kacundy with the loss of one man only;—and here he died, as it is said, of a broken heart. Thus fatally have these two promising expeditions terminated!

Colonel Macarty, the Governor of Sierra Leone, and all those on the coast who know any thing of the country, represented the route of Rio Nunez as the worst that could have been taken; and Kacundy, in particular, as the very focus of disease. The African Company, with more promising prospects of success, have pushed

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\* Our readers will recollect Riley's statement of the *weight* of his companions on their reaching Mogadore, which he plainly intimates not to have exceeded *forty pounds* each. Having some doubts of the possibility of such a reduction, we procured the skeleton of a middle sized man to be weighed—it was found to be  $13\frac{1}{2}$  pounds; the usual weight of the brain is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  pounds; that of the circulating blood 27 pounds; so that we have 45 pounds without either muscles or intestines. A proof yet more decisive, perhaps, of the inaccuracy of Riley's statement, is that of a consumptive patient, remarkably emaciated, who, after death, was found to weigh seventy-one pounds and one-eighth. How far this may affect the general veracity of Riley's narrative, we pretend not to determine.

forwards

forwards another expedition in a different quarter. On the 22d April last, a party consisting of Mr. JAMES, Mr. BOWDICH, Mr. HUTCHINSON, and Mr. TEDLIE, with various other persons, amounting in the whole to 130, chiefly consisting of natives of Cape Coast in the service of the Company, set out for the capital of Ashantee, with presents for the king. Their route was through Annamaboe and Abrah, the capital of the Fantees. It is intended that one of these gentlemen shall remain in the Ashantee country, for the purpose of keeping up a communication with the coast. Great hopes are entertained that much correct information may thus be collected regarding the state of this interesting people, and of the tribes further inland.

Low as Portugal is now sunk in the intellectual scale of European nations, her's is the unquestionable merit of having taken the lead in that spirit of discovery and maritime enterprize, which burst forth in the fifteenth century, with an energy not since surpassed. Yet, as we before stated, the grand object of her research was, as far as Africa is concerned, a mysterious (or rather an ideal) personage, whose residence was unknown. Rubriquis and Marco Polo mention this Christian priest-sovereign as residing in the central regions of Tartary, where he was afterwards sought for in vain; but the origin of the name and the place of his abode are not so difficult to be traced as Mr. Murray supposes. Prester, or Presbyter John, (it should be, no doubt, *Prester Khan*,) was the chief of a Tartan clan, who received at the hands of the Nestorian Christians the rites of baptism and ordination, when 'the missionaries of Balk and Samarcand pursued, without fear, the footsteps of the roving Tartar, and insinuated themselves into the camps of the valleys of Imaus, and the banks of the Selinga.'—'In its long progress,' continues Gibbon, 'to Mosul, Jerusalem, Rome, &c. the story of Prester John evaporated in a monstrous fable, of which some features have been borrowed from the Lama of Thibet, and ignorantly transferred by the Portuguese to the emperor of Abyssinia.' But though the eastern coast of Africa was thus determined as the residence of Prester John, many centuries after he had ceased to exist, they assigned to this fancied empire an extent equal to the fame of its monarch. In the progress of the Portuguese discoveries therefore along that coast, the first instruction to the adventurers was to inquire diligently for Prester John; they were directed to lose no opportunity of penetrating into the interior, and on learning the name of any sovereign, an embassy was to be sent to ascertain whether he was Prester John, or could inform them where this exalted personage was to be found. The shores of the Sahara, presenting nothing but a 'wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky,' were

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were frightful enough to check the career of the most enthusiastic adventurers, bent on the discovery of any thing less sacred than this celebrated non-entity : but when they reached the fertile shores of the Senegal and Gambia, and cast their longing eyes on gold and ivory, the ambition of conquest and of settlement was shared with the zeal of discovering the unknown idol. Their first essay in this way was the seizure of the island of Arguin, as a protection from the natives of the continent, who had put to death Nunez Rio and his men, while attempting to ascend a small river near the Rio Grande.

Scarcely had they established themselves on Arguin when a prince of the Jalofs, whose name was Bemoy, came thither to seek their aid against a relation, by whom, as he said, he had been unjustly deprived of his throne. This was a visit so unexpected and agreeable, that the governor dispatched a vessel with Bemoy and his train, to Lisbon. Here he was received with all possible honours, introduced to the king and queen in presence of all the grandees, and lodged in the castle of Palmela. At a private audience, he told the king of the riches of Africa, and mentioned Tombuctoo, Jenné, and other great cities, in which an immense trade was carried on ; but the circumstance, which above all others animated the zeal of his Portuguese Majesty, was the mention of a people far to the eastward of Tombuctoo, who were neither Moors nor gentiles, and who, in many of their customs, resembled the Portuguese ;—these the king at once concluded could be no other than the subjects of Prester John.

While an expedition was preparing, Bemoy was put under a course of instruction for receiving the sacrament of baptism, which was publicly administered on the 3d November, 1489 ; and on the same day, says De Barros, that he received this eternal honour, he was admitted also to the temporal honour of arms of nobility ; did homage to the king, as his liege lord, for all the lands he should gain by his aid ; and also to the Pope in the person of his commissary. The event was celebrated with feats of horsemanship, bull-feasts, and puppet-shows.—If Bemoy was astonished, the Portuguese were not less so, at the activity displayed by his negro followers, who outstripped the Portuguese horses in speed, and leaped upon their backs while in full gallop.

The expedition, consisting of twenty caravels, having on board a number of soldiers, and materials for building a fort, was now ready to sail. The command was given to Pero Paz d'Acunha, who also took with him a corps of monks to convert the natives to the Christian faith, under the direction of Alvaro, a brother of the order of Dominicans. On entering the Senegal, a misunderstanding

ing unluckily arose between the commander and the African prince, the result of which was that Pero Paz stabbed Bemoy to the heart on board of his own vessel.

The news of this event caused great sorrow to the king of Portugal, and orders were sent out to desist from building the fort; the armament however was ordered to remain in the river, and embassies were to be sent to the most powerful of the neighbouring states. De Barros mentions, in particular, several missions that were dispatched to the king of Tombuctoo, and gives the names of the ambassadors. It is much to be regretted that this historian, who was furnished with the best and most authentic materials, has not thought fit to enter into any details of these early embassies, either as to the route pursued, or the state of the several countries through which they passed. May not these documents (we are almost tempted to ask) still exist in the archives of Lisbon? After having been placed in the hands of De Barros, there could then be no conceivable motive for destroying them; still less can there be now for concealing them: indeed we cannot help thinking, that an active search among the records of the state would well reward the labour, and we can hardly anticipate any reluctance on the part of the Portuguese government.

Bemoy's account of the people resembling Christians, to the eastward of Tombuctoo, may explain the several missions to that kingdom; but it does not appear that their inquiries after Prester John met with any success. As the Portuguese pushed their discoveries farther south, the indefatigable search for this Christian sovereign was extended in every direction. From the fortress which they had established on the gold coast, they sent a mission to a Moorish prince of the name of Mahommed, dwelling about one hundred and forty leagues in the interior, on the parallel of Cape Palmas, to procure some intelligence respecting this potent monarch.—The prince told the ambassadors that he knew but four powerful kings in the world—the king of Cairo, the king of Alimaem, the king of Baldac, and the king of Tucuroi. Of the person whom they sought, he had never heard. He added that of the four thousand four hundred and four kings, of whom he was the lineal descendant, not one had ever received or sent an embassy to any Christian prince; and that he had no intention to depart from their customs.

Farther south, as Diego Cam was pursuing his voyage of discovery, the sovereign of Benin was inflamed with such holy zeal, that he sent to Mina to intreat for some missionaries to instruct him and his court in the Christian religion. In return, the king of Portugal sent an expedition under Fernando del Po, to explore the coast of Benin. Here he obtained information of a powerful sovereign



vereign called Ogané, whose kingdom was twenty moons journey to the eastward, who was held in the same kind of veneration by the chiefs of Benin, that the pope was held in Europe. When a king of Benin died, his heir sent ambassadors with a valuable present to Ogané, who in return sent him a staff, a covering for the head, similar to a Spanish helmet, of glittering brass, and a cross for the neck, similar to those worn by the commanders of the order of St. John, without which the people did not consider their sovereign to be lawfully established. During the stay of the ambassadors, Ogané was constantly concealed by a silk curtain; but when they took leave, a foot was thrust forward from behind the curtain, 'to which they did homage as to a holy thing.' On hearing this, the king of Portugal sent for his cosmographers, who, on consulting the map of Ptolemy, calculated that the reputed distance ought to reach the dominions of Prester John, and that this Ogané, therefore, must unquestionably be he. We hear nothing more however of Ogané, whose description agrees with no known monarch but that of Abyssinia, unless it may have reference to the Christian kingdom called Oggi, lying more to the S.W. in which Bermudez spent some time.

In proceeding to the southward, Diego Cam fell in with a strong current setting from the land: the water was discoloured and, when tasted, found to be fresh; these circumstances suggested the idea that they were approaching the mouth of some mighty river: it was in fact the Congo, or more properly the Zaire. Cam erected a pillar on the southern point, and then determined to ascend the river; the shores of which he found well peopled with a race of men very black, and speaking a language wholly unintelligible. He understood, however, that a very powerful monarch resided at a certain number of days' journey up the river, to whom he sent a party of his people with presents. As the men did not return at the time stipulated, Diego enticed on board several of the principal natives, and set sail with them for Portugal, telling the people on shore that he would return in fifteen moons: he kept his word, carried back the people of Congo, and recovered his own countrymen, who had been treated in the kindest manner during his absence. From this time, the Portuguese were inclined to keep up a friendly intercourse with the Congo and the kingdoms bordering on it; they built churches, and by means of missionaries, converted, or pretended to have converted, the natives to christianity, not a vestige of which, however, appears at the present day:—Though no tidings whatever were heard of Prester John in this quarter, they were consoled, in some measure, for the disappointment, by the settlements which they made on the coast, and by the abundance of slaves which in process of time those settlements yielded them.

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The search, however, was by no means discontinued. Both Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco de Gama received instructions to consider all objects of discovery as secondary to that of the sovereign-priest. De Gama, on his arrival at Mosambique, was gratified with certain faint glimpses of the abode of this august personage. Among the attendants of a native of Fez, who acted as the interpreter of the sheick, three men were observed to fall on their knees before the image of the angel Gabriel, on the stern of the admiral's ship. The Portuguese, on inquiry, found them to be Abyssinians, and shewed an anxious desire to converse with them; on this the Moors became jealous, and they saw the men no more; they had seen enough, however, to satisfy themselves that the dominions of Prester John must be in Abyssinia. The following year, (1499) Covilham and De Payva, who had been sent into the Red Sea in quest of further information, received such accounts of Abyssinia, as fully confirmed them in this belief. De Payva dying, Covilham determined to go himself into Abyssinia. He reached Shoa, where the emperor then happened to be, and was kindly received; but the ancient law which permitted no stranger to leave the kingdom, was enforced against him. Covilham, however, having lands and possessions heaped upon him, and finding himself a greater man in Abyssinia than in his own country, was not, perhaps, very earnest in his solicitations for leave to depart.

The Empress Helena, who governed Abyssinia during the minority of her son David, thought the opportunity too precious to be neglected, of availing herself of the pious zeal of the king of Portugal, to ask his aid against the Moors of Adel. She selected one Matthew, an Armenian, to be her ambassador, who, after many delays, arrived in Portugal, in 1513. The quality of the ambassador was not nicely scrutinized—it was enough that he confirmed the discovery of that venerable sovereign who had so long eluded all search, and that Portugal had the unspeakable glory of receiving the first embassy from so renowned a potentate. Matthew had all manner of honours heaped upon him: and an embassy was sent in return, at the head of which was Edward Galvan, an experienced statesman of the mature age of eighty-six, who, as might have been foreseen, died on the voyage. In 1620, Rodriguez de Lima, accompanied by Francisco Alvarez as his secretary, was landed at Massuah, and after some delays and difficulties on points of etiquette between the ambassador and the Baharnagash, or 'lord of the sea,' arrived at the monastery of St. Michael, after passing such mountains and torrents, and gloomy forests, as made 'the camels yell as if they had been possessed with devils;' and encountering droves of wild beasts that walked about with the utmost composure, with whole squadrons of apes as large as sheep, and as shaggy as

lions. At length the travellers reached the residence of the viceroy of Angot, and were entertained at a feast in which cakes of *taffo* (teff) were served up, with *imbandigioni*, which Alvarez is shocked to mention as 'pieces of raw flesh with warm blood.' From hence they set out for court, and passed the celebrated mountain within which is the 'Happy Valley,' where the young princes of Abyssinia are confined. They next came to the place where the supposed *Prete* was encamped. The first day the *Prete* would not see them at all, and a band of thieves, which they were told was part of the court establishment, carried off a great part of their baggage. On the second day the *Prete* talked to them behind the curtains of his bed. On the third he sent for them again, but still kept himself invisible behind the curtains, and puzzled the ambassador not a little in discussing doctrinal points of the Catholic religion. About a fortnight afterwards they had the high honour of viewing this sacred personage seated on a scaffold, dressed in silk and gold, with a silver cross in his hand, and a crown of gold and silver on his head: he kept them, however, waiting at the outer gate nearly all night, before he condescended to admit them to the sight of his 'celestial countenance;' and soon after they were ordered out of their beds to receive their leave of absence. The particulars of this mission by Alvarez, form the first, and by no means the worst account, that has appeared concerning Abyssinia.

The aid subsequently afforded by Portugal to the king of Abyssinia was the means of procuring John Bermudez, a Romish priest, the appointment of patriarch. In this situation he does not appear to have borne his faculties meekly—he was therefore soon stripped of his office, and sent into a kind of banishment in the southern province of Esat. He was succeeded by Oviedo; this man, who, with a greater share of bigotry, had less command of temper than Bermudez, was very urgent in his solicitations for about fifteen hundred Portuguese troops, with which (he said) he would undertake to convert not only Abyssinia, but all the neighbouring kingdoms.

Pero Payz, another missionary in Abyssinia, was very superior, in every respect, to his predecessors. Instead of that overbearing insolence which disgusted the court, he used every means of ingratiating himself with the emperor; he built him a house after the European fashion, and made himself so useful that, by degrees, the emperor and his whole court were converted to the Romish faith. Payz describes the Abyssinian feasts of 'raw flesh and cakes of teff,' and the 'large mouthfuls stuffed in one after another as if they were stuffing a goose for a feast.' He describes also the very same sources of the Nile, which Bruce afterwards visited, and so minutely, that unless Bruce should have copied his description, (which

(which can hardly be suspected,) as he has imitated his rapturous expressions, there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of either.

Lobo set out, with seven other missionaries, to follow up the happy conversion of the Sultan Adamas Segued, whose name, Adamas, says Oviedo, signifying *adamant*, expressed his cruelty and hardness of heart, whilst that of Segued (*cego*, blind) aptly illustrated his mental blindness and insensibility to the mysteries of the holy catholic religion. Lobo landed at Quillimane, and proceeded about forty miles inland, where he met with the Galla, who eat raw cow's-flesh, and wear the entrails about their necks: but on learning that nine barbarous nations intervened between them and Abyssinia, he returned to the coast; and having landed on that of Duncale in the gulph of Aden, penetrated from thence into Abyssinia. He was sent to Damot on the south-western frontier, and crossed the Nile (the Bahr-el-Azrek) within two days journey of its source, on a raft, among multitudes of crocodiles and hippopotami. He describes the fountains much in the same manner as Payz and Bruce have done; and extols the magnificent and enchanting appearance of the cataract of Alata, which he calls 'one of the most beautiful waterfalls in the world, where he was charmed with a thousand delightful rainbows.' Damot he paints as the most delightful spot which he had ever beheld, the whole country resembling a garden of pleasure. In the civil discords that prevailed in Abyssinia, the Romish missionaries happened to take the wrong side, and sought the protection of a rebel chief, who sold them to the basha of Suakem, a most rooted enemy to the catholics, who talked of nothing but the satisfaction he should derive from impaling and flaying them alive. He was tempted, however, by a high ransom to set them at liberty, and they proceeded to Diu. Thus ended the intercourse of the Portugeze with Prester John, whom they had so long and so anxiously sought. In fact the labours of the missionaries appear to have been altogether works of supererogation, as the Abyssinians, by Lobo's own account, were already better catholics and entertained a more profound veneration for the Virgin Mary than themselves; the leading object of them all, however, was unquestionably that of superseding the authority of the Patriarch of Alexandria, and substituting that of the Pope in its stead. It is much to be lamented that some of these indefatigable men were not employed in copying a few of the ten thousand manuscript volumes in the library seen by Sig. Giacomo Baratti, among which, he was told, were the most ancient books in the world, 'being composed by the Egyptian sages in the time of Moses:' some of them (he says) appeared to be written on the papyrus: they were renewed by frequent copying; a task on which twenty-three persons were constantly employed.

The choice of missionaries sent by the king of Portugal and the Pope to the regions of Congo, was rather unfortunate. It seems to have been guided more by their talent for credulity and superstition, than by any regard to their intellectual capacities. These bigots were thrown upon that coast with no sparing hand—Propagandists, jesuits, capuchins by scores. No less than fourteen of the latter were dispatched from Cadiz in the same vessel in 1634, at the request of one Zingha, whom they dignify with the name of Queen of Matamba, one of the most horrible monsters that ever appeared on the face of the earth in a female shape. Having reached the town of Massignano, situated on the banks of the Coanza, about a hundred miles from its mouth, they underwent so much fatigue in baptizing the multitude that flocked to them for this purpose, that the whole fourteen were seized with the inflammatory fever peculiar to the country, and were under the necessity of submitting to a black phlebotomist, who assured them, that before the constitution would stand the climate, every drop of white blood must be taken out of the body, and its place supplied by good native black blood. In four months, by the copious bleedings and strong purgatives of this African Sangrado, (first of the name,) or rather perhaps in spite of them, they all recovered. Carli mentions his having been blooded ninety-seven times, besides losing many pounds of blood from the nose in the intervals; and the only way of satisfying himself that the thing was possible, is taking up the persuasion that all the water which he drank was converted into blood.

This Zingha bordered on the Giagas, among whom, as we have seen, 'human flesh is considered as the most delicious food, and goblets of warm blood the most exquisite beverage.' She was well known to the Portugeze at Angola, with the viceroy of which she negotiated a treaty in behalf of her brother, then king of Matamba, was there baptized, and initiated in the mysteries of the catholic faith. She soon found means to mount the throne; and by renouncing Christianity and adopting the system of the Giagas, induced these people also to choose her for their queen. With this accession of power she became formidable to all the neighbouring states; and for twenty-eight years went on in one steady career of conquest, crime, and butchery, combined with the most brutal voluptuousness; till, at the age of sixty-eight, the accidental sight of a cross smote her conscience, and induced her to apply for the pious instructions of the missionaries. She received them, on their arrival, with marked honours, fell prostrate before them, and shed abundance of crocodile tears, assuring them that, notwithstanding what had past, she had always been a good catholic in her heart. She built them a church of stakes and mud, covered with palm leaves; and they prevailed

prevailed on her to make public proclamation that no person should any longer offer sacrifices to the devil; that infants should not be thrown to the wild beasts, and that no one should eat human flesh: to put the finishing hand to this good work, they further prevailed on this penitent 'wizard' at the age of seventy-five to unite herself, for the first time, in the holy bonds of matrimony, with a young courtier of humble birth, but a good catholic. One alarming symptom of relapse only occurred, at the death of a favourite general, to whose remains the pious missionaries refused to grant a burial in holy ground. The queen, indignant at this refusal, determined to bury him with native rites. A number of human victims were accordingly chosen, and led, in barbarous procession, into the depth of a neighbouring wood, where a *tombo*, or deep pit, had previously been prepared. On a sudden, one of the missionaries made his appearance and raised the sign of the cross. The venerable Zingha fell on the ground, burst into tears, and ordered the victims to be dismissed; solemnly promising never more to permit the celebration of this inhuman ceremony:—and it is added, that she continued a good catholic to the end of her life, which she resigned on the 17th of December, 1663, in the eighty-first year of her age.

The missionaries to Congo appear, from their own accounts, to have exercised a fiery zeal unmixed with a single particle of discretion; and to have conceived that the ceremony of baptism alone was conversion to christianity: they baptised men, women, and children without any previous instruction, and then commanded, threatened, and even punished them for a breach of those ordinances, of which they were in utter ignorance. Of the country itself, the narratives of those few who have published their transactions, give no information; but their proceedings are singularly curious, and now and then throw a glimpse of light on the manners and character of the people.

The greatest enemies that the missionaries had to encounter in Abyssinia, as well as on this coast, were the ladies; for though in both countries they were mere articles of sale or barter, they were the first to protest, and take a very active part, against the abominable doctrine insisted upon by the missionaries, that each man should restrain himself to one wife: such a doctrine was equally repugnant to the interests and habits of the men; for as each wife not only provided for her own subsistence, but contributed to that of the husband, they were in every point of view a desirable possession. Father Jerome says, however, that having *converted* the King of Concobella (a place described to be about seventy miles above the cataract of the Zaire) he prevailed on him, out of five wives, and a host of concubines, to retain only one. But he was glad to escape out of the country; the nobles and the rest of

the people declaring, that, the immemorial practice was to keep concubines and eat human flesh, and that they were determined to admit of no innovation.

One of the missionaries to a petty kingdom to the south of Matamba, called Maopongo, or the Castle of Rocks, meeting with the queen, and a numerous train, giving an airing to a favourite idol, enforced his arguments against idolatry by the application of a whip to the body of her sable majesty; and it is astonishing, he says, how the process of flagellation gradually opened her understanding; till at length she confessed herself wholly unable to resist such sensible proofs of the excellence of his doctrine. The king was afraid to resent this usage, on account of the power of the Portuguese, on whose settlements he bordered; but the ladies of the court, not much approving of this new mode of conversion, determined to avenge the cause of their sex. For this purpose they selected, as their place of bathing, the opposite bank of a rivulet which flowed before the garden and dwelling of the missionaries; and here they delighted to exhibit themselves daily, in a state of primitive purity, and in attitudes not the most decorous. In great affliction, the fathers laid their complaint before the king, which, thus establishing the desired effect, made the relentless ladies redouble their efforts; and the only remedy left for the missionaries was to build a high wall in front of their garden.

It was a custom in Congo for a man, previous to marriage, to take a lady on trial. The missionaries were determined to abolish this ordeal, which, however, proved to be the hardest task they had yet undertaken. Merolla complains with great bitterness, that the females were always the most determined on having the benefit of this trial, and the most difficult to satisfy as to its results. They complained of this pertinacity to the mothers, but the mothers positively refused to take any concern in abridging the period of their daughters' probation. Father Benedict, however, succeeded in 'reducing six hundred strayed souls to matrimony;' but he confesses that 'it was a most laborious work;' as, indeed, the issue proved; for it brought on a fever which soon carried him off. In Abyssinia the women used to get rid of the missionaries by setting up, with their children, such afflicting lamentations and howlings wherever they came, as to make it prudent to keep aloof. Their neighbourhood, indeed, could not be very desirable, for it appears to have been a common proceeding with these good fathers, to whip the women out of what they called their idolatry and superstitions. At other times they endeavoured to frighten them, and Merolla is quite in love with himself for an expedient which he devised for this purpose. He stuck a dagger in the breast of an image of the Blessed Virgin, and besmeared the body with blood; and

and having delivered a long lecture on their superstitious and idolatrous practices, so distressing to the holy Mother, he drew aside a curtain, and shewed them what a wound they had inflicted, and how she shed her blood for their iniquities. At the sight of this deplorable spectacle, says Merolla, the hearts of the congregation melted, and they burst into the most doleful cries and lamentations.

Next to the women, the rulers were those against whom the missionaries principally directed the artillery of the Gospel. Father Jerome succeeded in converting one of the chiefs of Congo, and prevailed on him to dismiss his wives; but another having refused, lest it should cause a revolt among his subjects, the undaunted missionary seized a club, and running through the town, beat down all the idols in the streets; he then collected the fragments, and made a bonfire which set the whole air in a blaze: a body of men sent by the insulted prince saved the father, with some difficulty, from increasing the conflagration, by the addition of his own person to the pile. At Esseno he engaged the chief in his interest by exposing an impostor who called himself 'the God of the earth,' so that he assisted him in overthrowing no less than six thousand idols!—the consequence of which was that the people, to the number of 20,000, rose in arms against their sovereign, who had only four hundred; but Jerome, at the head of these, with the aid of his rosary and the Virgin Mary, easily put the rebels to flight.

This is not the only miracle that the Virgin performed in Congo. One of the kings of that country, named Don Antonio, incurred the displeasure of the Portuguese for not discovering what most probably had no existence, 'those gold mines which the Congolans had long promised.' To protect himself, he mustered an army of 900,000 men, of which, it seems, he could only bring into the field about 80,000; these, however, were quite enough to surround 400 Europeans and 2000 negroes; and so his majesty thought; for seeing a woman and child by the side of the Portuguese general, he called out to his men that they would have an easy victory over such people as these; little suspecting that the female which he beheld was no other than the Virgin Mary, whose presence secured a triumph to the faithful. The pagan host was accordingly routed, the king put to death, and the Portuguese set up another sovereign of their own chusing.

No permanent impression appears to have been made by the labours of the missionaries on the people of Congo; it would seem, indeed, that these simple people looked on the good fathers in general as objects of amusement. In parading them through the country, it was a favourite entertainment for the negroes to terrify them by calling out that the wild beasts were coming, and then to



laugh at their awkward attempts to escape by clambering to the tops of trees. Sometimes women presented themselves perfectly naked to receive baptism; and the anxiety of the missionaries to place some kind of covering before them was also a subject of great merriment to the giddy multitude. All this has long ceased, and we understand that in the whole line of the Zaire traced by the late expedition, not a vestige could be discovered either of the language or the religion of Portugal.

*Sed manum de tabulâ.*—In the course of our perusal of these volumes we had marked down several inaccuracies, some of them errors of the press, others the effect, perhaps, of hasty compilation—but we shall not stop to particularize them. We wish, however, to draw Mr. Murray's attention to this point in printing a second edition; and a second will, we presume, be thought necessary to render the plan complete, when the observations and discoveries of Mr. BANKES in Nubia, the great mass of information collected by Mr. Burchardt in various parts of Africa, and the journals of Captain Tuckey and Professor Smith, on the expedition to explore the sources of the Zaire, shall have made their appearance.

ART. II. *The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter asserted and explained, in a Course of Sermons on John xvi. 7. preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1815, at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. John Bampton, M. A. Canon of Salisbury.* By Reginald Heber, M. A. Rector of Hodnet, Salop, and late Fellow of All Soul's College. Oxford. 1816.

WE have always considered the University of Oxford particularly fortunate in the establishment of the Bampton Lectures. The founder framed his bequest in a manner most likely to attain his object, and clogged it with no conditions of a contrary tendency. By fixing the number of lectures to be annually delivered, at the moderate quantity of eight, he provided that they should be of a sufficient bulk to call forth the industry, and exercise the talents of the lecturer; nor did he, by requiring too much, and imposing too heavy conditions, deter able and deserving candidates, not otherwise unemployed, from engaging in the undertaking. By annexing the express condition that the lectures should be published within a stated period after their delivery, he excited the lecturer to the exertion of his best endeavours, by forcing him before the bar of public opinion; and by entrusting the nomination to the heads of the different colleges in the university, he embraced the  
most

most effectual means of procuring the appointment of such persons as were likely to do credit to the university and to themselves.

The benefits resulting from the institution have been fully equal to all that the founder could reasonably have anticipated. The persons selected to preach, have for the most part been those whom their known character and qualifications pointed out as proper for the office, and the series of lectures which has resulted from their labours, has been highly honourable to the university and useful to the public. That, in such a series, the standard of eminence which is attained by some should be reached by all, it were impossible to expect. But, of the several lecturers, we do not hesitate to say that, while few are deficient in that degree of merit which it was reasonable to anticipate, very many exhibit excellence of a most decided and superior character; and, viewing the Bampton Lectures as a whole, we consider them as containing a large fund of theological learning, and as exhibiting the matured fruits of much patient investigation and diligent research. We likewise consider them as having materially contributed to keep alive a proper attention to theological studies in the university of Oxford, and as having been greatly instrumental, amongst the public at large, in checking the growth of religious delusion, and preserving the sound knowledge of Christian truths.

Mr. Heber, whose lectures, delivered in 1815, and published in 1816, come at present under our notice, is not unknown to the literary world as a juvenile poet and a traveller. He now appears, for the first time as we believe, in the character of a theological writer; but we venture to assure those readers who form their anticipations of the merit of this production from the established character of the author of *Palestine*, that they will not be disappointed in the actual perusal.

It might appear at first sight that the subject which he has selected, the Office and Personality of the Christian Comforter, has been so fully treated by other divines, both those who have taken this subject for particular discussion, and those who have included it among their general topics, that there was scarcely room for the production of much new matter or new argument respecting it. With regard, however, to the labours of his predecessors in this field, and to the considerations which have induced him to employ his talents and industry in it, Mr. Heber thus expresses himself:—

‘Those mighty champions of English and Christian orthodoxy, who, in the demonstration of our Lord’s divinity and of the atonement of sin by his blood, have left behind them labours which no sophistry can shake, no following talents rival, have been contented, for the most part, to refer incidentally and slightly to the being and function of the third Person in the Trinity, as if He, by whom we are sanctified to life

life eternal, were of less moment to Christians than He, by whom we are created and redeemed; or, as if the existence of the Holy Ghost were not exposed to the same, or even ruder assailants than have denied the Godhead of the Son.

'Nor, of the few whose inquiries are professedly directed to the assertion of the being and elucidation of the office of the Holy Ghost, is there any who has embraced so copious a view of the subject as to deny to succeeding labourers the hope of advantage in discussing its subordinate branches. With much of natural acuteness, and a style which, though unpolished, is seldom wearisome, Clagitt had too little learning to be ever profound, and too much rashness to be always orthodox. Where he exposes the inconsistency of the Puritan arguments, his work is not without a certain share of usefulness; but for the purposes of general edification we may search his pages in vain; nor would he have preserved so long the share of reputation which he holds, if it had not been for the circumstance that he was Owen's principal antagonist. Ridley, whose talents and acquirements have not been rewarded with the fame to which, far more than Clagitt, he is entitled, has erred, nevertheless, in the injudicious application of heathen traditions; and both Clagitt and Ridley have altogether neglected the consideration of the office of God's Spirit as the peculiar Comforter of Christians.

'Among those who are not members of our English church, Dr. Owen's voluminous work on the Spirit is held in high estimation; and, in default of others, has been often recommended to the perusal not of dissenters only, but of the younger clergy themselves. But in Owen, though his learning and piety were, doubtless, great, and though few have excelled him in the enviable talent of expressing and exciting devotional feelings, yet have his peculiar sentiments and political situation communicated a tinge to the general character of his volume, unfavourable alike to rational belief and to religious charity. His arrangement is lucid; his language not inelegant; and his manner of treating the subject is at least sufficiently copious. But, as he has most of the merits, so has he all the imperfections characteristic of his age and party; a deep and various but ill-digested reading; a tediousness of argument, unhappily not incompatible with a frequent precipitancy of conclusion; a querulous and censorious tone in speaking of all who differ from him in opinion; while his attempt to reconcile the Calvinistic doctrine of irresistible Grace with the conditional promises of the Gospel may be placed, perhaps, among the most unfortunate specimens of reasoning which have ever found readers or admirers.

'Of recent authors, where blame would be invidious, and where it might seem presumptuous to bestow commendation, I may be excused from saying more than that the plan of the present Lectures will be found to differ materially from any with which I am yet acquainted. There is another, however, and a greater name than all whom I have noticed, whose Doctrine of Grace (those parts at least which belong not to temporary fanaticism and factions best forgotten) must ever be accounted, so far as its subject extends, in the number of those works which are the property of every age and country, and of which, though  
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succeeding critics may detect the human blemishes, the vigour and originality will remain, perhaps, unrivalled.

‘ But, on the Personality and Deity of the Holy Ghost, the genius of Warburton is silent ; and that occasional rashness, which is the attendant curse on conscious power, has destroyed, in his writings, that uniform and wary accuracy which alone can so far occupy the ground as to deny to succeeding inquirers the hope of advantage or discovery. On ground like this, indeed, (the most fertile, perhaps, in tares, and the most liable to invasion of any in the Evangelical heritage,) our labours can never be superfluous ; nor are they to be despised, who bear, with whatever strength or fortune, their efforts and offerings to the common stock of knowledge and virtue ; who, following the path of more illustrious adventurers, beat down, as they revive, the hydra heads of sophistry ; whose occupation it is to eradicate those weeds of error which aspire to wreath their poisonous tendrils round the fairest pillars of the sanctuary, and to chase those obscene birds of darkness and rapine, which from time to time return to scream and nestle in the shadow of the altar of God.’—pp. 11—16.

In proceeding to the discussion of his subject, Mr. Heber proposes to inquire, 1. Who that Comforter was, whom Jesus engages to send. 2dly, Whether the promise of His aid was confined to the Apostles only, or whether all believers in Christ in that and every succeeding age of the church have reason to deem themselves included—and 3dly, Wherein that aid consists, which was thus graciously promised by our Lord.

The second and third lectures are employed in considering the first topic, the person of the Christian Comforter. We recollect that the Unitarian writer, Mr. Belsham, who is one of the most *intrepid asserters* that have ever come to our knowledge, in this or any other age, has thought proper to affirm, in one of his late publications, that he conceives there are now few, if any, reflecting persons, who believe in the existence of the Holy Spirit as a separate person in the Godhead. An affirmation tolerably hardy,—since he must have known that a belief of the existence of this Divine person is maintained, not only by the national church of this kingdom, but by the Roman Catholic church, and by Christians of all denominations, with the exception of his own scanty sect: and therefore, in making this assertion, he insinuates against all such Christians a direct charge of either pretending to believe what they really do not, or else maintaining an article of faith without ever examining the grounds of their belief. We, in return, venture to assert, that we conceive there cannot exist a single individual who believes in the divine authority of the Scriptures and is able to understand their true meaning, and willing to make a right use of it, who can possibly entertain the slightest doubt of the existence of this Divine person. If, however, we thought that Mr.  
Belsham,

Belsham, or any of those who subscribe to his strange dogmas, had minds open to conviction, we should recommend to them the perusal of this part at least of the Lectures of Mr. Heber. They would there find it proved with great compass of learning, and great clearness and strength of argument, that the Scriptures most manifestly speak of the Christian Comforter as a person and as a Divine person; that they have been uniformly so understood by the main body of Christian believers from the very age of the apostles in a constant succession to the present time; and that the notion, which is often brought forward by our opponents, of the belief of the Holy Spirit having crept into the Christian church from the dogmas of Platonism, is at once futile and extravagant. Among other points of view, in which Mr. Heber considers the subject, he exhibits, in the following forcible manner, the absurdity of supposing that the orthodox doctrines of Christianity were introduced into the church at a period subsequent to its first institution.

‘ If the orthodox opinions arose in the Church from any teaching but that of the Apostles themselves, there must, doubtless, have been a time at which they were unknown. And on whatever pretence and by whatever artifice their introduction was effected, its author, whether reformer or innovator, could not, we may be sure, have produced so great a change, without a painful struggle against previous opinion, and a display of talents of some kind or other which must have insured him the veneration of his followers.

‘ The name of reformer or restorer, in the general estimation of mankind, is little less illustrious than that of first discoverer. Luther, we know, as well as Melancthon and Calvin, professed to teach no novelties; but to inculcate a return to the primitive models of doctrine and faith and worship. Manes and Mohammed revived, as they pretended, the original tenets of the Messiah; yet when will these men or the changes which they effected pass away from the memory of the world? Had such a revolution as our antagonists suppose taken place in the Christian Church during the first century of its existence, would not the volume of Eusebius have teemed with its details, and would not the teacher by whose agency it was accomplished have assumed a scarcely less lofty rank in the estimation of his followers than Peter or James or John?

‘ Such a teacher as is here supposed would have been honoured by Trinitarians as the second founder of Christianity; as the reviver of a Church oppressed by Jewish prejudice; as the comforter and purifier of the afflicted household of Jesus. His patient journeys from Syria to Spain, and from Alexandria to Lyons, while disseminating the revived opinion; his arduous disputes with the patrons of established prejudice; his fearless indifference under the anathemas of the impious, and the holy zeal which mocked the arts of Ebionite blandishment; all of which the Arians (if their sect had triumphed) would have related of their supposed reformer; all would have swelled, beyond a doubt, the  
annals

annals of religious controversy, and have remained as a sacred legacy to the gratitude and imitation of succeeding Trinitarians.

'But for this elder and greater Athanasius we search the page of history in vain. Of such a convulsion no traces are found in the writings of the earliest Fathers. They, like ourselves, treat every opinion but their own as an impious and daring novelty; and acknowledge no other founder or renovator of the faith than that omniscient Spirit who separated Barnabas and Paul to the work of converting the Gentiles.

'Nor will it be said by those who are even moderately acquainted with the ordinary progress of opinion, that a change so considerable could have been effected in night and silence; that "the corruption was so gradual that its original author is unknown; that the venom devoured the vitals of religion, before those outward symptoms were displayed which would have produced, at first, a prompt and efficacious remedy."

'The time is too short, the years too few, the body too extensive, for an imperceptible cause to produce effects so portentous. The corruption of a single Church might have been effected in a few years of neglect and ignorance; but to pervert the whole empire of Christ with one universal contagion, must have required the lapse of more than a single century. The transition which is rapid must be painful; and whatever is painful will neither pass unobserved nor be speedily consigned to oblivion. If such a change as this has not been noticed by contemporary writers, we may be sure that it never took place at all.'—pp. 150—153.

Having discussed the personality and divinity of the Holy Spirit, our author enters on the inquiry—whether He was promised, in the passage of John xvi. 7, which he assumes as his text, as a peculiar comforter to the Apostles, or to the universal church of Christ.

'But this inquiry,' he says, 'need not detain us long; since the same Divine Teacher by whom the promise of a Paraclete was given, has promised also that he should remain for ever with those who were to be the objects of his care. But this expression, "for ever," is not personally applicable to the immediate hearers of Christ, and that the promise cannot therefore be confined to them, is apparent from the very fact of their mortality. For the words of our Saviour do not, it may be observed, imply that the continuance of the Comforter with them was to be to the end of their lives. If this had been the case, we might reasonably have doubted whether succeeding generations were included in the promised benefit. But it was not "till death," nor "always," nor "continually," that the Paraclete was to abide with those to whom he was promised. It was "for ever," "eternally," or, "to the end of the world," *εἰς τὸ αἰῶνα*, and it answered in purport to the remarkable expression whereby, after his resurrection from the dead, and immediately before his return to heaven, our Lord assured them of the perpetual continuance of his own protecting care. But an eternal guardianship and comfort can only be exercised on an eternal subject. It is therefore

therefore as a collective body, and as an endless succession of individuals, that the Church of Christ received the promise here recorded; and it will follow that it was communicated to the Apostles, not as its exclusive inheritors, but as the representatives of all who in after ages, by their means, should believe on the Son of God.'—p. 228.

In the latter part of the fourth lecture, our author digresses into an inquiry concerning the part which the Holy Spirit had sustained in the scheme of God's providence, as previously displayed in the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations. His discussion is learned; but many readers will be inclined to consider it of too abstruse and mystical a character, and as scarcely tending to any important elucidation of the Holy Scripture.

Mr. Heber proceeds in the last four lectures to consider the office of the Christian Paraclete, and the nature and measure of those benefits which the faithful disciples of their Lord derive from His powerful assistance. It must be quite superfluous for us to mention, even for the benefit of those readers who are most uninformed in matters of theology, that, respecting the nature, the mode, and the degree, of the operation of the Holy Spirit on the minds of Christians, the controversial discussions in the church have been various and extensive, and that from mistaken ideas on this subject the wildest tenets of delirious enthusiasm which have prevailed in Christendom, have been derived. Mr. Heber presents the subject to us in the most sober and correct point of view. His opinions are equally removed from those who attribute too much, and from those who attribute too little to spiritual influence; from those who deny the doctrine altogether, or maintain it in such a form as to amount to an actual denial of it, and from those who expect from the Holy Spirit on every ordinary occasion perceptible impulses, sudden conversions, and sensible illuminations. Numerous passages occur in this part of the Lectures, in which the ordinary influence of the Spirit on the minds of Christians is pointed out with equal force, and elegance of language. We give the following passage as a specimen.

'By its agency on the natural faculties of the soul, that influence, indeed, supplies us with recollections ever seasonable to support or to subdue our weak or rebellious nature; it hallows our thoughts by attracting them to hallowed objects; it strengthens our virtuous resolutions by renewing on our mind those impressions which gave them birth; it elevates our courage and humbles our pride by suggesting to our recollection, at once, our illustrious destiny and the weakness of our unassisted nature.

'By itself it teaches nothing, but without its aid all human doctrine is but vain. It is this which gives life and strength to every religious truth which we hear; this which imprints on our soul and recalls to our  
attention

attention those sacred principles to which our reason has already assented. Distinct from conscience, but the vital spark by which our natural conscience is sanctified, it both enables us to choose the paths of life, and to persist in those paths when chosen: and, though, like the free and viewless air, it is only by its effects that we discern it, it is the principle of our moral as the air of our natural health; the soul of our soul, and the Schekina of our bodily temple!

But, by itself it teaches nothing. It prepares our hearts, indeed, for the word of life, and it engrafts the word in our hearts thus opened; but that living word and whatever else of knowledge we receive must be drawn from external sources. "Faith," we are told, "must come by hearing, and hearing by the word of God;" nor can we hear "without the voice of a preacher."

'The inspiration (as we have already defined it) of religious perception and memory, God's ordinary grace, induces the soul to behold the truth of those doctrines which external opportunities of knowledge offer to her understanding; it preserves and refreshes in her memory those principles of action, of which we have already perceived the force; it is the blessing of God and his pervading energy, which prospers to our salvation what we learn, and what we have learned: but when we pass beyond these limits, we invade the regions of miracle and prophecy; and it is no less inaccurate to suppose, that in the ordinary course of things we receive a new idea from the grace of God, than it would be to maintain that all our knowledge is derived from the lamp which lights our study.

'Like that lamp, the grace of the Most High enables us to trace, in the oracles of salvation, the things which belong to our peace: like that lamp, it helps us to renew the decayed impression of knowledge long since obtained; and, without such heavenly aid, the unassisted soul would be as unequal to the pursuit or perception of her eternal interests, as the unassisted eye to read in darkness. But, whether by celestial or earthly light, we can only learn from that which is before us; and the one can no more be said to communicate a new revelation to our soul, than the other to place a fresh volume on our table.

'I do not say, that grace doth not possess an active power, which not only enables us to attend and recollect, but frequently compels our attention and recollection. Nor am I rash enough to deny, that God may, by any operation or any medium whatever, communicate to our souls, when he thinks proper, any imaginable, or, to us at present, unimaginable knowledge. But this may be without offence maintained, (and I am the more anxious to state it clearly, because it is this particular point on which enthusiasm is most frequently mistaken,) that it is by the *illustration*, not the *revelation* of truth, that God's Spirit ordinarily assists us; and that the latter is one of those cases of divine interference, of which neither the present age of Christianity, nor, perhaps, any preceding age since the time of the Apostles, affords us an authentic example.'—pp. 378—382.

Towards the close of his Lectures, Mr. Heber considers the influence which the Holy Spirit exerted on the minds of the sacred penmen



penmen while they were employed in transmitting to future ages the records of eternal truth. He obviates the charge of obscurity in the sacred writings, which has on some occasions been dwelt upon with much exaggeration, to the implied impeachment of their divine origin, and concludes with the following striking passage.

‘ But, in the essentials of salvation, and to those who sincerely desire to be taught of God, are the Scriptures really obscure? Let those bear witness, whom, by these means alone, the Spirit of God has guided into all necessary truth! Let those bear witness who have fled from the perturbed streams of human controversy to this source of living water, whereof “if a man drink he shall never thirst again.” Let the mighty army of the faithful bear witness, who, believing no less than they find, and desiring to believe no more, have worshipped in simplicity of heart, from the earliest ages of the Messiah’s kingdom, the Father, the Son, and the comfortable Spirit of God! I do not, God forbid that I should in this place, and before so many of those who must hereafter unite their amplest stores both of classical and sacred learning in his cause from whom we have received all things!—I do not deny the efficacy, the propriety, the absolute necessity of offering our choicest gifts of every kind on the altar of that religion to whose ministry we are called, and of concentrating all the lights of history and science to the illustration of these wonderful testimonies. But, though, to illustrate and defend the faith, such aids are, doubtless, needful, the faith itself can spring from no other source than that volume which alone can make men wise to everlasting salvation, that engrafted word which, though the ignorant and unstable may wrest it to their own destruction, is, to those who receive it with meekness and with faith, the wisdom and the power of God.

‘ By this book the Paraclete has guided the Church into whatever truths the Church of Christ has, at any time, believed or known; by this book, and the doctrine which it contains, he has convinced the world of sin, and justified the Son of Man from the malicious slanders of his enemies; by this book he consoles us for the absence of our Lord, and instructs us in things to come; by this he reigns; where this is found his kingdom reaches also; by this weapon, proceeding from the mouth of God, shall the enemies of his Christ be at length extirpated from the world; and by this, it may be thought, as by the rule of God’s approbation, shall the secrets of all hearts be, finally, made known, in that day when “whosoever is not found written in the book of life, shall be cast into the lake of fire.”

‘ Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the spiritual gift, seeing that we have not followed after cunningly devised fables, let us each in his station, abound in the labour of the Lord, diffusing as we may that saving knowledge, the possession of which alone could make it expedient for the disciples of Christ that their Master should depart and leave them; And let us pour forth, above all, our fervent prayers to that Almighty Spirit, who hath given us these holy records of his will, that, by his supporting grace, they may bring forth in us the fruit

fruit of holiness, and the harvest of life without end, through the mercies of the Father, the merits of the Son, and the strong protection of the Comforter.'—pp. 580—583.

From the extracts we have given, our readers will have been enabled to form their own opinions of Mr. Heber's manner. His conception, in our judgment, is strong, his imagination fertile, his expression nervous, and his general style well sustained. At times, however, he is deficient in ease and simplicity, and, if we may so express ourselves, hurried, by the imagination of the poet, beyond those bounds of sobriety within which the preacher should remain. Occasionally, too, he makes allusions to the classics, which we hardly think consistent with good taste, or propriety, in discourses from the pulpit, even when delivered before a learned body. Upon the whole, however, we consider these discourses as highly creditable to the talents and learning of Mr. Heber, and as forming a very useful accession to the series written for the Bampton lectureship.

ART. III. 1. *Geschichte Andreus Hofer*. 8vo. pp. 460. Leipic. 1817.

2. *Beiträge zur neuen Kriegsgeschichte von Friedrich Forster*. 8vo. pp. 222. Berlin. 1816.

THE name of Hofer was at one time familiar in our mouths, and we yet remember the lively interest felt in this country for the cause in which he fell. It had not, it is true, all 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war' to dignify it; but our admiration was, nevertheless, excited by the gallantry displayed by the Tyrolese, and our sympathy called forth by the hard fate to which they were compelled to submit. In the struggle, we could only participate in a remote degree; our armies were not, as in Spain, identified in the contest; and neither in its duration, nor in the importance of its results, will the Tyrolese war bear a comparison with that of the Peninsula: still however it must be considered as occupying a very interesting portion of the history of that time, and it cannot therefore be a useless task to collect whatever is known of those men, by whose ability and enterprize an undisciplined body of peasantry were for some time enabled to keep in check the united force of Bavaria and France.

Few works on the subject have yet reached England, and of those few none, we believe, have been translated; so that our countrymen's knowledge of the chief actors concerned in the struggle is necessarily vague and indistinct. Of those which have fallen into our hands, Bartholdy's work is by far the most interesting, and though he has been accused of garbling the official communications

which he received from authentic sources, and of occasionally dealing in romantic exaggeration, (especially in his relation of Speckbacher's adventures,) we are inclined upon the whole to credit his statements. It is too evidently his object throughout to throw discredit upon the conduct of Austria in regard to the Tyrol, and to represent in an unfavourable light the measures adopted by her agents in that country; and to this feeling must be attributed many of the inaccuracies into which he has fallen; but by comparing his accounts with those contained in the works before us, we shall be in possession of pretty nearly all that is known on the subject, and probably arrive at the real truth.

The 'History of Hofer' would more properly be called the history of the war in which Hofer was engaged. It is an assemblage of official documents, political reflexions, and military details, put together in no very orderly or workmanlike manner; yet it is, as Sancho would say, nevertheless a history, and valuable for the information it contains, derived, apparently, from authentic sources. We suspect, indeed, from the air of authority which pervades it, that we owe this production either to Hormayer himself, or to some one who has been furnished by him with the necessary materials.

The other publication, by Forster, is the first number of a collection of papers, which each separately relates to some military event of importance in the late wars of Germany. This work, we understand, has made a great impression in that country, as well as in Russia, owing to the character of veracity which is conceived to belong to it. In the first article will be found a compendious and well written account of the events which took place during the particular period under our notice; and it contains, in addition, a detail of the military operations of the Archduke John against the French under Beauharnois and Macdonald, in the territory of Friul, as well as an interesting account of the defence of the Malborghetto passes, called by the author the Thermopylæ of the Carinthian Alps.

Those inhabitants of the Rætian and Vindelician Alps, who are described as witnesses of the exploits of Drusus, were the ancestors of the Tyrolese of the present day. Through the exertions of that chief, or those of Tiberius, this country was first brought under the dominion of Rome; and colonies were founded there by Augustus, who no doubt saw the importance of maintaining such an opening to the heart of Germany. With this view he occupied himself in the opening of roads through the difficult parts of the mountains; and was thus enabled (as Buonaparte has been, in later times, by the military road over the Simplon) to transport troops without impediment through passes which had hitherto been considered impracticable for large bodies of men. In 476 the Tyrol fell, with the Roman power, into the hands of the Goths; it afterwards be-  
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came subject in succession to the Lombards, the Franks, and the Bavarians. From the uncertainty of its boundaries and the inequalities of its surface, this most singularly romantic portion of Europe was designated by the name of the Mountainous Region, ('*Landes im gebirge*,') and parcelled out amongst a variety of petty lords spiritual and temporal. The German emperors were interested in maintaining this order of things, for while the Tyrol continued in this divided state, a free passage was open at all times for the troops of the empire. At the peace of Verdun, in 843, when Bavaria was first raised to the rank of a kingdom, that part of the ancient Rhætia which lay between the sources of the Inn and the Drave, and which was then divided into several *lordships*, formed a portion of the possessions of the newly made king. But when the commotions, which were soon after occasioned by the tyranny of Charles the Fat, furnished his nobles with an opportunity of declaring their independence, the lords of the Tyrol followed their example, and emancipated themselves from the Bavarian yoke, engaging only to furnish a certain number of troops when the state should be in danger.

Otho the second, duke of Bavaria, dying in 1248 without issue, his territories were divided, and the greater part of those in the valley of Venosta and Sole fell to the lot of Albert, count of the Tyrol, and possessor of the ancient castle called Teriolis, from which the country received its name. At the death of Albert, his estates passed by marriage into the hands of Maimhard, count of Goertz, whose son (also of this name) was the first who obtained a decided ascendancy in those parts. He appears to have been a person of considerable talent, and was one of the chief instruments in the elevation of Rodolph of Hapsburg to the imperial throne. After him, the most conspicuous personage whom we find in the records of these times is a certain Margaret, commonly called the Maultasch,\* a lady of a very decided character; cruel in her disposition, and as loose in her principles and habits of life as the Fredegondes and Brunehilds of the old French history. She had connected herself by two successive marriages with both the Houses of Austria and Bavaria, but the indignity to which we have alluded in the note, is said to have determined her to convey her possessions to the former power. It was in vain that the Duke of Bavaria opposed the execution of her will. The Emperor Charles IV. obliged him to cede to Austria, for a certain sum of money, all his rights to

\* For the origin of this name two derivations are given, which speak little for the beauty of the lady, or the courtesy of the age in which she lived. She owed this appellation, according to some, to her deformity; according to others, to a box in the ear which she received at the court of Munich, at the hands of her brother-in-law;—the more probable origin is to be found in its being the name of one of her favourite towns.

the Tyrol;—and since this epoch that province has remained an appendage in the Austrian family, of which the princes bear the title of Counts of the Tyrol.

It is a singular and Providential arrangement in the economy of the human mind, that although a love of change is strongly prevalent in our nature, yet by habit we acquire a taste for that to which we are accustomed even where it has little intrinsically to recommend it to our regard: this disposition, which leads us rather

‘ ————— to bear the ills we have  
Than fly to others which we know not of,’

may partly explain that affection which has been shewn, in some instances, by a whole people, for a defective government; but it can never account for that devoted attachment which the Tyrol has, at various times, manifested for the House of Austria. This must arise from a higher and more creditable feeling; and although ‘*stare in antiquas vias*’ is certainly not the favourite motto of the present day, we do not the less appreciate the merits of those who respect it. It was not that, in the system of government pursued by the Austrians, there was any pretension to Utopian perfection, any peculiar nicety in the exercise of its functions; but it was mild and considerate to the wishes of its subjects; it studied to avoid shocking the national prejudices, and to keep alive the free and independent spirit which prevailed amongst these hardy mountaineers. As a barrier to the south of his dominions, the Tyrol was invaluable to the emperor; it has been called the shield of Austria, and it was in this light alone that she estimated its importance: as a proud appendage it was every thing to her; as a source of revenue nothing. She was satisfied with the hearts and devotion of the people. To the Tyrolese themselves the connexion with the Imperial House was most precious, not only from the benefits which they enjoyed by it, but from motives of a higher and more disinterested description. With it were associated all the recollections of the most brilliant periods of their country’s history; all the exploits of the Maximilians were identified with their own, and no peasant could visit the magnificent tomb in Innsbruck of his favourite hero, the first emperor of that name, without experiencing sensations of exultation and self-importance.

Secure in their fastnesses, little visited by strangers, and free from all the contamination of inflammatory publications, perhaps there is no people of modern Europe who have partaken so little as the Tyrolese of the restless spirit which has pervaded other quarters, or have remained so unmoved amidst the commotions which shook the allegiance of the countries around them. Neither the disturbances which accompanied the Reformation, nor those which marked the rising of the peasantry (*bauernkrieg*), ever extended

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to these provinces; whilst the neighbouring district of Salzburg was in a state of frequent uproar.

Why then, it has been said, did Austria ever desert such men, and leave them, as she did, to shift for themselves? The answer is a very simple one.—She had fought nobly, but she was beaten—and when kings are compelled to give up their daughters to the conqueror, they can have but little power to secure better terms for the rest of their subjects. It was thus the Tyrol was transferred to Bavaria;—a bad exchange, as that power thought, for the duchy of Wurzburg. The situation indeed of this newly established kingdom was widely different from that of Austria before her disasters.—With an accession of greatness came an increase of expenditure; and, in order to maintain the large military establishment which Buonaparte required, and which was far above her means, she was obliged to exact contributions from the Tyrolese to an extent to which they were before completely unused.

To the mild and indulgent sway of the House of Austria, succeeded a system of vexation and oppression which drove to desperation a people who are of all others the least capable of being ruled by violence; and we cannot wonder that the result should be a deep and irreconcilable hatred.

‘Bavaria,’ says Muller, ‘seemed intent on impoverishing and oppressing her new subjects; the constitution was overthrown which had lasted for so many ages; the representative states were suppressed, and the provincial funds seized. All ecclesiastical property abolished, prelaties and convents confiscated; and amongst the public buildings exposed to sale, the ancient castle of the Counts of the Tyrol was not even spared. New imposts were daily exacted; specie became scarce; the Austrian notes were reduced to half their value; and to crown all, Bavaria had it in contemplation to change the very names of her new acquisitions, and to incorporate them with her hereditary dominions.\*

These, it must be confessed, are no ordinary acts of severity; but the stern manner in which the Bavarian government enforced them proved far more irritating to the feelings of the natives than the acts themselves: those, however, by which they felt themselves more particularly aggrieved, were—the application of the funds drawn from the land to purposes foreign to it,—the recruiting system,—and, above all, the total contempt of the privileges and rights of the Tyrol as a state. There, as in Sweden, the four orders met in general convocation, (for to the nobility, clergy, and burghers, is added a separate order for the peasants,) except in the Vorarlberg—where the two first mentioned classes do not exist;—these meetings took place at Innspruck, the president was selected

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\* Beauharnois, by an order dated Mosco, 24th September, 1812, only permitted to some of the southern districts the use of their mother tongue for six years longer.

by the collective body, and the bishops of Trent or Brixen were for the most part alternately chosen for that situation. In these assemblies all matters relative to taxation, as well as to the calling out of the militia, were settled; and in order to facilitate the arrangement of the latter, a sort of conscription was established, and a certain number of days (forty-two) in the course of the year fixed upon as the limit of military service.

In all this a degree of rational freedom is observable; and we cannot, therefore, wonder that a change of government, which completely annihilated it, should be received with aversion, or that every opening should be eagerly seized which encouraged a hope of returning to the former state of things.—A hope which, while we are writing, has been happily realized; the Emperor having, in person, restored to them that constitution which his predecessors had always respected.

The Tyrol is divided into ten districts, and its population in 1804, including the bishoprics of Trent and Brixen and the Vorarlberg, is stated at nearly 700,000 souls, inhabiting a space of 450 square German miles. The land is cut by three chains of mountains, which form several vallies of importance; the Brenner being, as it were, the centre from which they radiate, and from whose rugged sides flow some considerable rivers, both in a northerly and southerly direction. The height of this mountain is not much above 6000 feet; but the Glockner is upwards of twice that height, and the extreme point of the Ortel yields but little to Montblanc, being said to be 14,000 feet high; some doubt, however, may be entertained of the accuracy of the measurement, though it was taken by Pichler, in 1804.

Few countries can compare with the Tyrol in magnificence of scenery, or possess a greater variety of natural productions. In the more northern parts, where the vallies enjoy but little of the sun, from the height of the surrounding mountains, grain ripens with difficulty, and can at best afford but a precarious supply; hence the chief dependence of the peasant in these districts must be on his cattle and sheep: but in the narrow valley of the Adige the vine grows luxuriantly, and all the fruits of a warm climate flourish in abundance.

Dante's description of the scenery near Trent is well known; and spots of equal sublimity and grandeur are to be met with in every direction in this picturesque region. In speaking of the Alps it is as well to observe, that although the original signification of the word implied a mountain capped with snow, it is generally used by the natives to imply one upon which pasture for cattle can be found. The summits of that range which divides Carinthia from the Tyrol are called Tauern in the provincial dialect. The riches  
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of the mineral kingdom have been scarcely explored in the Tyrol; there is no doubt, however, that they are considerable. In the adjoining districts of Salzburg, the salt mines at Hallein, like those near Innsbruck, are abundantly productive; and the mines of gold in the Rathhausberg, though they at present scarcely defray the expense of working, formerly brought in a large revenue to the archbishops of Salzburg. But in her population this country possesses riches greater than any which her mountains may conceal—a brave, honest, and attached people—a race on whose loyalty and steadiness the mind can dwell with satisfaction when fatigued and disgusted with the contemplation of profligacy, or of a culpable want of energy and attachment in the subjects and dependents of other powers.

Montesquieu, from a love of system, has been led too far in his observation on the effect produced by climate upon the human race: we should say, that the influence of local situation is by far more uniformly powerful; that, for instance, those who dwell in a mountainous country will generally, from the activity and security of their life, exhibit more independence of character, and energy of mind than the inhabitants of the plain, because the latter are more exposed to hostile attack, and are not compelled, from the ruggedness of the soil, to earn their subsistence by laborious exertion. The mountaineer lives upon the game which he pursues, or the scanty harvest which ripens amongst his hills: from his daily intercourse with nature in all her wildest moods and most magnificent forms, he acquires a lofty and energetic tone of thinking; his imagination becomes more alive to external impression, and a feeling of peculiar awe and reverence pervades his religion: he

‘ Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind,’

and hence the popular superstitions which prevail in all mountainous countries, in the Alps as well as in the Highlands of Scotland. Of this there are various instances related in the works before us; and one writer on the Tyrol has remarked, that if it were possible for all ideas of a Deity to be obliterated from the human breast, these sentiments would first shew themselves again amongst the dwellers in a mountainous region.

Of the virtues of the savage state we have never entertained any very exalted notion, nor will any reasonable man, we apprehend, at this time of day, look in real life for that pastoral innocence which is only to be found in the fictions of poetry or romance; we are disposed, however, to believe that more originality and simplicity of character is to be met with in the Tyrol than in most other parts of Europe, and we think that in this respect a marked difference is to be observed between this country and Switzerland. The Tyrol, in the first place, has been much less visited than the Swiss can-



tons; its inhabitants have not as yet learned to make their simplicity itself an object of interest, and are therefore more disinterested in their attentions to strangers, and less liable to the charge of venality which has so often been brought against the Swiss. There cannot be a stronger proof of the different feeling which belongs to the two people than the fact that, however fond they may be of military reputation, and the exercises of the field, the Tyrolese were never known to enlist in a foreign service, which has been the constant practice of the Swiss. In the Tyrol there are few towns of any magnitude; there is less chance, therefore, of contamination from the example of others; each man is sufficiently occupied with the management of his own little property, and, excepting on some particular occasions, when business or amusement brings him to the village which is nearest to his farm, he leads a life of retirement with the few members of his family. A marked distinction is observable between the inhabitants of the northern and southern parts of this country. The former are Germans, the latter Italians. Between the two no cordiality subsists, from the remembrance of old feuds and dissensions; and in the South, where the people are tenants not, as in the north, proprietors of the land, there is so much less independence of spirit, that their exertions in the cause were feeble, and would have been productive of little advantage had they not been assisted by their northern neighbours. In their appearance, too, the difference of the races is clearly perceptible; for the natives of the districts which border upon Italy cannot boast that superiority of form and stature for which the men of Innspruck and its environs are so peculiarly distinguished. There is an openness of heart and lightness of spirit about this people, accompanied with a sincerity and even bluntness of manner, which does not belong to those who have much intercourse with the world; or who are interested, from their trade or occupation in life, in conciliating the good will and favourable notice of others. The Tyrolese seem to be quite satisfied with their own pursuits and amusements, and to pass their time in a very primitive sort of way. The exercise of the rifle forms their chief delight, and their skill in the management of that weapon is such as might be expected from the frequency of their practice; and of this the targets displayed against the walls of every house bear sufficient testimony. As hunters they are even superior to the Swiss in activity and enterprize; nothing can deter them from the pursuit of the chamois, which forms their chief amusement, neither the laws, which are strict for the preservation of this animal on the crown domains, nor the perilous nature of the chase amongst precipices and eternal snow. Although ready, at the first summons, to arm, when occasion demands, they have a rooted dislike to regular military service. The duty of a scout is that to which they

they attach the chief importance, and they rather take pride in their ignorance of the established rules of military manœuvres. Their epigram on this subject is very expressive,

‘Ihr sagt es sey nichts als gluck  
Zu siegen ohne die taktik;  
Doch besser, ohne taktik siegen  
Als mit derselben unterliegen.’

which may be thus verbally translated,

‘You say ’tis luck alone when those  
Unskill’d in tactics beat their foes;  
But better ’tis without to win  
Than with these tactics to give in.’

With the use of the bayonet they are quite unacquainted. In the winter they amuse themselves with masques, which resemble the exhibitions of our mummers, and which were very injudiciously forbidden by the Bavarians; with the representation of plays on sacred subjects, very much in the style of our old Moralities, and in dancing and singing after the peculiar manner of the country. Some of their handicraft works in wood and straw display considerable ingenuity, and are manufactured by them at a price which appears but scantily to repay the labour which they cost. It is from this quarter that the greater part of the wooden toys come which are exposed here for sale; and a little figure in wood is to be purchased for threepence in London, which must have employed one of these poor people in its manufacture for a considerable portion of a winter’s evening. Like the lower order in Ireland, the Tyrolese are accustomed to seek employment in foreign countries for a limited time, at the expiration of which they never fail to return to their own. Many are in the practice of wandering about with Canary birds, of which they breed considerable numbers as an article of foreign trade; and from one of the most considerable villages of the Tyrol (that of Pieve in the Val Tesino) has sprung a race of print sellers, who have now establishments in all the great cities of Europe, but who originally were no more than itinerant pedlars, and fabricators of the most rude engravings on sacred subjects. In the circle of Roveredo the silk manufacture is carried on with some success; in the Puster valley that of carpets; and various other branches of trade thrive there in a limited degree. All this may serve to shew the industrious habits of the people: we must now proceed to the consideration of matters of a less peaceful description.

The immense power of popular feeling was never more fully exemplified than in the case of the Tyrol; and Spain has since furnished another glorious instance of the danger of attempting to subdue a whole people. For the most part great emergencies of this

this kind have been observed to call forth energies which would otherwise have lain dormant; and talents have been displayed in turbulent times which would have found no field for exercise in a quieter season. In the instance before us, however, it was rather the unconquerable spirit of the many which stirred up, and kept alive the flame of resistance, than any powerful or commanding talents in the leaders: for Hofer, to whom these preliminary remarks have brought us, was not a man of extraordinary acquirements, or particularly well qualified for the task which he undertook; peculiar circumstances, however, gave him a degree of weight with his countrymen which no other person possessed; and he answered the purpose of an abler man in keeping together those who had embarked in the same holy cause.

He was born on the 22d November, 1767, at the village of St. Leonhard, in the valley of Passeyr, where his father kept an inn, as all his ancestors had done from time out of mind—an occupation in this country of peculiar importance:—for the inn-keepers, being all small proprietors, are employed as agents in all those transactions which elsewhere are carried on by the bankers and shopkeepers in a country town. They negotiate the sale of cattle, wine, and other commodities, and facilitate the intercourse between the different parts of the country: they are moreover the leading people in all the provincial assemblies, and their houses are generally selected as places of rendezvous.

‘Hofer was in his forty-first year when the insurrection first broke out in the Tyrol,—though his make was Herculean, in his manner of holding himself he stooped considerably; and as is usual with those who are in the habit of ascending mountains with heavy burthens, his ordinary walk was slow, and with his knees bent. His voice was soft and agreeable, his countenance not expressive, except of great good humour when he smiled,—it was not, however, deficient in animation; and when at his prayers there was a look of humility about him which was said to be more indicative of Christian resignation than of the courageous firmness of an ancient hero. His education was somewhat superior to the generality of country folk, and from his duties as the master of a public house, and the traffic he carried on, he had acquired some knowledge of the Italian language, which he spoke with tolerable fluency, though in the worst Venetian dialect. His dress was the common habit of the country with some variation, a large black hat with a broad brim, adorned with black ribbons, and a black feather; a green jacket, red waistcoat, green braces, black leather girdle, and short black breeches, with red or black stockings. About his neck was a crucifix, with a large silver medal of St. George, to which was afterwards added a gold medal and chain sent to him by the emperor. He never, however, received the cross of Maria Theresa, nor obtained any rank in the Austrian army, as has been falsely reported.

‘But that for which Hofer was chiefly distinguished in his outward appearance,

appearance, and more especially when he rode on horseback, was his long black beard which reached to his middle. The innkeepers in these vallies were accustomed of old to allow their beards to grow, but it was in consequence of a wager that Hofer was induced to cherish this inconvenient appendage, one of his friends having disputed his power of doing what his wife would doubtless so very strongly object to. In his disposition, he was phlegmatic, fond of his ease and comfort, an enemy to everything new and precipitate, and only to be roused, when his respect for old established privileges and customs, for the religion which he professed, or the country which he belonged to, excited him to action. He was slow in decision, and, in transacting business, confined in his information, and rather confused in his projects, credulous as most of his countrymen are, and accessible to flattery however gross; his head, indeed, was not strong enough to bear his unexpected elevation to a degree of reputation to which his personal qualities gave him no pretensions. It was easy to urge him to severe measures, but the natural mildness and pliancy of his disposition hindered their completion, and it was impossible to hear unmoved the natural and unaffected tone in which he expressed himself, when his feelings of national pride or patriotism were excited. He was quite free from dissimulation of every kind. The last speaker generally succeeded in convincing him, especially if aware (and it was not difficult to find it out) of the way which led to the heart of the person he addressed. The bare mention of a victory gained by Austria, or in the cause of his native country—a classical allusion to the old times of the Tyrol, an enthusiastic word in favour of the sacred person of the emperor, or of the Archduke John, so dear to every Tyrolian,—any one of these proved an appeal too powerful to be withstood, and Hofer, who, according to the undisputed testimony of those who attended him, conducted himself in his last moments like “a Christian hero and intrepid martyr,” was in tears, and for some time unable to utter a word.—*Geschichte A. Hofer.*

In personal courage Hofer was certainly not deficient, it was manifested on many occasions, and more especially in the last act of his life; but however strange it may appear, it is a well-known fact that in 1809, he never was in fire excepting on one occasion, when he was observed, for a short time, in the thickest of the fight: and it has even been said that in more than one engagement his convivial habits kept him employed at the top of his table, when he ought to have been at the head of his men:—it was in allusion to his failings in this respect, and to the superstitious weakness which ran through his whole character,\* that he has been represented as conducting his marches with the bottle in one hand, and the rosary in the other. As a general, indeed, he appears to have been by no means equal to some of his co-adjutors; to Speck-

\* By a letter which is published in his Life, it is clear that Hofer latterly felt a conviction that it was the will of Heaven that all opposition to Buonaparte should prove fruitless.

bacher and the Capuchin he was decidedly inferior; and we do not find that he possessed that accuracy of eye, and that knowledge of the defences and positions of his own country, for which mountaineers are generally distinguished.

It will probably be asked how, with these defects, Hofer was enabled to act the conspicuous part which he confessedly did, and to obtain so completely the confidence of his countrymen? There was, in the first place, a degree of honesty in his character, a total absence of all considerations of personal interest, which could not fail of attaching to him the affections of his followers; to which must be added a certain reliance on his military skill produced by his early success against the Bavarians, and by the oracular tone and manner in which he is said to have delivered his orders and opinions. All this, however, will not be sufficient to account for the popularity which his name acquired; and we must look for it in the circumstance of his being one of the chief channels of communication between the Tyrolese and the court of Vienna, through the medium of the Archduke John: a part of the history of this enterprising and enlightened prince, quite new, we believe, to the majority of our readers, and which we shall endeavour to lay before them with all possible brevity.

For some years previous to that to which our observations now refer, the archduke had passed much of his time in wandering over the Rhætian Alps. Whilst employed there in botanical and mineralogical researches, and in obtaining a geographical knowledge of the country, he insensibly gained the hearts of the people, from the readiness with which he adopted their habits, and the attention which he gave to all their interests and concerns; and above all, perhaps, by his sharing with them in the perils of their adventurous chase of the chamois; to which, as we have observed, they are all extremely addicted. The more he explored the recesses and passes of the Tyrol, the more he felt satisfied that it might be defended as an impregnable fortress, that it ought to be so considered in a military point of view, and that the people might be converted into most invaluable troops by proper discipline and care. His suggestions, however, on this subject do not appear to have met with the attention they merited; the organization of the militia was miserably neglected, and a few inefficient officers and ill armed peasants were all that it produced. It was not until September, 1805, when Buonaparte was rapidly advancing from Boulogne to the Rhine, that all the evils of this neglect became fully apparent; and the archduke (whose influence among the Tyrolese was well known at Vienna) was sent to repair in a few days the effects of a system of mismanagement which had existed so long. This was no easy task; time is absolutely necessary

nary for bringing into discipline any body of men, and none require it so much as the Tyrolese, from their great dislike to regular service.

Innsbruck was at this time almost destitute of troops, the archduke being left there with only a few soldiers belonging to the customs. Whilst in this situation, intelligence was brought that a French corps had shewn itself, and was attempting to penetrate by the way of Scharnitz. The tocsin was immediately sounded throughout the valley, and the following day 12,000 peasants were assembled on the heights of Scefeld. These, however, were soon dismissed, as the apprehensions of immediate attack subsided; and in a few days the archduke set off for Italy to take a command in the army then under his brother Charles on the Adige. He had hardly time, however, to establish himself at head-quarters, before a deputation from the Tyrol arrived to request his return, and two days after he had joined the army he was again in motion on his return to Innsbruck to take the command of the country which he had so lately quitted. Nothing could be more discouraging than the aspect of affairs there. He found the troops loosely scattered on the borders, the generals at variance, and the people full of distrust. To concentrate the forces, and to form some systematic plan of defence was the first object; but whilst employed in these salutary and necessary arrangements, he was surprized by the appearance of a large body of Austrian officers, who announced their having been made prisoners at Ulm, the extent of the disaster which had befallen their army in that quarter, and the danger to be apprehended from the approach of the enemy. It was at this critical moment, as we have reason to believe, that the archduke proposed his long digested plan for the defence of the Tyrol, and which, if carried into effect at this period, as it was in 1809, might, as is conceived by the historian of Hofer's life, have rendered the consequences of the battle of Austerlitz less fatal than they afterwards proved, by cutting off the communications of the French army, and keeping up the spirits of the people of Germany. But the proposals on this subject were not accepted at Vienna. The army of Italy retired, and prince John received orders to quit that country which he felt that he had ability as well as means to defend. A more embarrassing situation than that of the archduke at this juncture cannot well be conceived; or one more distressing to the people whom he was thus compelled to abandon. He had, however, completely gained their confidence, they obeyed the order given, and returned to their homes. But what tended more than all to tranquillize the minds of the Tyrolese at this moment, and was, in fact, the real cause of the cessation of all further attempts on their part in 1805, was a circumstance which

which took place before the archduke quitted the country. At Brunecken he was overtaken by the deputation selected to wait upon him, amongst whom was Hofer; the prince here gave his hand to those appointed to take leave of him, and accompanied this with a solemn promise that whenever the moment for action arrived, (and arrive it must,) they should be apprized of it, and allowed to arm for the purpose of carrying into effect the plan secretly agreed upon. He then exhorted them to remain quiet for the present, to conceal their arms, to make such preparations as might be in their power, and to keep up a regular correspondence between the districts.

Thus driven from his favourite abode, the archduke, in 1807, turned his steps towards Stiria and Carinthia: he was often on the confines of his old territory, but the prudence of his ancient adherents was carried so far, that not a single person from that quarter ever ventured to come near him. In the year 1808, the prince was employed in organizing the militia of the countries above mentioned, and it was only in the district of Salzburg, that he had any communication with his old followers from the Tyrol. A regular correspondence had, however, been carried on all this time, in which political events were clothed in the language of courtship. The bride, it was stated, was ready, and the nuptial feast prepared, the bridegroom alone was wanted, and inquiry was made for him; to which the general answer given was, that the marriage could not take place immediately, as the bridegroom had not as yet made the necessary preparations.

Besides this mode of intercourse, a variety of contrivances were adopted for bringing together those who were labouring in the same cause: on Sundays and holidays they met in the church-yards; or at the little inns and houses of entertainment, where these transactions could be carried on with the greatest security, as the inn-keepers were universally staunch and zealous in the cause, and formed the chain which kept all things together. At length,

‘Expectata dies aderat.’—

In January, 1809, the war being no longer doubtful, the archduke wrote to say that the bridegroom was ready, desiring at the same time that some trusty persons might be sent to confer with him, and particularly naming Hofer amongst them. Hofer came accordingly, accompanied by some of his most faithful associates, who presented themselves in the unceremonious manner of their country to the Prince, who was then lodging in the imperial palace. The archduke was on the point of setting out for Gratz to make preparations for the approaching campaign. The deputies however had some private conferences with him of short duration, in which the state of affairs was explained to them. They were directed to hold  
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themselves in readiness, and assurances were given that they should be duly informed when the day was fixed for a general rising. Hormayer was privy to all these proceedings, and, having the entire confidence of the archduke, was entrusted with the task of negotiating with the deputies, and making every arrangement connected with the Tyrol. His plan was to provide for a simultaneous movement on a given day, by establishing a certain number of fixed rallying points, so that the country should thus be in a state of complete insurrection from one end to the other, and that the suddenness of the movement should operate like a thunder-clap upon the enemy, and serve as a signal to the rest of Germany. Two months elapsed before this plan was carried into execution; and it speaks highly for the credit of the nation, that a scheme of so much importance, which must necessarily have been known to so many people, should have remained for so long a time secret. There is no instance upon record of any Tyrolian being induced to turn traitor for a bribe; and even the women, says Bartholdy, knew how to be silent:—‘*Auch weiber wussten zu schweigen.*’

It is also deserving of notice, as a proof of the skilfulness of Hormayer’s arrangements, that at the first breaking out of hostilities, his plans were successful at all the leading points, excepting one, and that was the carrying Kufstein by a coup de main. His situation, however, was not free from difficulty;—among the Austrian generals there was considerable difference of opinion as to the policy to be pursued in regard to the Tyrol. Some were inclined to consider it as an insulated fortress which must be defended at all hazards; others were for withdrawing from it the force still remaining, small as it was, on the plea that Austria could ill afford to suffer any division of her troops; whilst not a few considered the insurrection as likely to be productive of habits of insubordination and disorder, and, though they approved of the end proposed, were inclined to be scrupulous as to the means employed.

At such a crisis it was very desirable that the popular feeling, in the state of exaltation and enthusiasm to which it was raised, should not be led astray by designing men; that chiefs should be chosen from amongst themselves, whose views and inclinations were free from all suspicion, to whom the people might look with confidence, and on whose integrity and disinterestedness the court of Vienna could implicitly rely. Of those selected by Hormayer with this view, Hofer was the chief, and a safer choice could not have been made. His mild and honest disposition rendered it impossible to apprehend any evil from his obtaining too much popularity amongst his countrymen—for though his head is said to have been turned from excess of good fortune, he does not appear to have been  
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led into any abuse of power by the singular elevation to which he was raised.

We have not sufficient space to enter into a detail of the progress of the Tyrolese arms; a few observations on some of the most remarkable incidents which took place will be sufficient for our purpose—for although on no occasion were more energy and gallantry, or more self-devotion displayed than by the people of the Tyrol in 1809; yet the contest partook (as must be expected) of the nature of every popular insurrection, and the leading features are unavoidably such as occur in all struggles of a similar description.

The first breaking out of hostilities was attended with signal success, and a blow was struck which obliged the enemy for a time to abandon the country altogether. The French and Bavarian forces in Innsbruck were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners to the rude peasantry which they had so often affected to despise; and Buonaparte was doomed to see a second edition of the capitulation of Baylen in the opening of a war, where every check was of the utmost importance to him, and in a quarter where failure was least of all expected.

General Bisson, who commanded the French part of the force, aware of the usual fate of those who by similar disasters had brought down upon their heads the wrath of their inexorable master, was for some time unwilling to add his name to the articles of surrender;—but it was the interest of Napoleon not to draw the public attention to this unlucky incident, and Bisson therefore, instead of sharing the fate of Dupont, was afterwards appointed governor of Mantua. In the mean time the cry was general that the Tyrolese had murdered their prisoners in cold blood, at the instigation of the Marquis Chastellar, commander-in-chief of the Austrian armies in the Tyrol; and he who in his own case had not scrupled to adopt a similar measure, affected to weep iron tears over this inhuman proceeding. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark, that the whole story was a vile and infamous calumny. Chastellar, even if his soul had not revolted at the bare idea of such cruelty, was then at Brixen,—and the prisoners themselves were already far on their way towards Salzburg, under a female escort, as hands could not be spared to send with them a more efficient guard.

It is but justice to the Tyrolese character to observe, that we have seldom read of any event where the passions were so strongly excited, which was attended with so little bloodshed—whilst on the other side, the progress of the Bavarians was marked with every circumstance of cruelty and horror, and the towns which became the victims of their fury still exhibit most melancholy proofs of the ferocity with which their operations were conducted.—

Against

Against Chastellar, Buonaparte was peculiarly exasperated; and there is no stronger proof of this officer's integrity, as well as that of Hormayer, than the fact that they were both proscribed by him—a measure which he adopted in other cases of a similar description; with the hope probably of thus preventing a valuable servant from doing his duty to his sovereign, for fear of the consequences which might result to his personal safety.

The good fortune which marked the opening of affairs in the Tyrol was not of long duration. The French successes in other quarters soon opened the way to this devoted province, and General Wrede and the Duke of Dantzic regained possession of Innsbruck: the former has since distinguished himself in a more honourable cause, and we regret that his name should ever have been associated with that of Lefevre, who seems, like his master, to have had no weaknesses to correct in his manner of governing.

The battle of Berg-Isel fought on the 29th May by the Tyrolese, in a spot which tradition had told them would one day be favourable to their country, relieved Innsbruck a second time from the enemy. The success of this action was chiefly due to the courage and skill of Joseph Speckbacher, a worthy associate of Hofer, and his superior in military talent, though not equally high in public reputation. Here, too, the Capuchin Haspinger, a very conspicuous and interesting personage in the events of this time, is recorded to have fought nobly. A greater game was meanwhile playing in the very heart of the Austrian dominions; and the emperor was compelled, as one of the stipulations of the armistice which was agreed to after the battle of Wagram, to withdraw his troops from the Tyrol, and to publish a proclamation in which its inhabitants were exhorted to lay down their arms, and to trust to the clemency of the French.

Lefevre again entered Innsbruck, and attempted to advance into the Lower Tyrol; but this was a task beyond his powers;—and to this day his total failure, in consequence of the determined resistance and activity which was opposed to him, is a subject of glee and exultation in the Tyrol.

On the 12th August the enemy was again defeated in the auspicious neighbourhood of the Isel mountain; and on their retreat across the Inn, Hofer assumed the command at Innsbruck. His mode of exercising his functions exhibits, among much good sense, some amusing traits of character, which involuntarily remind us of Sancho's deportment when invested with the high authority of which he was so ambitious.

But this prosperous state of things was only the prelude to the tragical finale which very soon followed. Austria made peace with France, and was compelled, as one of the bitterest humiliations

tions which attended this treaty, to abandon the faithful Tyrolese to their fate;—who still, however, with a degree of energy and spirit to which there is no parallel, for some time maintained the unequal conflict.

We would willingly close here our remarks, for the sequel of this interesting episode in the history of the later times is deplorably melancholy; but there was nothing in Hofer's life that became him like the leaving it, and the detail must not be omitted. A want of decision and resolution (perhaps the greatest defect which can belong to a man in a public situation) appears to have been the bane of Hofer, and to have led to the fatal conclusion of his short though interesting career. The sport of the contending opinions which prevailed as to the proper policy for his countrymen to pursue, and deceived by false intelligence, he disdained to bend to the storm when further resistance was hopeless and only served to exasperate his enemies; and even when forced to fly for refuge to the mountains, he was obstinate in his determination to remain there, with the hope of better times and a renewal of hostilities. Every facility of escape from his hiding-place was offered by the viceroy Beauharnois, as well as the Austrian government, and both either directly or indirectly testified their desire to promote it. But no persuasion could induce him to separate himself from his family, or even to cut off the long beard which he wore, both of which precautions were absolutely necessary to prevent his being recognized. His place of concealment was a wretched Alpine hut about four long German miles from his own dwelling, and at times inaccessible from the snow which surrounded it. Hither some of his most trusty followers brought such provisions as were required for himself and his family; and in this situation he remained from the end of November to the conclusion of the month of January in perfect security, although a considerable reward was offered for his head. His retreat was at last revealed by a wretch to whom it was known, at the instance of Donay, a vile traitor to the cause; and a body of men, amounting to nearly 2000, (of such importance was his capture considered,) were sent to secure him. It was dark when they approached his miserable hut, but as soon as he was aware that his pursuers had discovered him, he came forth intrepidly and submitted quietly to be bound. Chains were then brought to secure him better, and he was marched with his wife, his daughter, and little son of twelve years old, to Botzen, amidst the taunts of the French soldiery and the tears of his countrymen. Here he appears, for the first time, to have met with that sympathy which his character and misfortunes deserved. Baraguay d'Hilliers, the general in command, gave orders that less rigorous measures should be adopted for his confinement, and put a stop to the excesses which

which had been committed by the soldiers in plundering his little property in the Passeyr valley. The French officers too manifested their commiseration for his fate by such attentions as it was in their power to bestow, in return for the invariable kindness which he had shewn to his prisoners. Although from his long confinement in cold quarters, and coarse food, his looks were much altered, and his eye fallen, his spirit was as buoyant and as untamed as ever; and amidst the mournful faces which surrounded him, his alone retained its cheerfulness and serenity. He took occasion during his short stay at Botzen to request forgiveness of some persons there whom he feared he had offended, and he was then hurried off with a strong escort to Mantua. His family were set at liberty by an order to that effect, and he parted with them for ever. On his arrival at Mantua a court-martial was immediately assembled for his trial, of which General Bisson was chosen president; on collecting the voices great difference of opinion was found to prevail in regard to the sentence to be given, the majority were for confinement, and two even had the courage to vote for his entire liberation; but a telegraph from Milan decided the question by decreeing death within twenty-four hours, thus rendering it impossible for the intercession of Austria to be of any avail in his behalf. Berthier, who was then at Vienna as a suitor by proxy for Buonaparte, brought upon himself universal indignation by the hypocritical manner in which he affected to lament this 'unlucky accident.' 'Such a transaction,' he said, 'would be a matter of serious concern to his master the emperor, and never would have been permitted had his majesty been aware of it.' There have been various attempts to relieve Buonaparte from the odium of consenting to other deeds of this dark description, and it has been repeated in his favour, that—

'It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life;'

but the deity to whom his worshippers so frequently offer up human sacrifices, cannot at least be supposed to revolt at bloodshed; and in the long list of those who have suffered for their contumacy in opposing Buonaparte's schemes of universal empire, no one was more foully murdered than Hofer, or will sit more heavily on the soul of the culprit, whenever he may venture to dwell on the past. Hofer was far from expecting the sentence which was past upon him. He had felt secure in the justice of his cause, and in the conviction that he was not amenable to those edicts by which he had already been proclaimed worthy of death. When his doom was communicated to him he received the intelligence with the most unshaken firmness, and requested that a priest might be allowed to attend him, which was granted without hesitation.

The details of his last moments are given in the following simple and affecting narrative.

‘As eleven o’clock struck, the generale sounded,—a company of grenadiers were drawn out, and the officers appointed to attend his execution entered the prison. In going out from thence, he passed by the barracks on the Porta Molina, where the Tyrolese were confined:—all there fell on their faces, put up their prayers, and wept aloud. Those who were at large in the fortress assembled on the road by which he was conducted, and even after the escort had left it, threw themselves on the ground, and implored his blessing. This Hofer gave them, and then requested their forgiveness for the share which he might have had in producing their present misfortunes, expressing at the same time his assurance that they would once again return under the dominion of the emperor, to whom he cried out the last “vivat” with a clear and steady voice. He delivered to Manifesti, the Priest, who remained with him to the last, every thing he had, to be distributed to his countrymen: this consisted in 500 florins in Austrian notes, his silver snuff-box, and his beautiful rosary;—to this faithful attendant himself he gave his crucifix, which was small, and of silver. On the broad bastion, at a little distance from the Porta Ceresa, the commanding officer halted his men. The grenadiers formed a square open to the rear, and twelve of the privates and a corporal stepped forward,—Hofer remained standing in the middle. The drummer then handed to him a white handkerchief to bind his eyes, and reminded him that it was necessary to bend on one knee; but he directly threw away the handkerchief, and peremptorily refused to kneel, observing that “he was used to stand upright before his Creator, and in that posture would he deliver up his spirit to him.” He then cautioned the corporal to take good aim, at the same time giving him a small piece of Tyrolese money; and having thus done, he gave the word “fire” in a loud and articulate tone.—His death, like that of Palm, was not instantaneous, for the executioners performed their office at first imperfectly—a merciful shot, however, at last dispatched him—he fell, and the spot on which he suffered is still considered sacred by his countrymen and former companions. The French, as if to compensate by honors to the dead, for the injury done to the living, now testified their respect for his remains by going through all the ceremonies of a public funeral. His body, instead of being allowed to remain for some time on the place of execution, as is usual in the case of those condemned to die, was borne by the grenadiers on a sable bier to the church of St. Michael. There his corpse was laid out in state, a guard of honour was appointed to watch over it, and all the populace were admitted to see that the much dreaded Barbone (or General Sanvird, as the French were accustomed to call him) was really no more. The interment then took place.’

Thus perished Hofer, in his forty-third year,—the calmness and resignation displayed by him in his last moments will bear a comparison with the deportment of any of the heroes of ancient or modern

dern times, under circumstances equally trying; and a degree of intrepidity in no degree more striking has served to throw a lustre over the deaths of many characters whose lives were of a very different complexion from that of this simple countryman.—But,

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,  
Virtue alone has majesty in death,  
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

A pension was settled by the Emperor Francis upon Hofer's family, and a sum of money given to enable them to settle in Austria, which they were invited to do; but his widow preferred returning to her old habitation in the valley of Passeyr, where, we have heard, she was visited by the emperor in his last return from Paris. The son is said to be very unequal in talent to his father; but his education and maintenance have also been provided for. A plain and substantial monument has been lately erected in honour of Hofer's memory, by command of the emperor, on an elevated part of the Brenner, and not far from his own habitation.

We cannot close this article without some further mention of Joseph Speckbacher, one of Hofer's most efficient and faithful coadjutors. In reading the account of his exploits we feel ourselves once more transported into the times of Amadis and the old romances, when men were ten times taller, stouter, and properer than in these degenerate days; his hair-breadth scapes when beset by his enemies, though they savour rather of the marvellous, we see no reason to disbelieve. He was born at the little village of Gnadenwald, not far from Hall, in 1768. His father was one of the superintendants of the salt works at the latter place, and his grandfather had distinguished himself against the Bavarians in the early part of the century. This example seems at a very early age to have fired the imagination of the youthful Speckbacher, and to have led to the neglect of more peaceful pursuits. When seven years old he lost his father, and was sent to school, where he remained for a considerable time, but to very little purpose, as it would appear; for though there was no sort of roguery or mischief of which he was not capable, he could neither read nor write, in spite of all the instruction bestowed upon him. At the age of twelve he began to lead a Robin Hood kind of life in the forests of Bavaria, with five or six lawless companions, who were continually fighting with the officers; but his chief associate being killed in one of these wild excursions, Speckbacher took to more regular courses, and became an overseer at the salt mines at Hall, as his father had been before him. He there married a woman of some little property, to the management of which he dedicated a good deal of his time. Mrs. Speckbacher's first exploit was to compel her husband to make up for lost time, by learning to read and write; and it was well that

she did so, for in the following year honours came thick upon him, and he was chosen one of the committee of judgment in his district, an office much resembling that of our justice of the peace. All these quiet occupations, however, were instantly abandoned by Speckbacher when more turbulent times came on. He possessed in a great degree many of the qualities which fit a man for military command, and, amongst those of a minor description, a quickness of eye which enabled him to discern objects at a considerable distance with astonishing accuracy. His power over his followers, too, was great, and sufficient to repress their excesses, and to put a stop to all plundering, which he punished with severity. The enemy knew his value, and many efforts were made, but in vain, to bring him over to their side; a 1000 ducats too were offered for his head; but although it was known to upwards of thirty peasants that he was for eight days working with them, disguised as a labourer, in Rattenberg, (an expedient adopted by him in order to acquire a knowledge of the defences of the town,) no one seemed to notice him until his departure, and they then only spoke of his appearance with the finger on the lip. After his wonderful escape, the emperor offered him lands in Hungary, where he was disposed to settle; but his wife, whom he had left in the Tyrol, was first to be consulted, and we shall conclude our remarks with her answer, which for simplicity and tenderness we have seldom seen equalled.

‘ My beloved Husband !

‘ Dearest Joseph,—

‘ Painful as it may be to you to be separated from me, and heavily as our domestic grievances may weigh upon your mind, yet your wife suffers no less severely in being compelled to live without you; in truth, whenever I look at any of my children, my heart is like to break, for my first reflection is, Ah! children, you are now little better than orphans without a father, and I a wretched widow without reputation or name!—But may God in heaven so dispose events, that pity may be shewn to me and my children, and their inheritance provided for. Oh, my dear Joseph, you know how your poor wife loves you, and by this love I implore you, for God’s sake, not to take it amiss, if I repeat what I have already said, and even more strongly than before; that rather than go to Hungary, or any where else so distant, rather will I (alas! that I should be obliged to say so!) go begging with my children. Things are not quite gone that length as yet, (though not far from it,) but they cannot long remain as they are; so have you, my beloved husband, a beggar for your wife.—I must stop, or my paper will be wet with my tears. This one consideration alone, dearest Joseph, must be a comfort to you in this distress, as it is to me your wife, that we have not drawn upon ourselves this misery, or the beggary which is now hanging over us, by any extravagance on our parts, or any other cause in which we are to blame; but it is your attachment alone to our good Emperor Francis, and the heartfelt longing again to be Austrians, which

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has led you so far,—has placed you in the most imminent danger of your life, and your wife and little ones in the extremity of poverty and distress. Oh! my dear man, take courage, and throw yourself at the feet of our gracious emperor, who is yet so good to you, and tell him how it fares with your wife in the Tyrol. Let me implore your forgiveness, if I do not come after you, you know yourself that I am sickly and perhaps could not go through so long a journey, it is not only from old women that I have heard it, for sensible men have told me, that for those who are not of a strong constitution, and habit of body, Hungary is a bad place to live in, and you love your wife, I am sure, too tenderly to wish to contribute to her death. Do but you ask this in the way you ought to do, and I will pray to the saints in Heaven that our gracious sovereign the emperor may yet relieve us, and then God will set all matters to rights. But if his corrections must be inflicted upon us for a longer time, do you then implore for that which you may be able to obtain; that you may have something allotted to you in Stiria, or in that neighbourhood; and then, if all hope is at an end of our dear country again becoming Austrian, and of thy return to the Tyrol, then will I come to thee, beloved of my heart. I thank you, dearest Joseph, for your new year's wish. God grant that we may again meet under Austria's government in our own dear Tyrol. In order that you, my dearest, may be able to explain correctly to those who may be of use to us our calamitous situation, I must tell you, to my sorrow, as it will be to yours, that all our cattle are sick; one third we have already lost, and we cannot feel sure for a day, that the other two will not go also. Fifty florins are already expended in doctors and apothecary's stuff; think, too, in addition, of the heavy taxes we have to pay. Yet once more, dearest husband, I repeat to you, implore relief for your poor forlorn wife and children. I send you a thousand kind greetings, and commend you to the protection of God, and to the favour of our benevolent emperor. Write to me soon, and cease not to love

Your faithful wife,

'Jan. 15, 1811.'

'MARIA SPECKBACHERIN.'

'P. S. Your children salute you tenderly; they anxiously pray for you, and often ask, "Will not our father come again to us?"'

ART. IV.—*An Essay on the Principle of Population; or, a View of its past and present Effects on Human Happiness; with an Inquiry into our prospects respecting the future Removal or Mitigation of the Evils which it occasions.* By R. T. Malthus, A. M. late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Professor of History and Political Economy in the East India College, Hertfordshire. The Fifth Edition, with important Additions. Three Vols. 8vo. London. 1817.

THAT preposterous course which is a fatal error in morals, is indispensable in political science; mankind must act first, and reason afterwards. The axioms of political economy, like those of

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natural philosophy, can only result from experience and repeated observation: thus it happens that the progress of civilization, as it increases the variety of relations and combinations in which men are placed with respect to each other, and multiplies the transactions in which they are involved, has the collateral effect of introducing a new set of intellectual pursuits, and engaging mankind in the study of fresh sciences as it gradually advances. There is not a wider difference between the simple barter of wine or oxen for arms or slaves, and the bills of exchange which form the medium of modern commerce, than between the comparative knowledge of the principles by which national and individual transfers of property are regulated, as exhibited in the crude and contradictory 'Politics' of Aristotle, and in the scientific conclusions of the 'Wealth of Nations.' Aristotle was as well calculated as any man to build up a scientific system: but a sufficient series of experiments to found it upon, was wanting. Hence it was naturally to be expected that in the progress of civilization and political economy, the last subject studied and explained should be the facts relating to POPULATION, because this branch of political science requires a collection of statistic details which can only be furnished by an advanced state of society: and because it is little likely to attract attention till men are generally placed in circumstances like those in which we find them in modern Europe. In ancient times, the density of population was limited by the facility, and still more by the habit of emigration, which, after all, while the distance is short, and climate similar, and artificial wants comparatively few, is a much milder process than expatriation from Europe to America, or from England to the shores of the Euxine. The universal habits of slavery, moreover, among the Greeks and Romans, and such a systematic demoralization as is betrayed by the enactment of a *lex Julia*, to say nothing of perpetual and murderous wars, would naturally tend to keep the subject out of view. During the middle ages, population had a regular preventive check in feudal habits, and a regular positive check in civil wars: and though famines were no less frequent than severe, it was quite evident that they did not originate in the redundancy of people, but in the want of channels for distributing produce, and in the total ignorance and neglect of agriculture. It was not, therefore, till the security of property and the tranquil state of things which followed the establishment of a settled government, made it the first desire of every man to sit down, if not under his own vine, at least by his own fire-side and in the circle of a family; it was not till avenues were gradually opened to industry and enterprise, and allowed that desire to be generally gratified; it was not till these prosperous circumstances gave an impulse to the power of population, that the inhabitants

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of the various countries of Europe encroached rapidly upon the productive soil, and have made it at last a matter of speculation how far the territory itself may be able to support the numbers existing in it; and what proportion there is between the natural powers of the earth, and those of unrestrained population.

Unquestionably the details which we now possess from registers and statistical tables and other authentic sources, are of a nature to invite the curiosity and ensure the attention of all those who have a taste for researches into the history of their fellow creatures, even apart from all practical consequences. The first survey of the subject affords a striking problem. It presents us with a view of men essentially the same in their passions, constitutions, and physical powers, yet, in different countries, or in the same country at different times, varying in the rate in which they increase their numbers through every degree of a very extensive scale: in some cases requiring no more than twenty-five years, and in others perhaps no less than a thousand, to double them. There is no occasion to travel far in search of instances. Our own dominions exhibit the following variations.

|   |    |           |
|---|----|-----------|
| In Canada, the population doubles                                   | in | 28 years. |
| In Ireland  | in | 34        |
| In England and Wales (calculating<br>the whole of the last century) | in | 100       |
| In Hindostan (perhaps)  | in | 1000      |

Those who profess to see nothing remarkable in these variations, must have very different ideas from ours as to what is interesting in the history of the human race. Again, if we trace the subject back to the origin of the increase, we find in different countries a similar difference in the proportion which the number of annual marriages bears to the number of the existing population. Here, for the sake of wider illustration, we will extend our view beyond our own territories. In Russia, according to a table furnished by Mr. Tooke, it appears that among ninety-two persons one marriage is contracted, or of forty-six persons one marries annually: so that the proportion of marriages to the actual population is on the average as one to ninety-two. Whereas in most countries the proportion is considerably smaller: being

|                     |   |    |      |
|---------------------|---|----|------|
| in Sweden           | 1 | to | 110* |
| in England          | 1 | to | 122† |
| in Norway           | 1 | to | 130* |
| in the Pays de Vaud | 1 | to | 140* |

\* Malthus, vol. i. p. 410.

† Preliminary Observations on the Population Abstract, by Mr. Rickman, p. xxix.

It is further remarkable that the annual proportion of marriages is by no means uniform even in the different counties of our native land. According to the curious table, prefixed to the returns for 1811, it varies from one in a hundred and five, which is the highest, (with the exception of Middlesex,) to one in a hundred and fifty-three. For example,

|                            |                      |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| in Yorkshire (East Riding) | the marriages are as |
| 1                          | to 105 persons       |
| in Warwickshire            | 1 to 116             |
| in Essex                   | 1 to 128             |
| in Shropshire              | 1 to 143             |
| in Monmouthshire           | 1 to 153             |

How are we to account for these striking variations? Confessedly we have no ground to assume either any material difference in the prolific power, or in the instincts on which the increase of the species depends. The American race is but a branch of the European stock, and, had it remained on its parent soil, would have partaken of the same gradual increase, doubling itself in a century at the quickest: but the same branch, when rooted in Transatlantic ground, doubles in twenty-five years. Take any given number: say 10,000: these persons remaining in France or England, would in a hundred years have increased to 20,000: but transplanted to America, in a hundred years they become 160,000. Nay, even in the same country the rate of increase is very different in different periods, and periods too with only a trifling interval between them. England, during the first half of the last century, only gained a million of inhabitants; increasing from 5,475,000 to 6,467,000: but during the last half, increased nearly three times as fast, having reached 9,163,000 at the census of 1801. At that period the rate of doubling was about eighty-three years; but the increase from 1801 to 1811 was in still greater proportion, and should it continue, would double the whole population in fifty-five years.

At this point, then, Mr. Malthus takes up the question. Why is it, that in America the numbers increase so fast, in Hindostan so slow? Why faster in Ireland than in England? Why is it, that in England the population increases at different rates in different periods? or that in those counties which either extensive marshes or crowded manufacturing towns render comparatively unhealthy, marriages are earlier and more general than in the more salubrious and agricultural districts? Are the natural inclinations colder in Shropshire than in Warwickshire, or in Monmouthshire than in either? or is it more reasonable to suppose that the natural inclinations are generally uniform, but that they are necessarily repressed in some situations by the difficulty of providing for a family, more than in the mining and manufacturing districts, where the average duration  
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of life is shorter, and the resources of labour more extensive? Is it not that the power of increase in the human race is much greater than the power of adding to the supply of food, by which last, however, their increase must inevitably be regulated? Is it any thing but the impossibility of procuring a proportionate augmentation of subsistence which prevents mankind, in all healthy countries, from making an annual addition to their numbers as great as that which takes place in America or in some parts of the Russian territory?

So at least argues Mr. Malthus; and the returns of the annual marriages, which were not in existence at the publication of his Essay, afford a clear illustration of his original remark.

‘It is evident that in every country where the resources are any way limited, the *preventive* and *positive* checks to population must vary inversely as each other; that is, in countries either naturally unhealthy or subject to a great mortality, from whatever cause it may arise, the preventive check will prevail very little. In those countries, on the contrary, which are naturally healthy, and where the preventive check is found to prevail with considerable force, the positive check will prevail very little, or the mortality be very small.’—p. 24.

Our readers will probably remember that we have not been hasty in adopting Mr. Malthus’s conclusions; and that we have condemned without hesitation the unqualified severity and harshness with which they were originally accompanied and introduced to public notice. Whoever casts his eyes around him, and surveys the labour, the distress, the penury, and the ignorance in which a great part of the human race, even in the most favoured countries, are more or less immersed, must want all the finer feelings and most amiable charities of our nature, if he does not spontaneously give way to the benevolent desire of correcting so much vice and relieving so much misery. Under the influence of these feelings, even the chimerical visions of Mr. Owen have attracted attention; and for some time his violation of practical experience and defiance of common sense, appeared to find excuse, in consideration of the amiable sentiments to which they were sacrificed. Even when the rugged lessons of experience or the incontrovertible testimonies of evidence assure us of the utter hopelessness of realizing this amelioration to its desirable extent; still the hardest lesson to forget is that which was first imbibed in other schools than those of philosophy; and the hope of some effectual improvement in the condition of our species remains ‘the last infirmity of noble minds.’ Mr. Malthus himself, in the preface to his original edition, ‘professes to have read some of the speculations on the future improvement of society in a temper very different from a wish to find them visionary; but he had not acquired  
that

that command over his understanding which would enable him to believe what he wishes, without evidence, or to refuse his assent to what might be displeasing when accompanied with evidence.'

Under circumstances thus confessedly disadvantageous, the author cannot have been surprized at the slow and reluctant assent which his principles have obtained. He has a prejudice to encounter at every step; and it must be owned that no pains were originally employed to win an easy way, and make the reader part readily with his prejudices. Every succeeding edition has improved in this respect; and in the present especially the author has equally gratified our self-complacency and displayed his own candour, by expunging those passages to which we had most pointedly objected, as liable to misrepresent the subject, and inflict an unnecessary violence on the feelings of the reader.\* The existing state of our domestic economy certainly renders the inquiry peculiarly interesting at this moment; and we enter upon it with no slight advantage after the discussions which this branch of political science (which

\* The following quotations contain an account of the alterations and additions which have been made since the last edition was published.

'On account of the nature of the subject, which it must be allowed is one of permanent interest, as well as of the attention likely to be directed to it in future, I am bound to correct those errors of my work, of which subsequent experience and information may have convinced me, and to make such additions and alterations as appear calculated to improve it, and promote its utility.

'It would have been easy to have added many further historical illustrations of the first part of the subject; but as I was unable to supply the want I once alluded to, of accounts of sufficient accuracy to ascertain what part of the natural power of increase each particular check destroys, it appears to me that the conclusion, which I had before drawn from very ample evidence of the only kind that could be obtained, would hardly receive much additional force by the accumulation of more, precisely of the same description.

'In the first two books, therefore, the only additions are a new chapter on France, and one on England, chiefly in reference to facts which have occurred since the publication of the last edition.

'In the third book, I have given an additional chapter on the Poor-Laws; and as it appeared to me that the chapters on the Agricultural and Commercial Systems, and the Effects of increasing Wealth on the Poor, were not either so well arranged, or so immediately applicable to the main subject, as they ought to be; and as I further wished to make some alterations in the chapter on Bounties upon Exportation, and add something on the subject of Restrictions upon Importation, I have recast and rewritten the chapters which stand the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, in the present edition; and given a new title, and added two or three passages to the 14th, and last chapter of the same book.

'In the fourth book I have added a new chapter to the one entitled *Effects of the Knowledge of the principal Cause of Poverty on Civil Liberty*; and another to the chapter on the different Plans of employing the Poor; and I have made a considerable addition to the Appendix, in reply to some writers on the Principles of Population, whose works have appeared since the last edition.

'These are the principal additions and alterations made in the present edition. They consist in a considerable degree of the application of the general principles of the Essay to the present state of things.

'For the accommodation of the purchasers of the former editions, these additions and alterations will be published in a separate volume.'—Preface, pp. 12—14.

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when Mr. Malthus first published his essay was almost an untried field of speculation) has recently undergone. At all events, respecting a book which has taken such firm hold of the public attention, and which, in the judgment of its partisans, is likely to effect a greater change in the current of public opinion than any which has appeared since the '*Wealth of Nations*,' we owe a duty to the author and to our readers, which we shall endeavour impartially to perform.

The essay opens with an inquiry into the natural rate of the increase of mankind, compared with that of the subsistence necessary for their support. It appears from some well known examples, that population, where there is no difficulty in procuring a proportionate addition to the supply of food, doubles itself every twenty-five years, or proceeds in a geometrical ratio. Subsistence however, in countries once settled and limited, cannot possibly be accumulated at the same rate. If we can suppose that the produce of England in 1817 should by great exertions be doubled by the year 1842, that is, should be so far and so long able to support the probable increase of an unrestrained population; yet we cannot possibly imagine that it could be again doubled in twenty-five years more, and enabled to meet the demand of forty-four millions in 1867. The most sanguine speculator could only expect the produce to be increased in the same proportion as during the preceding period, or to proceed in the arithmetical ratio of 1, 2, 3; while population, as appears in America, has a natural tendency to increase in the geometrical ratio of 1, 2, 4, &c.

'Taking the whole earth, instead of this island, emigration would of course be excluded; and, supposing the present population equal to a thousand millions, the human species would increase as the numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, and subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. In two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 to 9; in three centuries as 4096 to 13, and in two thousand years the difference would be almost incalculable.'—vol. i. p. 15.

After reading this prefatory statement, we naturally expect to learn, in the subsequent chapters, that a part, at least, of mankind are placed in some of these different relations as to their food and numbers; or at any rate, that these two opposite forces can only be brought to a tolerable equality by some process totally inconsistent with virtue or happiness. We forget that this is only an abstract view of the subject; that these different relations never can really exist, being uniformly checked at the first step of their hostile progress: and that we are in much more actual danger from every comet that traverses our system, than from the risk that population should ever be to the means of subsistence even as 4 to 3. For this reason we have always regretted the place which  
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these calculations hold in the head and front of the essay. Not because we demur to their justice as abstract truths; but because they seem to perplex the reasoning, by keeping out of sight the facts which it is the real object of the book to prove. The increase of population, no doubt, in favourable situations, is matter of historical notoriety, and may be ascertained on visible and undeniable evidence. But the degree of increase of which human subsistence is capable is necessarily in a great measure hypothetical. Here, therefore, is scope for argument and discussion; and it is for this purpose that the details which follow the author's leading statement are so practically valuable. But it must be observed, that according to the mode in which these details are introduced, they do not bear upon the original propositions, that subsistence increases according to one ratio, and population in another; but on a different set of propositions, which are enunciated in the second chapter, and which the various checks to population in different climates and stages of civilization are subsequently brought in to prove. The opening statements, therefore, are only made to be abandoned; and, if they were to be abandoned, had better not have been made, or at least not placed in so conspicuous a position.

It may be necessary, perhaps, to explain our objection more fully. The author's principle is this: that population has a natural tendency to increase much faster than food can be provided for it; and that the difference between these two ratios in the relative increase of subsistence and population has always occasioned a great deal of poverty and misery in the world. In order to establish his point, two separate courses of argument lay ready for his choice. First, to begin, as he has begun, with a statement of the geometrical and arithmetical ratio, taken as a probable assumption; and then to bring forward his statistical and historical details, in order to show the justice of that original proposition. For if there is this difference, or any such difference between the ratios in which population and subsistence naturally proceed, it follows that there must be in almost all countries a pressure of mankind against the existing supply of food. It must be obtained and increased with so much difficulty, that except in very particular situations, there must always remain some part of the people to whom the necessities of life will be barely and scantily awarded. This would have given him occasion to appeal to the various records which we possess of the human race: and to prove, from history and experience, that notwithstanding the various drains on population occasioned in some countries by wars and outrages, in others by vicious customs, in others by epidemic disorders, and in others by unhealthy occupations, still there is a constant pressure against the available supply of subsistence; a pressure uniform in  
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its operation though variable in its degree. Other accounts satisfactorily show, that wherever the means of subsistence have been suddenly increased, either by emigration, or by the addition of some new territory, or by the effects of war and pestilence sweeping off a portion of the original inhabitants, this facility of supply has immediately occasioned a start in the progress of population, which has quickly either filled up the chasm or covered the vacant surface. We possess, therefore, this further proof that the same power of natural increase which keeps population fully up to the level of subsistence, is constantly seeking opportunity to exert itself still more; and, like a stream forcibly dammed up, will rush onward as soon as the sluices are opened; or, like a tree whose roots are confined, is always pushing its fibres in every direction, and searching for room to spread and expand them.

Such is, in fact, the general outline of the course of evidence by which the leading principle of the book may be supported, and the superiority of the power of population to the power of producing subsistence maintained. But those who are familiar with the essay itself will be immediately aware that this is not the process of reasoning which the author has actually pursued. Leaving altogether, as we observed, his original statement, he undertakes to prove the following propositions:

‘ 1. Population is necessarily limited by the means of subsistence. 2. Population invariably increases where the means of subsistence increase. 3. The checks which repress the superior power of population, and keep its effects on a level with the means of subsistence, are all resolvable into moral restraint, vice, and misery.’—p. 34.

Here we must remark, that these three propositions, considered as a chain of argument, are thus far defective, that the *superior power of population* is affirmed, not proved; which amounts to an assumption of the very point in question. Should it be thought that this superior power of population had been sufficiently exhibited by the comparative ratios contained in the preceding chapter, which is the opinion of the author himself;\* still he must allow that it ought to have been affirmed in a separate proposition, in order to place the argument in a legitimate and logical form.

But although the arithmetical and geometrical ratios of subsistence and population respectively may satisfactorily and forcibly illustrate the superior power of population to those who are disposed to admit their justice, still it must be remembered, that the natural tendency to increase, and still more the comparative power of augmenting subsistence, are only and can only be fixed hypothetically. The population of America has increased geometrically

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\* See Note to Appendix, vol. iii. p. 344.



for the last century; granted; but America is still supported from her own soil; therefore in America subsistence has increased geometrically as well as population: has increased in the four periods of twenty-five years in the proportion of 1, 2, 4, 8. In our own country, on the other hand, produce has been very far from increasing even arithmetically in the same periods of twenty-five years; instead of proceeding at the rate of 1, 2, 3, 4, it has proceeded as 1,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , 2; and that barely; for our population, which in the course of the century has actually doubled, was not, at the end of it, independent of foreign supplies.

Without intending therefore to assert that Mr. Malthus's calculation is either too high in the one case or too low in the other, since he professes to consider the average state of the whole earth; the fact, we think, should always be kept in view, that the assumption of the comparative ratios is hypothetical, and necessarily must be so: and we may fairly object to its being propounded as a philosophical axiom no less indisputable than the principles of motion or gravitation, or any other of the ascertained and unerring laws of nature, that population increases in a geometrical, and subsistence in an arithmetical ratio. As long as it is understood that this is a mere assumption for the sake of argument or illustration, all is well. But when it is appealed to, as it commonly has been, and as we lately heard it at a public meeting, as a definite ordinance of the Creator; which is, to say the least of it, to place the laws of Providence under a very unprepossessing aspect; it is time to remember, that to prove this is neither the object nor the result of Mr. Malthus's essay. Though the power of population may not be rated too high, speaking of an unlimited state, nor of production too low, speaking of a limited one; still, while the rate of population is taken from one state of society, and of subsistence from another, there will always remain a door of escape to a pertinacious adversary; who can only be chained down to the broad fact, that population has a tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence.

The arrangement of which we complain has, without doubt, been injurious to the success and reception of the main principle of the Essay. Many persons, for instance, have mistaken in this way the leading object of the work; and Mr. Malthus has found reason to complain of its being said that he had written a quarto volume to prove that population increased in a geometrical, and food in an arithmetical ratio. App. p. 344. Others have caught hold of the belief, that such being the natural difference between the ratios of population and food—the details were introduced in order to show the necessity of misery to reconcile and bring them to a level. *C'est la nécessité de misère qu'il s'agit de démontrer*, says a French antagonist

antagonist of Mr. Malthus; and then accuses him of uniformly arguing in a circle, and proving the necessity of misery by the existence of misery. Mr. Grahame, another adversary, asserts in still rounder terms, that some philosophers, 'of whom Mr. Malthus is the leader, regard the vices and follies of human nature, and their various products, famine, disease and war, as *benevolent remedies* by which nature has enabled human beings to correct the disorders that would arise from that redundancy of population which the unrestrained operation of her laws would create.'

'These are the opinions,' replies Mr. Malthus, 'imputed to me and the philosophers with whom I am associated. If the imputation were just, we have certainly on many accounts great reason to be ashamed of ourselves. For what are we made to say? In the first place, we are stated to assert that *famine* is a benevolent remedy for *want of food*, as redundancy of population admits of no other interpretation than that of a people ill supplied with the means of subsistence, and consequently the benevolent remedy of famine here noticed can only apply to the disorders arising from scarcity of food.

'Secondly, we are said to affirm that nature enables human beings by means of diseases to correct the disorders that would arise from a redundancy of population;—that is, that mankind willingly and purposely create diseases, with a view to prevent those diseases which are the necessary consequence of a redundant population, and are not worse or more mortal than the means of prevention.

'And thirdly, it is imputed to us generally, that we consider the vices and follies of mankind as benevolent remedies for the disorders arising from a redundant population; and it follows as a matter of course that these vices ought to be encouraged rather than reprobated.

'It would not be easy to compress in so small a compass a greater quantity of absurdity, inconsistency, and unfounded assertion.

'The first two imputations may perhaps be peculiar to Mr. Grahame; and protection from them may be found in their gross absurdity and inconsistency. With regard to the third, it must be allowed that it has not the merit of novelty. Although it is scarcely less absurd than the two others, and has been shown to be an opinion no where to be found in the Essay, nor legitimately to be inferred from any part of it, it has been continually repeated in various quarters for fourteen years, and now appears in the pages of Mr. Grahame. For the last time I will now notice it; and should it still continue to be brought forward, I think I may be fairly excused from paying the slightest further attention either to the imputation itself, or to those who advance it.

'If I had merely stated that the tendency of the human race to increase faster than the means of subsistence, was kept to a level with these means by some or other of the forms of vice and misery, and that these evils were absolutely unavoidable, and incapable of being diminished by any human efforts; still I could not with any semblance of justice be accused of considering vice and misery as the remedies of these evils, instead of the very evils themselves. As well nearly might

I be open to Mr. Grahame's imputations of considering the famine and disease necessarily arising from a scarcity of food as a benevolent remedy for the evils which this scarcity occasions.

'But I have not so stated the proposition. I have not considered the evils of vice and misery arising from a redundant population as unavoidable, and incapable of being diminished. On the contrary, I have pointed out a mode by which these evils may be removed or mitigated by removing or mitigating their cause. I have endeavoured to show that this may be done consistently with human virtue and happiness. I have never considered any possible increase of population as an evil, except as far as it might increase the proportion of vice and misery. Vice and misery, and these alone, are the evils which it has been my great object to contend against. I have expressly proposed moral restraints as their rational and proper remedy; and whether the remedy be good or bad, adequate or inadequate, the proposal itself, and the stress which I have laid upon it, is an incontrovertible proof that I never can have considered vice and misery as themselves remedies.'—App. p. 389—392.

This answer is quite decisive. But still it might occur to Mr. Malthus that so great a misapprehension of his views could hardly have become so general, unless there had been something in the conduct and arrangement of his arguments which led to these erroneous conclusions, and counteracted the force of his frequent disclaimers. The explanation, we imagine, is to be found in the unaccommodating ratios of population and subsistence, and the commanding position assigned them in the outset of his book, while an equally formidable array of positive and preventive checks to population is drawn up on the other hand, with the apparent design of bringing them to a level. Whereas if the author had contented himself with beginning from the propositions which he really proves, his work would have had the same utility, and have exhibited the same practical truths, with the additional advantage of less outraging the feelings of his readers. Still the immense superiority of the power of unchecked population to that of production in a limited territory is so undeniable a fact, that it should by no means have been entirely omitted; and it might with great propriety have been brought forward as a corroboration of the general argument of the essay.

If, on the other hand, he had deemed it the most striking or philosophical mode of treating the subject to follow out his original statement, the different ratios of food and population, we think he would have pursued a clearer course of reason by adhering to it, instead of bringing forward a separate string of propositions: for as it is, an opponent may complain that he is required to assent to a different fact from that which is proved to his conviction; or he may find fault with the narrowness of the induction compared with the importance

portance of the conclusion, and appeal to exceptions which different ages and states of society cannot fail to furnish, or resort to some of the various shifts by which it is always possible to block up the avenues of a reluctant understanding. In short, the question is incapable of demonstrative proof, or of determination *à priori*; and the evidence, the practical evidence, that the power of population is infinitely greater than the power of production, must ultimately rest on the actual pressure of population against produce. It is only after pointing out the existence of great and undeniable checks to population, and still proving the close pressure against subsistence, that the superiority of the power of population can be satisfactorily and incontrovertibly established.

If we are right in these strictures upon the conduct of our author's argument, it may account for the known fact, that many intelligent persons have declared themselves dissatisfied with Mr. Malthus's reasoning, though they were unable to deny his conclusions. But whether we are right or wrong, it may be convenient at all events to place the subject in a somewhat different point of view: and accordingly we propose, without hesitation, the following axioms on the subject of population, as unanswerably proved in the Essay before us:—

1. 'Population is necessarily limited by the means of subsistence.' This requires only to be stated.

2. There are various 'checks which repress' the natural 'power of population, and keep its effects on a level with the means of subsistence; which are all resolvable into moral restraint, vice, and misery.'

3. Notwithstanding the effect of these checks, 'population always increases as the means of subsistence increase:' or, as it might be affirmed with perfect justice, always increases so as to press against the available supply.

Our readers will observe how far these propositions deviate from the author's own terms, which we stated in a preceding page; and that we consider the superiority of the natural power of population over the power of production, to be proved by the existence of the checks alluded to in the second of our propositions: in spite of which, the pressure of mankind against the existing produce is matter of universal experience. To recapitulate the evidence of these facts, collected by Mr. Malthus, would be to transcribe the first and second books of his work: it is taken from every region of the world, and every period of history, and every stage of society; and largely shews that mankind have uniformly increased and multiplied, in conformity with the command of their Creator; and also that, agreeably to the same Creator's denunciation,

tion, they have always been condemned to acquire their subsistence by painful and continual labour.

The practical conclusion resulting from the book is this: that redundancy is not only a much greater evil than deficiency of population, but much more to be apprehended, much more likely to happen; that legislators therefore begin in the wrong place when they employ any adventitious means to give direct encouragement to population; since they have only to increase subsistence, or the power of commanding it, and population will invariably follow; and in fact does always exist, to the full amount of the available supply of food. This is a question of no slight interest every where; but comes particularly home to our own country; where we have now in regular operation a principle allowed even by its advocates to be a forcing principle, and which, especially during the last twenty years, has been so exercised, as to become an actual bounty on population. If Mr. Malthus is right, such a bounty is not only unnecessary, but must lead to consequences injurious, if not fatal to national happiness. If on the other hand he is wrong, we may still persist in providing at the public expense a subsistence for all who may be born, even if there should be no demand on the part of the community for their labour. As the question is of such important and immediate interest, we will consider in their turn the various objections which may be thought to invalidate Mr. Malthus's conclusions.

I. The first and most obvious of these is taken from the present state of many countries which are known to have been formerly populous, and are now comparatively deserts; as Northern Africa, and Persia, and the immense territories which compose the Turkish empire. When we measure these vast districts on the map, and compare the square miles of fertile territory with the actual number of their inhabitants, the natural impression which the mind receives is that the pressure of population is a vain terror; or, as the French opponent of Mr. Malthus terms it, *un sophisme très habilement soutenu*.

Mankind however, it is very plain, cannot be supported by the *possible* abundance of their soil, but must depend upon its actual produce. It is sufficiently notorious that Egypt and Greece, and Syria and Anatolia, were formerly as much more populous, than in the state of degradation to which a wretched tyranny has now reduced them, as they were more distinguished in arts and comparative civilization. History points out to us as many cities in those districts, as we can now find villages; and there is little doubt but in those ages less actual distress was felt from insufficient supply than now, when families occupy the place of provinces.

**Insecurity**

Insecurity of property is the great bane of all these countries. Mankind seem upon the whole to be well enough inclined to industry, if they can only reckon upon reaping its fruits; but no one labours for labour's sake, or sows without a prospect of gathering the harvest. Throughout the whole of these districts, however, the peasant is uniformly subject to plunder of one sort or other; either the legalized exactions of tyranny, or to the devastation of barbarous incursions. Throughout Turkey the system of oppressing and pillaging all who may have collected the most trifling property begins from the throne, and systematically descends through all the ramifications of government. Where all offices are notoriously bought, and bought at a competition; where all are held during pleasure, the pleasure of an insecure and arbitrary despot; do we require the details of travellers to fill up the outlines of such a country, and throw in its darker shades? or is it sufficient to refer to the principles of our common nature, in order to paint the picture in its true colours?

Under circumstances of this nature, it is certainly not surprising that the inhabitants of these countries should be few, either in proportion to their extent, or their possible fertility: the wonder is greater that the people should reach, nay press rudely against the limits of their supply. This fact however is as undeniable as the wretchedness of their political situation, and is authenticated by the testimony of every traveller, Volney, Thornton, Clarké, Morier, &c. who furnish abundant materials to prove, that in spite of the little inducement there is either to live, or to propagate life in these countries, still they are inhabited fully up to the limits of the available subsistence. The want of regular government, and the various political evils under which they labour, can effectually extinguish virtue, and public spirit, and literature, and industry: but population still keeps equal pace with the measure of the supply; still treads so closely upon it, that any deficiency in the seasons, any unexpected drought, or epidemic among the cattle, reduces them to severe distress, and even to absolute famine.

The mistakes on this head are not to be set to the account of our author, but of those among his readers, who because he has represented the lowest classes in these countries as subject to seasons of penury and want, have understood him to mean that overpopulation is the *cause* of their misery. The cause of their misery is the government and the habits it generates: and while these remain, neither the addition nor subtraction of millions of people would make any permanent difference in their situation. The addition, indeed, would cause an immediate famine and mortality; and the subtraction immediate plenty. If half their number were

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suddenly exterminated, the remaining half would of course enjoy abundance for a single season: but that season over, the effect would only be to sink the ratio of industry in proportion to the decreased demand, till the numbers gradually reproduced occasioned the necessity of again cultivating the desolated lands.

The just inference from these and all other ill governed or barbarous countries, relates to the tendency of population considered as a law of our nature, and no way bears upon the effects of that law on human happiness. The condition of people so circumstanced would not be one jot the better, though the power of population were diminished to any conceivable extent: indeed it is sufficiently abated by vicious customs and wide-wasting plagues, and probably at the present time is absolutely retrograde. We wish this point to be borne in mind; not only as being important to the question at issue, but as making part of a very general error with regard to the real conclusions deducible from Mr. Malthus's theory. The cause of the distress is moral and political vice; and the distress itself is only brought in as evidence to attest the uniform law which raises population up to the supply of food even under most unfavourable circumstances of natural or civil discouragement.

II. The pressure of population against supply in countries far advanced in civilization is more generally acknowledged by all who have paid attention to the subject. Still it is very possible that those who have not looked into the details of political economy, or accustomed themselves to its language, may not recognize the existence of the pressure so confidently and familiarly assumed. We read of distant times and distant countries in which multitudes have died by famine. There the want of subsistence is a palpable fact. But since the improvements in the circulation and distribution of produce from one country to another introduced by commerce, and from one part of the same country to another, facilitated by internal communication, the misery of *famine* is exchanged for the milder operation of *scarcity*, which only shews itself in an enhancement of the money-price of corn. Besides, a great quantity of human food is wasted in manufactures, is employed in distilleries, or is prodigally consumed in various forms of luxury. How does this agree with the alleged fact, that population presses against the actual supply? This, no doubt, is a very superficial objection, and is answered by the first elements of political science. But as we see every day that many persons, even of those whom they concern, have been very partially imbued with these first elements, we are unwilling to pass it over altogether.

It is evident that the man whose assistance is necessary to any master or employer of workmen must be supported by that employer,

ployer, together with his family. For the precise purpose of obtaining this support, he consents to give his labour: and there are still many cases in which the recompense is actually made in the shape of provision. But one of the first and simplest operations of civilization, is to make all bargains through a common medium; and accordingly the return for labour, like other payments, is given in money. This money payment is very different in different countries, and in the same country at different times; but whatever it is, the quantity of subsistence it will procure, and not the nominal amount of the payment, is the standard by which the labourer's return must be estimated. The only way therefore in which we can judge of the pressure of population, is by the rate of wages; and the only way in which we can estimate the rate of wages, is by the quantity of support which it will procure to the labourer, according to the customary mode of living in the country.

For this reason, from the time when the weekly labour is recompensed in money, the pressure of population is less directly visible to the eye of the common observer. Its operation in itself becomes a more complex concern; and it is moreover concealed from view by the quantity of machinery which is going on together. Its effect however is sufficiently discoverable in the diminished rate of wages, following the increased competition for employ. In countries like America, where there is plenty of fresh land ready to make an ample recompense to any capitalist who will take the pains of reclaiming it from the beasts of the forest, or the wandering savage of the plain, a labourer, in almost any department, may immediately meet with an employer. The competition there is among the masters, to find workmen; not among the workmen to find employ: but in most of the old countries in Europe the tide is commonly setting the other way; and especially in the lowest and simplest operations of industry, the competition is on the side of the labourer. The labourer is therefore in a much greater degree dependent upon his employer, and his remuneration is seldom larger than the support of his family absolutely demands.

To understand in practice what has been thus far stated in theory, our readers have only to look around them, and see the mode in which a great part of their countrymen are at this moment living; and then to answer, whether the human species in civilized countries does not increase up to the lowest quantity of support necessary to their preservation.

Beginning with the case of our peasants, the average wages in husbandry may be rated at 12s. per week: take the wife's earnings at two shillings, the total for the year will amount to £36:8s. With regard to the expenses, no one will place the consumption of a family



mily throughout at less than a half-peck loaf per week to each individual. It is not reckoned lower even by overseers. At 1s. the quarterly loaf the expense will stand thus, for a family with three children.

|   |     |   |          |
|---|-----|---|----------|
| Bread for five persons, at 10s. per week, | £26 | 0 | per ann. |
| Soap and candles, at 8d.                  | do. | - | 1 16     |
| Rent - - - - -                            | -   | - | 3 0      |
| Clothing and furniture - - -              | -   | - | 3 0      |
| Fuel, 2s. in winter, 1s. in summer        | -   | - | 5 4      |

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Total - £37 0

This calculation carries us at once beyond the earnings, though no allowance has been made for medicine, loss of time, or any other article of food than wheaten bread. Whatever *luxuries* are claimed, must be saved out of the necessities of life, or by substituting a cheaper and less nutritious article for the favourite food of the country; and if there be four children instead of three, under the working age, the additional child brings an expense of £5 per annum, and of course diminishes the chance of the workman's earnings. In estimating the bread too at 1s., we have taken rather a favourable average. Experience of the last twenty years has proved to us that we must not expect a stationary price. In the present year (1817) the average price would be about 1s. 4d. thus adding nine pounds to the annual expenditure, and bringing us so far beyond the actual wages. Yet the poor must be supported in dear years as well as cheap; and the whole statement justifies us in asserting that our agricultural poor are brought by the competition of labourers to as low a rate of wages, both nominal and real, as will enable them to rear a family.

Whoever has travelled in a manufacturing district will not have found things wearing a brighter aspect, or venture to affirm that the population seem better fed, better clothed, or better lodged than nature requires in order to keep up their number. At times indeed there is more variation in their rate of wages than among the peasantry, owing to an unusual demand for some particular manufacture, or to some temporary speculation. But these demands are followed by a decline no less rapid, and the average wages of the year do not exceed a moderate pittance. These facts, gleaned from the very surface of our own country, are domestic proofs of a population reaching the average supply; and it is well known that the effect of the picture would not be altered for the better, if Scotland and Ireland were added to the view. But if we stop here, we shall stop, after all, short of the population. As a population cannot be supported without food, it can never, of course, materially exceed the average supply. Still the tendency

to increase is so strong, that in a civilized or fully peopled country it never rests on this side, it always encroaches a little beyond it. How is this possible? or if possible, how can it be proved?—Too easily. We have seen that labour is the only claim to support which the poorer classes can offer; to be without labour, therefore, is to be without support; and to multiply beyond the demand for labour, is to multiply beyond the available supply of food. But it is matter of experience that in all the departments of national industry there are always more claimants for employ than can obtain it; and though the excess, for obvious reasons, is at different periods very different in degree, the fact is undeniable, that there are always more workmen, than can find employers in manufactures; always more journeymen mechanics, than can be supplied with work; always more agricultural labourers, than, taking the year throughout, can be employed in useful husbandry. Every individual of these superfluous labourers is evidence of a population exceeding the supply of food.

This argument cannot be set aside by urging that if there is an excess of labourers in one department of manufacture, there is a deficiency in another; or that if there is a want of work in one part of the country, there is a want of workmen in another. We must argue of these things as we practically find them; and it is unnecessary to enter upon the question, whether if a central board for labour could be established, as Mr. Colquhoun proposes, the demand upon the whole would not, after a certain time, be just as much above the supply of work that could be furnished, as it is now. Neither is it any sufficient contradiction of the statement, to say that, after all, the number of unemployed workmen is comparatively trifling. In the first place, we feel by too sensible experience that this is not always true. But not to argue on a general fact of our nature from accidental periods of distress, we must remember that in England the law authorises the poor to demand support, whether they can or cannot find employ: and accordingly many of them are set to sift gravel or level mole hills, or something equally profitable, and receive perhaps ten shillings per week for work which does not return a farthing to the employer. In manufacturing towns also, the benevolent sympathy of the masters often keeps a larger number of hands on the list, than they can employ with advantage to themselves; but the support of these superfluous hands must in fairness be set down to the score of charity, and not to an effectual demand for labour. Extensive charities, public subscriptions, and speculative enterprise in this country tend at all times to conceal from public observation the competition of labourers; but we have no doubt that the testimony  
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of every parish in the kingdom, town and country taken together, would agree with the evidence actually laid before the Parliamentary Committees, and prove the population to be uniformly beyond the demand for labour, though it might be dangerous to assess the actual amount of the excess. Whether one in ten, or one in fifty labourers who are able and willing to work, are unable to provide a field for their industry, is not very material—it is evident that the redundancy is on the side of the labourer: and somewhere between these two points, we imagine, the experience of different places and periods of time would justify us in fixing the degree of that redundancy.

If this statement is correct, and a just result of what is continually passing before our eyes; then it becomes clear that there is no sufficient foundation for the opinion of an author whose principles we highly respect, and who argues that the collection of a larger part of the people into towns, and their engagement in unhealthy occupations in advanced states of society, so far increases the natural mortality and diminishes the average duration of life, as to equalize the acknowledged disproportion between the powers of population and production. Mr. Malthus, in his Appendix to the present edition, has considered this objection at some length. He admits the possibility of the case, which is provided for in the cautious terms in which his second proposition was enunciated; but he appeals to the state of the various countries in Europe, to shew that there is no appearance of any of them approaching that condition, when moral restraint may become a useless and unnecessary virtue; or when those who are disposed to marry, need employ no previous foresight as to their means of supporting a family.

‘The question,’ he says, ‘can only be determined by an appeal to experience.’ Mr. Weyland is always ready to refer to the state of this country; and, in fact, may be said almost to have built his system upon the peculiar policy of a single state. But the reference in this case will entirely contradict his theory. He has brought forward some elaborate calculations to shew the extreme difficulty with which the births of the country supply the demands of the towns and manufactories. In looking over them, the reader, without other information, would be disposed to feel considerable alarm at the prospect of depopulation impending over the country; or at least he would be convinced that we were within a hair’s breadth of that formidable point of *non-reproduction*, at which, according to Mr. Weyland, the population *naturally* comes to a full stop before the means of subsistence cease to be progressive.

‘These calculations were certainly as applicable twenty years ago as they are now; and indeed they are chiefly founded on observations which were made at a greater distance of time than the period here noticed.

noticed. But what has happened since? In spite of the enlargement of all our towns; in spite of the most rapid increase of manufactories, and of the proportion of people employed in them; in spite of the most extraordinary and unusual demands for the army and navy; in short, in spite of a state of things which, according to Mr. Weyland's theory, ought to have brought us long since to the point of *non-reproduction*, the population of the country has advanced at a rate more rapid than was ever known at any period of its history. During the ten years from 1800 to 1811, as I have mentioned in a former part of this work, the population of this country (even after making an allowance for the presumed deficiency of the returns in the first enumeration) increased at a rate which would double its numbers in fifty-five years.

' This fact appears to me at once a full and complete refutation of the doctrine, that, as society advances, the increased indisposition to marriage and increased mortality in great towns and manufactories always overcome the principle of increase; and that, in the language of Mr. Weyland, "population, so far from having an inconvenient tendency uniformly to press against the means of subsistence, becomes by degrees very slow in overtaking those means."

' With this acknowledged and glaring fact before him, and with the most striking evidences staring him in the face, that even, during this period of rapid increase, thousands both in the country and in towns were prevented from marrying so early as they would have done, if they had possessed sufficient means of supporting a family independently of parish relief, it is quite inconceivable how a man of sense could bewilder himself in such a maze of futile calculations, and come to a conclusion so diametrically opposite to experience.

' The fact already noticed, as it applies to the most advanced stage of society known in Europe, and proves incontrovertibly that the actual checks to population, even in the most improved countries, arise principally from an insufficiency of subsistence, and soon yield to increased resources, notwithstanding the increase of towns and manufactories, may I think fairly be considered as quite decisive of the question at issue.

' But in treating of so general and extensive a subject as the Principle of Population, it would surely not be just to take our examples and illustrations only from a single state. And in looking at the other countries Mr. Weyland's doctrine on population is, if possible, still more completely contradicted. Where, I would ask, are the great towns and manufactories in Switzerland, Norway, and Sweden, which are to act as *the graves of mankind*, and to prevent the possibility of a redundant population? In Sweden the proportion of the people living in the country is to those who live in town as thirteen to one; in England this proportion is about two to one; and yet England increases much faster than Sweden. How is this to be reconciled with the doctrine that the progress of civilization and improvement is always accompanied by a correspondent abatement in the natural tendency of population to increase? Norway, Sweden and Switzerland have not on the whole been ill-governed; but where are the necessary "anticipating alterations," which,  
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according to Mr. Weyland, arise in every society as the powers of the soil diminish, and “render so many persons unwilling to marry, and so many more, who do marry, incapable of reproducing their own numbers, and of replacing the deficiency in the remainder?” What is it that in these countries indisposes people to marry, but the absolute hopelessness of being able to support their families? What is it that renders many more who do marry incapable of reproducing their own numbers, but the diseases generated by excessive poverty—by an insufficient supply of the necessaries of life? Can any man of reflection look at these and many of the other countries of Europe, and then venture to state that there is no moral reason for repressing the inclination to early marriages; when it cannot be denied that the alternative of not repressing it must necessarily and unavoidably be premature mortality from excessive poverty? And is it possible to know that in few or none of the countries of Europe the wages of labour, determined in the common way by the supply and the demand, can support in health large families; and yet assert that population does not press against the means of subsistence, and that “the evils of a redundant population can never be necessarily felt by a country till it is actually peopled up to the full capacity of its resources?”—vol. iii. pp. 407—412.

The fact is, and Mr. Weyland as a sincere friend to humanity will rejoice at it notwithstanding its effect upon his argument, that the same progressive stage of civilization in which mankind are collected together in large towns, and subjected to the evils and diseases belonging to such a situation, brings also the antidote together with the malady; and by applying more general and more skilful attention to the means of prevention and cure, checks that premature mortality which unhealthy occupations and crowded streets would otherwise occasion. We have been at the pains to verify this observation; and it is a satisfactory result of the inquiry to find, that those closely-peopled seats of manufactories and trade which were once emphatically called the graves of mankind, and in which Mr. Weyland's argument would bury so large a proportion of his countrymen, are now comparatively the abodes of health and longevity; so humane, so successfully and indisputably humane have been the improvements in the management of prisons, and hospitals, and work-houses; the establishment of fever-wards, and the various rules for ventilating, and purifying, and fumigating crowded manufactories.

By a calculation which Mr. Weyland has taken from Price's *Reversionary Payments*, it appeared that the annual deaths even in the small town of Newbury were to the whole population as 1 in 28 or 29, at the time when that calculation was made. Whereas the register of that town for the last ten years shews that the average duration of life is now exactly double. The annual deaths, at the present period, are as 1 in 56 of the whole; the average number for

for the last ten years amounting to 87, on a population which the last census states at 4900.

Thus it was formerly calculated that in Manchester, containing 84,000 souls, half the number born died under two years of age; in Northampton, containing 7000, under ten; and Mr. Weyland makes these calculations the hinges of his argument. We cannot put in so precise an answer to these particular cases; but common observation, and the judgment of the best-informed persons in those and similar situations concur in persuading us that matters are very different now; not to mention, that as the deaths in the whole of Lancashire are but as 1 in 48, and half the population of that county is contained in the two immense towns of Manchester and Liverpool, it is impossible to doubt the annual births must greatly exceed the annual deaths even in those unfavourable situations; and the population be progressive, instead of requiring continued supplies from the country to replace the domestic waste.

In fact, if this is true of Birmingham, no one will hesitate about Manchester. We have been favoured with an abstract of the baptisms and burials in Birmingham for thirteen years from the beginning of this century, out of which there have been only three, viz. 1801, 1802, and 1810, in which the former have not very considerably exceeded; and in the whole period the births have gained about one-seventh on the deaths, the baptisms averaging 2120 per annum, the burials 1979; or 1 in 43 of the whole population, taken at 85,753 in 1811. The register of the largest parish in the unhealthy city of Coventry gives nearly a similar result. So that the average duration of life in a town of 80,000 persons is fifteen years longer at the present time, than it was in a population of 4,000 fifty years ago. This increased healthiness of the community assists in accounting for the extraordinary increase of population within the last ten years, and in some degree for the pressure which has been lately experienced; as also for the flourishing state of Assurance Societies, and all other institutions which calculate upon the Swedish and other tables of fifty years date; and which ought no longer to be considered as authority for the general average of life in this country.

At all events it is very clear that we cannot depend on the mortality of towns, for ridding us of any superfluous population; and we owe it is more gratifying to our minds to conclude that the advancement of civilization should counter-balance the unhealthiness which attends some of its occupations by the improvements of medical skill, than that there should be a constant and necessary waste of human life from premature mortality.

‘ If indeed such peculiar unhealthiness and mortality were the proper and natural check to the progress of population in the advanced stages  
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of society, we should justly have reason to apprehend that, by improving the healthiness of our towns and manufactories, as we have done in England during the last twenty years, we might really defeat the designs of Providence. And though I have too much respect for Mr. Weyland to suppose that he would deprecate all attempts to diminish the mortality of towns, and render manufactories less destructive to the health of the children employed in them; yet certainly his principles lead to this conclusion, since his theory has been completely destroyed by those laudable efforts which have made the mortality of England—a country abounding in towns and manufactories, less than the mortality of Sweden—a country in a state almost purely agricultural.’—vol. iii. p. 424.

The conclusion is, therefore, that the natural progress of civilization does not so far retard the natural progress of population, as to counteract its universal tendency to surpass the limits of subsistence: though it is no doubt true that where any such causes of comparative unhealthiness exist, population could never increase in its greatest possible or even its greatest known ratio.

In a country of limited resources, this comparative shortness of life has no other effect than to accelerate the period or increase the chance of marriage. We have before alluded to the different averages exhibited by the table of marriages in the different counties of England. In Warwickshire, 1 takes place annually among 116 persons; in Worcestershire, 1 among 132; in Dorsetshire, 1 in 135; in Monmouthshire, 1 in 153; in all England, 1 in 120; in Wales, 1 in 136. From which it would appear that Monmouthshire, notwithstanding its picturesque beauty, is the very worst place to be born in, and Warwickshire, notwithstanding the smoke of its collieries and steam engines, the very best; and so it is, for all who have learnt from circulating libraries that life without love is not worth the having; but if we proceed to the next column, it appears that the value of love is fairly placed in the scale against the value of life, and that the average expectation of life varies with tolerable exactness according to the average expectation of marriage: the annual burials being to the whole population in Warwickshire, 1 in 42; in Worcestershire, 1 in 52; in Dorsetshire, 1 in 57; in Monmouthshire, 1 in 64; in all England, 1 in 49; in Wales, 1 in 60. This proves, if any thing can prove, the great restraint which prudence imposes in this country upon the power of population; and yet notwithstanding both the prudential restraint and the unhealthiness of many districts, population has proceeded to a length and swelled to an amount which we now find inconvenient, and are obliged to meet by growing demands on public and private charity, and glad to remedy by extensive emigration.

III. The objection which next occurs affords a more plausible argument against the general position. This is the case of agricultural

tural countries, from which provisions of various kinds are regularly exported to supply the deficiency of those in a different state of civilization. The exportation of surplus produce conveys the idea that plenty is to be had at home for little or nothing: and there is no doubt but the country where labour is best rewarded in subsistence at least, if not in general comforts, is a country in this agricultural state, where a large family is a treasure, and where no apprehensions as to the difficulty of supporting one retard the progress of population.

Still, however, the general law asserts its power even here. Population pushes itself fully up to the means of subsistence, if by subsistence we speak of that which is available to their use; though the productive power of the land being as yet commensurate with the activity of population, the one has not outstripped the other. The case therefore which was considered under the last head, of labourers without labour, rarely occurs; but still those who look, even here, for gratuitous supply, will be bitterly disappointed. Those who from accident or misfortune cannot offer the return of labour for what they demand, or who from idleness will not, have much less chance of being maintained without than in a closely-peopled society like ours; while the surplus returns of those who do labour, instead of feeding an idle population, are bartered for artificial luxuries, or for foreign manufactures of necessity, or ornament, or utility. This is even the best state of an exporting country. But in ill-regulated societies, exportation may habitually take place while the mass of the people, or the very labourers who produce the surplus provision, are reduced to a degree of poverty and privation comparatively unknown in the countries which are dependent on them, and receiving the annual supply. Ireland and Poland have long exported; yet no one who knows the situation of their inhabitants will deny that there is more habitual distress, more squalid poverty endured there, than in their customers England and Holland. The actual supply of Ireland consists of the finest pork and beef; but what does this avail the cottier, who is supported on milk and potatoes? The actual supply of Poland consists of the finest wheat, to the growth of which the soil is more favourable than any in Europe; but what does this benefit the peasant, whose ordinary subsistence is obtained from rye bread and an inferior kind of pulse? It is true if the actual quantity of food in any given country could be equally divided amongst the members of it even in a year of the greatest want, and were consumed by them in the most frugal manner, there could seldom be an absolute scarcity, supposing the transaction to be extraordinary, and the division unexpected. But in the nature of things we know this is practically impossible; and that must be taken as the supply of a country, which



which its inhabitants in their several classes are able to command by the labour which in return they are able to offer.

It would therefore be an error to suppose that when we have found a country which, like Poland or America, or that part of Russia which borders on the Black Sea, regularly exports a quantity of human sustenance, we have found a country where mankind do not increase up to the supply. We have found a place, at least America and Russia are instances of it, where a man in possession of a certain capital may say, Here I will fix my standard, here my principal will find an easy employment, and here my labour will secure an ample support to any family which may be sent me. But we have not found a place where a man may say, here is a vacant space and a quantity of superfluous produce which will support me gratuitously at my ease. There is no superfluous food in the world; no where any thing to spare, or to be had without return.

This assertion, if necessary, might receive additional confirmation from inquiring what, after all, is the boasted export of these abundant countries, and what proportion it bears to their own population. The whole of the exports of corn from the United States to all parts of the world in 1805, amounted to

777,543 barrels of flour,

55,400 bushels of oats,

861,501 of Indian corn,

56,836 tierces of rice;

with an inconsiderable growth of rye, wheat, and barley;\* all which would furnish, according to the average consumption of England, a year's subsistence to about 200,000 persons; i. e. would support an addition of one thirtieth to the domestic population, rated at that period at six millions. Poland, which has also been inconsiderately treated as an inexhaustible granary, could never supply, during the excessive demand of the late war, more than 500,000 quarters, and on an average not more than half that quantity, i. e. according to our average consumption, at the highest, food for 400,000 persons, at the lowest for 200,000, which probably bears about the same proportion to the Polish population as the exportation from the United States. Yet these are the countries which send abroad by far the greatest quantity of corn, taken in comparison with their population: and when we estimate the dependence of America upon foreign countries for many necessities of civilized life, and most of its luxuries; when we remember that the extensive land proprietors in Poland depend altogether on their

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\* See Mr. Jacob's pamphlet on the 'Protection of British Agriculture,' p. 56, &c. If some theorists in political economy would consider these facts and calculations, we should hardly be harassed with their speculations for supporting a manufacturing population by foreign agriculture.

exports for the means of a most lavish profusion; when we consider the immense exertions to procure corn which continued from 1795 to 1812, and the enormous price, both actual and relative, which it bore, and that the demand, being in a great measure regular, must have materially increased the cultivation; when we take all these elements into the calculation, we shall be rather struck with the near approach of the inhabitants to the produce, than with the amount of the surplus. The exportation, when reduced to figures, rather tends to show the pressure, than to furnish an exception against it; when we reflect that if the whole of the exported produce had been retained at home, it would not have supported the existing population above ten days beyond the year, or maintained an addition of more than a thirtieth part to the whole. We are inclined to doubt whether all the human subsistence which is exported from all the countries of the world, and is not balanced by a return of equivalent imports, if it could be exactly computed, would be found to exceed what might suffice for a year's supply of a million of persons, i. e. for a thousandth part of the probable population of the world. If this calculation comes any where near the truth, it will powerfully demonstrate the strength of population, with which even the extent and fertility of America or the southern departments of the Russian territory can only just keep pace; and which even the slack demand for labour in Ireland and the wretched vassalage of Poland cannot effectually restrain.

IV. The next objection which we shall briefly notice is of a more delicate nature, and connected with our feelings of natural and revealed religion. Upon this point there is something which well deserves remark in the first reception experienced by our author. He who referred the greatest evils of human life to a strong natural principle, might have looked for popular applause and gratitude, while he seemed to take the blame off our own shoulders, and to throw it upon the constitution of things in which we have no active share; while he endeavoured to exonerate human laws or regulations, and to prove that the disease which preyed upon social happiness was more radical and inveterate than the wisest legislation could cure.

It might have been imagined that the discovery would be hailed as flattering our pride, and accepted as a satisfactory solution of many of those natural and civil evils, which, in spite of all our attempts to eradicate them, have always sprung up in every state of society, which are not only rankly luxuriant under bad administration, but have never been altogether extirpated even by the most careful culture.

On the contrary, the great majority of the public shut their eyes against the facts, and their ears against the conclusion; those who

could not help acknowledging the force of both, took all possible pains to discard them from their minds, and to forget the assent which they could not entirely withhold; and those who were neither able to judge of premises nor inference, proclaimed by a general outcry their weakness and their fears, and started at the name of Malthus as the enemy of God and man. They preferred, it seems, that any imputation should lie against the institutions of society, rather than that they should be forced to give up the flattering prospect of a general amelioration in the condition of the human race. We have always thought this fact not a little remarkable; as furnishing a curious proof of the strong conviction inherent in mankind, that notwithstanding the distresses they see around them and the calamities they are subject to, they are still under the protecting dominion of a merciful as well as a powerful Creator; a conviction so deeply rooted that when they meet with a course of argument which appears to them (whether rightly or not) to end in a contrary conclusion, they at once infer the fallacy of the premises, and had rather mistrust the logic of their heads, than resign the consolatory feeling of their hearts.

Still it was soon found a much easier matter to disbelieve Mr. Malthus than to refute him. This ought earlier to have admonished his opponents, as it has at last taught them, to examine whether his premises, or their conclusions were really in the wrong; whether the fault were in his arguments, or in their impressions; whether, in short, the great features of the country, as he had represented them, were not correctly drawn, though the medium through which they were accidentally viewed had thrown a harsh and disagreeable tone of colouring over the picture: just as the state of the mind, in Crabbe's ingenious tale of the Lover's Journey, gives to the same objects the tint of a March east wind, or of a glowing autumnal evening. It is not difficult to trace a similar effect in the work before us, arising naturally from the leading principle in the author's view when he sat down to the composition. A visionary notion of theoretical perfectibility could only be met by a practical statement of the evils, moral and physical, which beset human nature. Society has no greater enemy than the man who would substitute theory for experience; and no sincerer friend than the man who appeals to experience to refute him. To the chimerical reformer of the political and moral world, Mr. Malthus justly answers, such hopes are illusory and such schemes impracticable, while mankind exist as they are; there is a principle inherent in their very constitution, which will uniformly bring them, as in all ages and countries it has already brought them, into a situation in which there will be labour, indigence, distress, and disease.

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Here we have at once a key to the peculiar turn which the argument takes, which is certainly, at first sight, not a little unprepossessing. The principle which the Essay undertakes to explain, is uniformly treated in the light of an EVIL. The very title-page announces 'an inquiry into our prospects respecting the future removal or mitigation of *the evil* which it occasions.' Speaking of moral restraint, the author says, 'if this restraint do not produce vice, it is undoubtedly the *least evil* that can arise from the principle of population.' He elsewhere argues that 'we must submit to the action of a great check to population in some form or other, as an inevitable law of nature; and the only inquiry that remains is, how it may take place with the *least possible prejudice* to the virtue and happiness of society.' Even that habitual prudence, which leads mankind, or ought to lead them, to consider the means of providing for a family before they incur the responsibility of supporting one, is uniformly entitled the '*fear of misery*.'

It is well known what gave the argument this peculiar direction, and brought it into the notice of the world, with a more forbidding aspect than was likely to meet with a welcome reception. Had Mr. Godwin and his party followed another of the various mazes of error, and instead of attacking social institutions, directed their censures against the Creator of the world, who had interwoven with the constitution of mankind a principle which could not fail to render vice and misery universal; then we should have felt the advantage of the same enlightened understanding ready to meet the enemy on different grounds; shifting the line of his argument to encounter the opposite movements of his adversary, and prompt to take up another and an equally strong position. The merest sciolist in the book of nature, he might have argued, knows that he ought to search for good, and not evil, as the final object of any extensive principle in our constitution. The writer whom I oppose impeaches the wisdom of the Creator's measures because he is blind to His designs. Thales might as justly have blamed His arrangement, in revolving the larger round the smaller body, or Ptolemy have censured the want of a continent to balance Africa or Asia. Is it not evident how this pressure of population against the actual subsistence, is uniformly exciting the industry of mankind to render more subsistence available? how the necessities it occasions improve the human faculties by exercise, and invigorate virtue? how it thus furnishes the best opportunities of strengthening those powers which want of exertion uniformly impairs, and of exhibiting those virtues which most conspicuously adorn the moral nature of man? It is for the censurer of the providential arrangement of things to show how the same purposes might have been answered by other and better means. Above all, can we fail to observe that

this principle, imposed as it is by a Creator whom we see and feel to be benevolent, is a strong corroboration of the truth of that revelation which declares mankind to be placed here in a preparatory state? Have we not every reason from analogy to believe, that, if He had intended this for their final destination, He would have rendered perfection attainable; and that, as he has not placed perfection within their reach, he designs this world as a state of discipline?

That such would have been the general strain of our author's reasoning, had he been called upon by circumstances to refute one error instead of another, we never doubted, and the present edition confirms our previous conviction.

'It was my object,' says Mr. Malthus, 'in the two chapters on *Moral Restraint*, and its *Effects on Society*, to shew that the evils arising from the principle of population were exactly of the same nature as the evils arising from the excessive or irregular gratification of the human passions in general; and that from the existence of these evils we had no more reason to conclude that the principle of increase was too strong for the purpose intended by the Creator, than to infer, from the existence of the vices arising from the human passions, that these passions required diminution or extinction, instead of regulation and direction.

'If this view of the subject be allowed to be correct, it will naturally follow that, notwithstanding the acknowledged evils occasioned by the principle of population, the advantages derived from it under the present constitution of things may very greatly overbalance them.

'A slight sketch of the nature of these advantages, as far as the main object of the Essay would allow, was given in the two chapters to which I have alluded; but the subject has lately been pursued with considerable ability in the Work of Mr. Sumner on the Records of the Creation; and I am happy to refer to it as containing a masterly development and completion of views, of which only an intimation could be given in the Essay.

'I fully agree with Mr. Sumner as to the beneficial effects which result from the principle of population, and feel entirely convinced that the natural tendency of the human race to increase faster than the possible increase of the means of subsistence could not be either destroyed or essentially diminished without diminishing that hope of rising and fear of falling in society, so necessary to the improvement of the human faculties and the advancement of human happiness. But with this conviction on my mind, I feel no wish to alter the view which I have given of the evils arising from the principle of population. These evils do not lose their name or nature because they are overbalanced by good: and to consider them in a different light on this account, and cease to call them evils, would be as irrational as the objecting to call the irregular indulgences of passion vicious, and to affirm that they lead to misery, because our passions are the main sources of human virtue and happiness.

'I have always considered the principle of population as a law peculiarly suited to a state of discipline and trial. Indeed I believe that,  
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in the whole range of the laws of nature with which we are acquainted, not one can be pointed out, which in so remarkable a manner tends to strengthen and confirm this scriptural view of the state of man on earth. And as each individual has the power of avoiding the evil consequence to himself and society resulting from the principle of population by the practice of a virtue clearly dictated to him by the light of nature, and sanctioned by revealed religion, it must be allowed that the ways of God to man with regard to this great law of nature are completely vindicated.

‘I have, therefore, certainly felt surprise as well as regret that no inconsiderable part of the objections which have been made to the principles and conclusions of the *Essay on Population* has come from persons for whose moral and religious character I have so high a respect, that it would have been particularly gratifying to me to obtain their approbation and sanction. This effect has been attributed to some expressions used in the course of the work which have been thought too harsh, and not sufficiently indulgent to the weakness of human nature, and the feelings of Christian charity.

‘It is probable, that having found the bow bent too much one way, I was induced to bend it too much the other, in order to make it straight. But I shall always be quite ready to blot out any part of the work which is considered by a competent tribunal as having a tendency to prevent the bow from becoming finally straight, and to impede the progress of truth. In deference to this tribunal I have already expunged the passages which have been most objected to, and I have made some few further corrections of the same kind in the present edition. By these alterations I hope and believe that the work has been improved without impairing its principles. But I still trust that whether it is read with or without these alterations, every reader of candour must acknowledge that the practical design uppermost in the mind of the writer, with whatever want of judgment it may have been executed, is to improve the condition and increase the happiness of the lower classes of society.’—vol. iii. pp. 424—428.

We introduce this passage, partly as furnishing the best reply to the objection under consideration, and partly to account for the different impression which the *Essay* itself formerly conveyed; but chiefly as an instructive example of that candour which always attends true philosophy. While the ignorant or bigoted writer is only rendered pertinacious by confutation, the philosophic reasoner gives its due weight to his adversary's argument, and is either more firmly settled in his own opinion by impotent attempts to subvert it, or ready to modify his statements where he sees occasion. Truth being his object, he would consent to gain his object even if he were obliged to forego the honours of victory; and, therefore, if the victory finally rest with him, he enjoys the splendour of conquest, and not the mere credit of obstinate resistance.

V. The last objection we shall notice relates to the value of

the whole subject, and of the conclusion to which it brings us. What after all is gained towards that important end, the regulation of private conduct, by these general views? How would it suit the gallantry of one sex, or the delicacy of the other, that public expediency should take place of individual attachment, or the ardour of love be graduated according to the current rate of population?

With respect to this, we know very well that men will marry, as they ought to marry, and as they always have married, on other considerations than those of philosophy or the general good. The high encomium passed upon Cato, *Urbi pater est, urbique maritus*, is not likely to be often claimed in our times, nor are we anxious that it should. Such qualities may be very grand, but they are very unamiable. There is little fear, however, lest men should begin to consult in these private matters any other rule than that which they have hitherto consulted, their own private interest. Can they support the probable expenses of the married state, in that sphere of life in which they were born and educated; or into which they may be contented to descend, in order to gratify one passion at the expense of another? This is the only question they have to ask, and the answer to it will indicate their duty, and ought to direct their conduct. The wages of labour in every profession and vocation not only afford the only practicable rule of individual interest, but are, in fact, a general index of the proportion which the means of subsistence bear to the existing population.

But laying aside individual cases, we entirely concur with the author in the importance of general rules, and therefore in the practical value of that fact which he has added to our stock of universal truths, viz. the tendency of mankind to pass the limit of their subsistence. In all advanced societies mankind exist in a very artificial state, and laws, as we know, are enacted with the intent of directing the habits of the community into those channels which appear most beneficial in the view of the legislator. The question, then, is, what sort of laws are we to promulgate? are we to discourage celibacy? to accelerate the increase of population, and give a bounty on large families? Nor is this only an abstract question, such as Harrington or Sir Thomas More, or any other framer of an ideal commonwealth might have asked; but one that comes particularly home to our English interests. Our poor laws, as now administered, are neither more nor less than a standing bounty on increase, on redundant increase, by supporting at the public expense those fathers of families, who could not support themselves, even whilst single, by labour: and though formerly Mr. Malthus expressed a doubt whether they had really enlarged population so much as they had extended misery, while the redundant (i. e. the  
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unemployed) poor were crowded into workhouses or farmed out in manufactories, there can now be no question upon the subject, when public money is either added to the regular wages of labour, or supplied in its stead.

When the expediency of such a practice becomes matter of discussion, a general rule of reference is of the utmost importance; and is furnished at once by the universal truth, that mankind have a tendency in all cases to multiply beyond the regular supply of food, or regular demand of labour. This determines the point, and shows that the impulse is to be first applied to labour, which will spontaneously increase population, and not to population, which may not so certainly obtain subsistence by finding labour: and even if it finally succeeds, there is an intermediate risk, and a certainty of distress and discontent.

The importance of having such a rule established may be best appreciated by reflecting on the consequences of wanting, or neglecting it. These were predicted by Mr. Malthus at a period when there was an extraordinary demand for men, and very little disposition to suppose the possibility of any evil arising out of the redundancy of population. But his remarks on the nature and effects of the poor laws have been in the most striking manner confirmed by the experience of the years 1815, 1816, and 1817.

‘ During these years, two points of the very highest importance have been established, so as no longer to admit of a doubt in the mind of any rational man.

‘ The first is, that the country does not in point of fact fulfil the promise which it makes to the poor in the poor-laws, to maintain and find in employment, by means of parish assessments, those who are unable to support themselves or their families, either from want of work or any other cause.

‘ And secondly, that with a very great increase of legal parish assessments, aided by the most liberal and praiseworthy contributions of voluntary charity, the country has been wholly unable to find adequate employment for the numerous labourers and artificers who were able as well as willing to work.

‘ It can no longer surely be contended that the poor-laws really perform what they promise, when it is known that many almost starving families have been found in London and other great towns, who are deterred from going on the parish by the crowded, unhealthy and horrible state of the workhouses into which they would be received, if indeed they could be received at all; when it is known that many parishes have been absolutely unable to raise the necessary assessments, the increase of which, according to the existing laws, have tended only to bring more and more persons upon the parish, and to make what was collected less and less effectual; and when it is known that there has been an almost universal cry from one end of the kingdom to the  
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other for voluntary charity to come in aid of the parochial assessments.'—vol. ii. pp. 351, 352.

This evil, which we cannot help referring to the existing habit of interference with the wages of labour, and with the ordinary progress of population, can only be remedied by a return to the natural course; and the easiest mode of accomplishing this object is really the single question for Parliament to consider; the extent as well as the cause of the evil itself being alike established by the evidence which they have so laboriously collected. But we must not digress into another wide and difficult field of discussion.

Secondly, it is no slight advantage to be provided with an incontrovertible answer to all sweeping reformers; and to know on positive grounds that the face of civilized society must always remain uniform in its principal lineaments, and be distinguished by the same features which it has hitherto borne; that our business therefore is to lessen or remove its blemishes, and to prevent their growing into deformities: but that we can no more organize a community without poverty, and its consequence, severe labour, than we can organize a body without natural infirmities, or add a limb to the human frame. Some perhaps may think it a misfortune to know thus much—and certainly if ignorance in this case would lead to bliss, it were folly to be wise; but it can only conduct to inevitable misery. In fact, the present year has shewn the practical value of this advancement in our knowledge. The Spaniards, it is true, who coolly talk of dividing the land among the people and establishing an Agrarian Republic, are not of a sort to be addressed by reason. But it is always satisfactory to have reason on the side of law; and to be prepared to prove, if any will listen, that these new sons of the earth, these ΣΠΑΡΤΟΙ of modern sedition or modern ignorance, after having devoured all the property of the country, would soon be reduced, like their predecessors of old, to the necessity of devouring one another. And that their leaders, however ill-informed, have sense enough to discover the barrier which the Principle of Population opposes against their schemes, is evident from the rancorous hostility with which Evans, the Cadmus of the tribe, has attacked Mr. Malthus in what he is pleased to entitle his 'Christian Policy.'

With this general view of the bearings of the subject upon our internal economy, we shall close our remarks upon the important addition to political science contained in Mr. Malthus's Essay. Upon the book itself, which has already reached a fifth edition, it would now be superfluous to pronounce an elaborate opinion. The author, as we have often intimated, might have clothed his principles in a more attractive garb, and have introduced them to the public under a more favourable aspect: and we cannot help regretting

greeting that the same masterly hand, which first pointed out why equality, and plenty, and community of goods were unattainable to beings constituted like mankind, had not also proceeded to show that they were no less undesirable; that the same powerful guide, who first checked, in her untried course, the frail bark of universal happiness, sailing as she was 'with youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm,' and pointed out the unforeseen bank on which she could not fail to split, had not also taken the pains to prove that the course human nature was forced to pursue is also the best it could pursue, when the object and end of the voyage are added to the consideration.

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ART. IV. 1. *Narrative of a Survey for the purpose of discovering the Sources of the Ganges.*

2. *A Journey to Lake Manasawara in Undés, a Province in Little Thibet.* By William Moorcroft, Esq.

3. *On the Height of the Himalaya Mountains.* By H. T. Colebrooke, Esq. *Asiat. Res.* vol. xii. 4to. Calcutta. 1817.

THE sources of great rivers and the summits of high mountains have been, at all times, objects of anxious research, either from the impulse of superstition, or the more laudable motive of extending the limits of human knowledge. In the latter point of view, we are disposed to consider the three tracts placed at the head of this Article as the most important which have hitherto appeared in the 'Transactions of the Society' for inquiring into the history and antiquities, the arts, sciences and literature of Asia; because, imperfect as they are, they tend to elucidate the geography, and add somewhat to the natural history, of one of the most interesting portions of the globe—the upper and central regions of Asia.

It had long been suspected that the course given to the Ganges of a western direction from the Manasarowar lake on the northern side of the Himalaya mountains as far as Ladack, and back again to the eastward, till it penetrated these vast snowy ranges, and gushed out at the Cow's-mouth, on the southern side, was founded on insufficient authority. At the suggestion, therefore, of Colonel Colebrooke, the sanction of the Bengal government was solicited, and obtained, for this officer to undertake an expedition to ascertain the fact; but he was prevented by an illness which terminated in death. The execution of the plan then devolved on his assistant, Lieutenant Webb, who, accompanied by the Captains Raper and Hearsay, set out in the spring of the year 1808, for Haridwar; whence they proposed to commence their arduous task, as soon as the fair, which is annually held at that place, should be ended.

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Mr. Webb was instructed to survey the Ganges from Haridwar to Gangotri, or Gangowatri, where this river has been supposed to force its way by a subterraneous passage, through the Himalaya mountains, or to fall over their brow in the form of a cataract; he was directed to ascertain the dimensions of the latter, (if, in defiance of probability, it should be found to exist,) and, should it not prove to be the source of the Ganges, to trace, by survey, this branch of the river as far towards it as might be practicable: in particular, he was to endeavour to learn whether, as some Indian authorities stated, and as Major Rennell was inclined to think, this main branch of the Ganges had its source in the celebrated lake Mansaroor, or Manasarowar, situated on the northern side of the Snowy Mountains; and, if so, to obtain its bearing and distance. He was also instructed to fix the positions of Bhadri-nath and Cedara-nath, near to which, according to information obtained by Colonel Hardwicke, the two branches of the Ganges, called the Alacananda and the Cédár, took their rise.

Haridwar (from *Harí*, Vishnu, and *dwará*, a door or passage) is the place where the united streams of the Ganges, after forcing their way through the mountainous regions which fence in, as it were, the base of the Himalaya on its southern side, first enter the plains of Hindostan; it is a place regarded by the Hindoos with peculiar veneration. To this hallowed spot, an annual pilgrimage is enjoined; and here also an annual fair is held called the Mela. For the double purpose of making their ablutions in the sacred stream, and trading, people of every rank, age and sex, from every part of India, from the Punjab, Caubul, Cashmere and the upper regions of Tartary assemble here in the month of March: every twelfth year is celebrated by greater festivities than ordinary, and by a greater concourse of people. The period at which Lieutenant Webb and his party arrived at Haridwar, happened to be one of these duodecennial meetings;—just twelve years after Colonel Hardwicke had visited the same spot: but the humanity of the Bengal government, which has so frequently and so effectually been displayed over every portion of its wide possessions, had stepped in, on the present occasion, to prevent the repetition of those scenes of outrage and murder, which were witnessed with such horror by Colonel Hardwicke,\* and stationed a detachment of troops there for the preservation of the peace. An European can form but a very imperfect notion of the multitudes brought together on such an occasion. Colonel Hardwicke estimates the number at two millions and a half, which, from the information obtained from a Gosseyn, he thinks rather under than over the truth; and Captain Raper, who considers it impossible to

\* This gentleman states that five hundred fakeers were killed, and a greater number wounded, the last day of the Mela, by the Seiks. *As. Res.* vol. vi.

form any accurate computation, ventures to rate those which he saw at more than two millions. 'Towards the end of the festival,' he says, 'every avenue is closed by the swarms which pour in from all quarters. Those who come merely for the purpose of bathing arrive in the morning, and, after performing their ablutions, depart in the evening, or on the following day; by which means a constant succession of strangers is kept up, occasioning one of the most busy scenes that can well be conceived.' These ephemeral visitors bring, in general, their own provisions with them; but thousands of carts are employed in conveying grain to the fair, chiefly from the Duab; and though the consumption occasioned by such hosts of people would lead one to apprehend a scarcity in the neighbourhood, the appearance of the crops was sufficient to quiet all uneasiness on that score; the whole country exhibiting to the surveying party 'a perfect picture of affluence and plenty.'

It is highly gratifying to find that the mild but superstitious Hindoos are not insensible to the attention thus given to their conveniences and comfort by the British government; while, at the same time, all due respect is paid to their religious prejudices. The following account will be read with pleasure after the painful narrative of Col. Hardwicke.

'The tenth of April, being the *Purbi*, or last day of bathing, the crowds of people were immense, every avenue to the *Ghât* was completely choked up; and the flight of steps, leading to the water, poured down from the top such a constant succession of fresh comers that the lower tiers were unable to resist the impetus, and were involuntarily hurried into the stream. The fair, however, concluded without any troubles or disturbance, to the great surprise and satisfaction of numbers, who were accustomed to consider bloodshed and murder inseparable from the *Cumb'ha Méla*, as, for many ages past, their duodecennial periods have been marked with some fatal catastrophe. A very salutary regulation was enforced by our police; prohibiting any weapons being worn or carried at the fair. Guards were posted at the different avenues, to receive the arms of the passengers; a ticket was placed on each, and a corresponding one given to the owner; the arms were returned on the ticket being produced.

'This arrangement had the desired effect, for the utmost tranquillity prevailed, and from the content and satisfaction that were expressed by all ranks of people, on this occasion, we may anticipate the praises that will be carried hence, to all parts of Hindostan, on the mild system of the British government.'—p. 461. *Raper*.

The fair being ended, the surveying party proceeded to the northward in order to fall in with the Bhágirathi, or most western branch of the Ganges, (except the Yamuna,) whose source was imagined to be at or near Gangoutri. The authority on which the supposition rested was founded not merely on that of the native Hindoos,

doors, but on the map of M. Anquetil du Perron, constructed from materials furnished by the Jesuit Tiefentaller, who was supposed to have visited the spot in person, though Mr. Colebrooke is induced to think that he describes the Cow's-mouth from the report of others. It is not our intention to follow the travellers through all the perils of this route—through beds of torrents; along narrow paths skirting the most frightful precipices; at one time clambering up steep ascents, at another time sliding down precipitous declivities:—we must content ourselves with noticing a few remarkable objects, and pointing out some of the most striking features of the country.

In passing from Nagal to Mugra, a distance of about ten miles, our travellers crossed a mountain of about two thousand feet in height, being in certain places almost perpendicular, the foot path running in a zigzag direction, sometimes along a narrow ridge, not more than a foot in width, and having a precipice on the outer side of six or seven hundred feet in depth. The natural products hitherto observed, were white mulberries, figs, willows, and the *pinus longifolia*; they also noticed peacocks, and black partridges, (*tetrao francolinus*), and a few fields of wheat and barley under cultivation. On the next mountain, to the northward, which was about twelve hundred feet high, they recognized, among its vegetable productions, the peach and the apricot, the walnut, strawberry and raspberry, the white rose, the dandelion and the butter flower, (we suppose the yellow *ranunculus*), besides whole forests of the pitch pine, called by the natives the *Deodar* (*pinus Doëdwara* of Roxburgh).

At Lallari, a few miles farther, the land was observed to be well cultivated, and the sides of the hills cut into terraces, faced with stone, and watered by rills issuing from the heights, and conducted from the upper to the lower platforms in succession, precisely as in China. The higher grounds were covered with immense forests of a species of oak, and the *Rhododendron Puniceum*.

In advancing to the northward they reached the summit of a table land, which overtopped all the mountains in the neighbourhood, and from which they were gratified with a sight which is described as the most sublime and awful that can be pictured by the imagination—'from the edge of its scarp, (the travellers say,) the eye extended over seven or eight distinct chains of hills, one rising above the other, till the view was terminated by the Himalaya, or Snowy Mountains.' The intermediate ranges appeared to run nearly parallel; their general direction was about N.W. and S.E. which is also that of the Himalaya. The altitude and direction of the most distinguished of the snowy peaks, the Gangoutri, and Jamautri, out of which the Ganges and Yamun are supposed to rise, were observed from this place, those of the former being N.  $46^{\circ} 3'$  E. and the angle of elevation  $5^{\circ} 1'$ ; of the latter N.  $18^{\circ} 34'$  E. and the angle  $3^{\circ} 17'$ :  
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the horizontal distance, according to the best estimate which they were able to form, was about thirty miles; but this, short as it was, according to the computation of the natives, was a journey of twelve days.

Descending by the Nagur Ghát, they had now, for the first time, a view of the Bhágirat'hi river, which was hailed by all the Hindoo attendants with loud acclamations, and with the accustomed terms of salutation and respect. In traversing the banks of this river, on one side naked mountains, with here and there a solitary fir, on the other rich and flourishing crops, exhibited a pleasing contrast: the sound of the rustic pipe attracted the attention of the travellers to the labours of the field, where both sexes were busily employed in the pursuits of agriculture; wheat, barley, and rice were the chief articles of produce. Both men and women appeared to be more civilized than in the lower countries; and the latter shewed less bashfulness and reserve than the females of Hindostan generally exhibit. A short petticoat and a loose jacket, with sleeves of coarse woollen cloth, constituted the dress of both sexes; but the ladies had, in addition, a piece of cloth twisted round the head in the form of a turban. 'We could not help remarking (say the travellers) that, even in those unfrequented regions, the female mountaineers exhibited the general failing of the sex, having their necks, ears and noses ornamented with rings and beads. When these are beyond their means, they substitute a wreath or bunch of flowers; for which purpose the white rose is chosen, both for its beauty and scent.'

The Bhágirat'hi, and other mountain-streams, are crossed by different kinds of bridges, but the most common are the *Sānga* and the *Jhula*; the former consisting of one or two fir trees thrown from bank to bank, or from one rock to another; the other, of a rope ladder laid across, with ropes on each side of it to hold by: the depth below, the roaring of the torrent, and the swinging of the ladder, give to the novice a sensation of something more than giddiness.

Near Báhárát was a trident of brass, whose shaft was twelve, and whose forks were six feet in length. It had an inscription not much injured by time, but no one could tell in what language the characters were written: they were thought to resemble the Chinese; and the natives have a tradition, that many centuries ago the Chinese or Tartars had possession of the country. The trident is in fact a common emblem of the Chinese river-deity. The inscription is regarded as a curiosity by the natives, and many fruitless attempts have been made to decypher it. The late rajah of Nepaul sent several learned pundits for this express purpose; but they failed, like the rest; and we cannot therefore but regret that, as a copy of it was taken by our travellers, it was not given to the public from the

the Calcutta press.—We strongly suspect it to be Chinese, and are somewhat confirmed in our opinion by the description of a small temple at the village of Bat'héri supposed to be sacred to the Ma-ha'deva, but which bears 'a great resemblance to a Chinese model.'

Two days further travelling, over every kind of impediment and with great fatigue, brought the party within six or seven days' journey of Gangoutri; and here their progress was stopped: but, from the contraction of the stream, and the stupendous height of the Himalaya mountains, 'there can be no doubt (they say) but its source is situated in the snowy range; and any other hypothesis can scarcely be reconciled to hydrostatical principles.'—We are not quite sure that we comprehend the force of this argument;—at all events, we think it by no means conclusive—but the pilgrims and the natives assured them that the country beyond Gangoutri was passable only for a few miles, when the stream is entirely concealed under heaps of snow which no traveller ever has surmounted or can surmount. The same story might have been heard without stirring from Calcutta. The party themselves were evidently not quite satisfied, either with their own observations, or the account of the pilgrims; for, on commencing their retrograde march, they dispatched a mounshee, with two or three volunteer Hindoo pilgrims to Gangoutri, to make further observations:—a pilgrimage to this place is, it seems, considered as so great an act of devotion, that he who performs it is supposed to be redeemed not only from all the troubles of this life, but to be ensured a happy passage through all the stages of transmigration which he is destined to undergo. This party rejoined our surveyors eighteen days afterwards, at Srinagur. It appears that, for the first three or four days, they were drenched with rain; and that two days before they reached Gangoutri, they were overtaken by a fall of snow, which occasioned no small degree of alarm, none of them having before seen, except from a distance, water in a congealed state. The mounshee confirmed the report that, a few miles beyond Gangoutri, the river was entirely concealed under beds of snow, beyond which no person had hitherto been known to penetrate; he added, that the breadth of the stream is there about fifteen or twenty yards, and not above waist deep, and the current moderate: two miles beyond this, he said, is the *Gau-much'i*, or Cow's-mouth; it is a large stone, situated in the middle of the bed, the water passing on each side. In the mounshee's field-book, which Mr. Colebrooke has subjoined to his tract on the Height of the Himalaya mountains, the Cow's-mouth is thus noticed. 'In the bed of the river I saw a rock two or three paces wide and five long, bathed by the river on both sides, and overhanging the stream; the depth of water being very small. This rock exhibits a similitude of the body and mouth of a cow.' A little farther on, the river is stated

stated to have disappeared under the snow, which being soiled appeared like the earth of cultivated fields. Again the Ganges shewed itself at the distance of about three miles beyond Gangoutri, and the mounshee's description of this place is worthy of notice, as appearing to decide the question as to the source of this branch, at least, of the Ganges.

'In front was a steep mountain like a wall of rock, from an angle of which the Ganges appeared to come. Beyond the present station was nothing but snow, nor any road, but that termination of the valley. From dread none would venture into the water of the Ganges. The snowy tops of the mountains appeared of various height; and not the least sign of vegetation; nothing but snow, masses of which were falling from the mountains. As the people in company were deterred from advancing, and there appeared no road by which to penetrate, and further progress seemed full of peril and of terror, I was under the necessity of returning to Gangawatri.'—p. 285.

The Cow's-mouth is not, therefore, as Major Rennell was led to conclude, a cavern, out of which the Ganges gushes *through* the Himalaya; and 'thus (he adds) appearing to incurious spectators to derive its original springs from this chain of mountains.' If the mounshee may be trusted, the Hindoos were perfectly right in representing the sources of the Ganges to lie at the foot of the Snowy Mountains; and this fact, at least, may serve to reduce the number of the blunders in Ptolemy's description of central Asia, so ingeniously discovered and so industriously pointed out by the French geographers, one of which was that of his having placed the source of the Ganges *in* the Imaus (Himaleh) instead of *beyond* it.

The distance in a direct line from Haridwar to the last point which the party reached, as appears by the chart, is about forty-five miles, and they took eighteen days, namely, from the 12th to the 29th April, in travelling it: the thermometer was generally from 50° to 54° in the morning, and once, at mid-day, as high as 91° in the shade. They were still six days' journey from Gangoutri, the latitude of which is something more than 31° N. Returning to the southward, they arrived at Devaprayaga on the 11th May. It is situated at the confluence of the Bhágirat'hi and the Alacananda. Of these *Prayagas* or confluences of rivers, five principal ones are mentioned in the Sástras, as places peculiarly sacred; three of these are higher up the Alacananda, and one is lower down, at Allahabad, where the Yamuna, or Jumnah, falls into the Ganges. The contrast in the character of the Bhágirat'hi and the Alacananda is sufficiently striking; and the quaint manner of describing it not less so; it puts us in mind of the style of Purchas: 'The Bhágirat'hi,' says Captain Raper, 'runs down a steep declivity with a rapid force, roaring and foaming over large stones and fragments placed in its bed,



bed, while the placid Alacananda, flowing with a smooth, unruffled surface, gently winds round the point till, meeting with her turbulent consort, she is forcibly hurried down, and unites her clamours with the blustering current.'

Though the Bhágirat'hi has the honour of being considered as the main branch of the Ganges, the Alacananda is, both in width and depth, the more considerable stream, being, near its junction with the former, one hundred and forty-two feet in breadth, and in the rainy season, forty-six or forty-seven feet in depth. The rope-bridge, which, in May, was fifty-two feet above the level of the water, was said to be frequently carried away by the torrent. The Bhágirat'hi is one hundred and twenty feet in breadth, and commonly rises about forty feet in the rains. Below their junction, the ordinary width of the Ganges is two hundred and forty feet. At the point of junction, and on the scarp of the mountain, is situated the town, of about two hundred houses, inhabited by Brahmins of different sects, who hold twenty-five villages in jaghire: as the annual produce, however, is not more than a few hundred rupees, they exact fees from the pilgrims for the privilege of bathing; and many of them keep shops. At the upper end of the town is a temple dedicated to Ramachandra; its form is that of a quadrilateral pyramid, bulging out in the centre, and decreasing towards the top; it is surmounted by a white cupola, over which, supported by wooden pillars, is a square sloping roof, composed of plates of copper: a gilded ball and spire crown the whole; the height is about seventy feet, and the square terrace on which it is raised, six feet. Within the temple was a brazen image under the human form, with an eagle's beak instead of a nose, and a pair of spreading wings attached to the shoulders. This is precisely the Chinese Jupiter—*Lui-shin*, the spirit presiding over thunder and lightning. The Brahmins knew nothing of the founder of the temple; all they were positive about was, that it had been in existence ten thousand years! One of their daily occupations is that of feeding the fish in the river (*Cyprinus denticulatus*) with bread, which they are tame enough to take out of their hands: they are said to be four or five feet in length.

Our travellers found the city of Srinagur in a most deplorable condition. The encroachments of the Alacananda, the earthquake of 1803, which shook every building to its foundation, and the Gurc'hali invasion at the close of the same year, formed such an accumulation of evils, that it seems, says Captain Raper, as if fate had decreed that this devoted capital should not survive its native princes. When Colonel Hardwicke visited this place in 1796, it was under the government of a Raja, to whom it had come by hereditary descent through many generations. All now appeared

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to be ruin and desolation; marks of sorrow were evident on every countenance, and the inhabitants, in speaking of their unfortunate sovereign, betrayed feelings of loyalty hardly to be expected from the subjects of a despot.

'They seemed to have pleasure in relating little anecdotes that brought him to their recollection; and talked, in the presence of some *Gurc'hali* sepabis, in a manner that astonished us. "These," cried one, "were the apartments allotted for the Rani and her attendants;" "in these," said another, "the Raja held his court; here he performed his religious devotions, and there he used to repose in the heat of the day; but all is now gone to wreck, and what the earthquake saved the *Gurc'hali*s have destroyed." These sentiments were, no doubt, dictated by their real feelings; for whatever oppressions they might formerly have laboured under, they, no doubt, fall short of the exactions of the present day.'—vol. xi. p. 496.

The miseries of Srinagur, however, appear not to have deprived the Hindoo Venus and the *Rassea Dévi*, the god of love, of their votaries. At the shrine of the former a society of dancing women, having formally abjured the authority of their parents, devote their lives to prostitution; and the shafts of the latter divinity are said to be so widely scattered and tainted with such pernicious poison, 'that four fifths of the inhabitants are fatally sensible of their effects.'

A ceremony of the hill-people was performed during the stay of the party at Srinagur. It is called the *Bhart* or *Bheda*, and appears to be a kind of propitiatory invocation to the genius of the mountain, with a view to obtain his protection for the crops. One end of a thick rope was fastened to a stake near the bed of the river; the other was carried by eighty or a hundred men to the top of a mountain 'nearly a mile in ascent,' where, being passed round a large tree, it was hauled as tight as it could be stretched. On this rope a man of the caste of *Nats* or tumblers was placed astride, with bags of sand fastened to his legs and thighs, to assist in preserving his balance; and in this posture, being gently pushed from the summit, he arrived in safety at the bottom. This appears to us a most extraordinary performance: we cannot conceive the possibility of stretching a rope tight of a mile in length; nor of a person's sliding on a *slack* rope in an inclined position. The performances of Madame Saqui shrink to nothing before this. Accidents, it seems, occasionally happen; and certain death is the consequence of the failure: for though the performer should escape without harm from the fall, the penalty of his awkwardness must still be paid, and his head be severed from his body, as an atonement to the offended spirit.

Carna-prayaga, situated at the confluence of the Pindar and the Alacananda, is about thirty-five miles in a straight line eastward of

Srinagur. Near this place the party observed a kind of bridge *foreign*, as they say, to India. From a stone pier on each bank strong beams were thrown out horizontally, the one above the other, the lowest projecting about two feet, and each successive one lengthened in the same proportion, so as to form a kind of arch; in the centre was a space of ten or twelve feet, which was covered with planks. Large stones, however, so placed, and conveying the appearance of a Gothic arch, are by no means uncommon in India; and the bridge of Wandipore, of which there is a print in Turner's Embassy to Bootan, is thus constructed. Beyond this was a fine plain, a mile and a half in diameter, on which numerous herds of cattle were seen grazing. The reason assigned for devoting so valuable a tract of ground entirely to pasturage, was this: A Zemindar happened by accident to kill a cow: distressed at the impiety of the deed, and at the heavy penalty to which it subjected him, he represented his misfortune to a rich merchant of Dekhin, then on a pilgrimage; 'the merchant, touched with compassion, purchased this ground for three thousand rupees, and dedicated it to Bhadrinat'h, in the name of the guilty person, as an atonement for the offence; on express condition that it should be applied to no other purpose than that of pasturage for kine.'

Nanda-prayaga is situated at the junction of the Nandacni with the Alacananda, into which it falls from the S. E. at the distance of eight or ten miles from the former prayaga. The Birbi Ganga is the next stream that joins the Alacananda in a parallel direction to the Nandacni; but it has not the honour of being a prayaga. From the last to Vishnu-prayaga, where the Dauli or Niti falls into the Alacananda from the eastward, it is twenty-five miles; the road, which is exceedingly bad, is in some parts elevated to the height of three or four thousand feet above the bed of the river: mountains covered with snow were seen at the distance of eight or ten miles. These, however, could not be the Himaleh, the nearest point of which, according to Moorcroft, is full forty miles distant from Salier. The two small branches of Vishnuganga and Saraswatiganga, whose united streams form the Alacananda, gush out of these mountains and form a confluence with the Dauli. This stream is stated to be thirty-five or forty yards in width, while the Vishnuganga is not more than twenty-five or thirty. From this point of junction, along the banks of the latter river, the mountains rose on each side to a stupendous height, meeting so nearly at their bases as to leave only a passage of forty or fifty feet for the bed of the stream, which was every where obstructed by huge masses of rock: in one place a cascade of ninety or a hundred feet rolled over large fragments into the river, near to which it was crossed by a *sangha* of three small fir spars, at the height of a hundred and fifty feet

feet above the current. Narrow paths cut into the solid rocks, steps of loose stones, planks from one projecting rock to another, and ladders placed horizontally across deep ravines, made the progress equally slow and hazardous.

In advancing upon Bhádrinat'h our travellers had to pass over beds of snow, some of which could not be less than seventy or eighty feet in thickness: the river was occasionally concealed under these beds. 'We are now,' says Captain Raper, 'surrounded by hoary tops, on which snow eternally rests and blights the roots of vegetation. The lower parts of the hills produce verdure and small trees. About midway the fir rears its lofty head; but the summits, repelling each nutritious impulse, are veiled in garments of perpetual whiteness.'

Two miles beyond Bhádrinat'h stands the town of Manah, at the foot of a mountain which bounds the valley to the north-eastward. The breadth of the stream is here reduced to eighteen or twenty feet; the current shallow and moderately rapid. Two or three miles farther on, we are told that 'the north faces of the mountains, to the south of the river, were completely covered with snow from the summit to the base:' a short march from this place, brought them opposite to a water-fall called Barsù Dhara, where the Alacananda or Vishnuganga was entirely concealed under immense heaps of snow: beyond this point, we are told, travellers have not dared to pass; and here also terminated the journey of our present adventurers, being about twenty miles south of the base of the Himalaya mountains. It is very remarkable that the town of Manah, situated in so unpromising a spot, should be more populous than any they had met with of the same extent: it consisted of two hundred houses, and fourteen or fifteen hundred people, of a different race from the other mountaineers, and strongly resembling the Tartars, from whom they doubtless descend, having broad faces, small eyes, and complexions of a light olive colour. The inhabitants all came out to meet the party; and Captain Raper says, 'we observed a greater display of female and juvenile beauty than we recollect to have seen in any *Indian* village. The women were in general handsome, with complexions approaching to the floridness of Europeans; they and their children were weighed down under a load of silver and gold ornaments in the shape of ear-rings, nose-rings, necklaces, and bracelets, which but ill corresponded with the coarseness of their dress, and the meanness of their habitations.'

The temple of Bhádrinat'h is considered as a place of superior sanctity, and is placed near warm sulphureous baths in which both sexes perform their ablutions, under the same roof, without considering any partition necessary to preserve the appearance of decency. There are several other springs in the neighbourhood,

some warm and some cold, each having its particular virtue which the Brahmins turn to a good account. 'In going the round of purification, the poor pilgrim finds his purse lessen as his sins decrease; and the numerous tolls that are laid on this high road to paradise, induce him to think that the straightest path is not the least expensive.' Besides these resources, seven hundred villages are said to be attached to this temple. Our travellers understood that forty thousand pilgrims, mostly fakirs, had visited Bhádrinat'h that year. The ceremonies are the same as at other Hindoo temples. After washing away all their impurities, the men who have lost their fathers, and the women who have buried their husbands, submit to the operation of tonsure, which completes their purification, and fits them for appearing in the presence of the divinity. The direct distance from Srinagur to Bhádrinat'h is about eighty miles; it took our travellers twelve days, from the 18th to the 29th May, to perform the journey; the thermometer was never lower than 59° in the morning. The products of the mountains were the same as those along the Baghirat'hi branch: but a beautiful fish common in the Alacananda, deserves to be noticed: it is called the *Sóher*, and grows to the length of six or seven feet; the scales on the back and sides are of an exquisite green, encircled with a bright golden border; the belly is white, slightly tinged with gold; the tail and fins are of a dark bronze; and its flavour is said to be equal to its beauty.—p. 494.

Having travelled thus far with Captain Raper and Lieutenant Webb, we must now take up Mr. Moorcroft at the confluence of the Dauli and the Alacananda; the former of which ought in fact to be considered as the main branch of the Ganges, if length of course be entitled to that distinction: for the Dauli proceeds from the very base of the chain, and one of its tributary streams issues from the pass which leads through the Himalaya mountains, whereas the Alacananda has its source in the inferior hills, short of the Snowy Mountains.

Mr. Moorcroft is no stranger to our readers,\* though he now appears, for the first time, in a regular shape before the public. The immediate object of his hazardous expedition is stated to be that 'of opening to Great Britain the means of obtaining the materials of the finest woollen fabric; by which, we suppose, is meant the shawl goat, or, perhaps, a market for the wool of that goat. He was accompanied by Captain Hearsay, who had formed one of the party of Captain Raper and Lieutenant Webb; and he hired a pundit, of the name of Harkh Deo, for the singular purpose of *striding* the whole route by regular paces of four feet—a task which we have no very distinct notion how this learned person contrived to accom-

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\* No. XXVII. Art. VIII.

plish, across the hills and valleys, the steep rocks and the deep ravines of the mountainous regions of the Himalaya. The distances, however, so paced, are all recorded in the journal; and if, from these and a compass, and nothing else is mentioned, the chart which accompanies the narrative has been laid down, great allowances must necessarily be made for its accuracy. 'We were obliged (Mr. Moorcroft says) to climb up rocks nearly perpendicular, and on which irregularities, for the toe to hang upon, were at a most inconvenient distance;' to pass where 'points of rock projected to the edge of the river, and these were turned by rude staircases made of wood and stone,' and where 'the eye could not for a moment quit the road and suffer the feet to proceed without risk of accidents;' where zig-zag lines up the steep ascent of mountains turned in sharp angles at every ten or twelve feet, along which it was necessary 'to cling with the hands to shrubs, roots of trees, clumps of grass, and clods of earth; and sometimes to creep on hands and knees to prevent slipping.' Yet the only spot at which it is recorded that the worthy pundit remitted his four feet strides, and 'hesitated and retired into a hollow,' was a path skirting the very verge of a tremendous declivity below, out of which narrow ledge a piece of rock had slipped, leaving a gap just sufficient to shew a precipice of such a depth as might appal the stoutest heart. Such was the greater part of the road from the commencement of the Dauli to the summit of the Niti Ghati pass through the great chain of the Himalaya, a direct distance, according to Mr. Moorcroft's map, of about fifty English miles, which took the party eighteen days in travelling; that is, ten days to Niti and eight days from that place to the summit of the pass. We cannot follow them day by day in this tedious but most curious journey, and must therefore content ourselves with noticing what may appear most interesting, before we enter upon the new world which opens upon us behind the Snowy Mountains.

Their course was, as we observed, along the banks of the Dauli, the spring-head of whose numerous branches is in the very centre of the Himalaya chain. They set out on the 26th of May, at which time the wheat was ready to cut, the lands were under the plough, and the *amaranthus Gangeticus*, much used as an esculent vegetable by the mountaineers, was sowing. The natural productions of this mountainous region were two species of pine, (*deodar* and *longifolia*) one of which, called by Mr. Moorcroft a cedar, measured twenty-two feet in circumference at six feet from the ground; and he saw many others which he thought large enough for main-masts to first-rate men of war. Nearer the Snowy Mountains were extensive forests of oaks, mixed with walnuts and horse-chesnuts, the *sisoo* (*dalbergia*) and the hazel, 'or something like it.' Of smaller plants,

he found abundance of birch, berberry, raspberry, bilberry, gooseberry, wild roses, furze [?] and wormwood; he noticed also the polyanthus, anemone, and ranunculus, two kinds of rhubarb, the common and lemon thyme, basil, mint, sedum, and a plant not unlike butcher's-broom, called selbarua, which, he was told, was employed to make paper, and used by the bankers of Hindostan in preference to any other for their bills of exchange, as the ink does not run. The cultivated plants were wheat, barley, rice of two or three kinds, several species of millet, of which the *chena* (*panicum italicum*) occupies whole fields, and the *cynosurus coracanus*.

In none of the clusters of hills to the southward of the Himalaya, was there any appearance of volcanic products; but many of them abounded with minerals, and pyrites were sufficiently common. Blocks of marble and masses of granite, large crops of quartz crystals, and veins of silver, he says, appeared on one of the mountains. At Tapobán and the neighbourhood were copious warm springs.

Near the village of Malari beds of frozen snow first appear in the ravines; these, as well as the deep beds of mountain-torrents, are crossed by *sankhos* or *sanghas* (fir-spars), which occur twenty times in the course of a day's journey. The inhabitants call themselves Rajputs, but pay little attention to caste: poverty, in fact, seems to have subdued all pride of distinction. The lower classes devour raw meat with a seasoning of pepper and salt, and are glad to feed on the coarsest vegetables. They are low of stature, and have the Tartar countenance mixed with the Hindoo. Their dress is of woollen cloth woven by the women who, like their neighbours already mentioned, load themselves with ornaments.

The village of Niti, composed of fourteen or sixteen houses, is situated in a valley closed by a hill which, on the 5th of June, was tipped with snow. The great height of this situation is inferred by a quick breathing with which Mr. Moorcroft was seized, and which obliged him frequently to stop, in order that the action of the heart might become less violent. Two or three times after this he mentions the oppression at the heart, and the necessity of stopping at every four or five steps to breathe; and complains of a sense of fulness in the head accompanied by giddiness: near the Niti Ghaut he was seized with difficulty of breathing and great oppression about the heart on awaking from sleep, and 'when on the point of falling asleep again, the sense of suffocation came on, and the sighing became very frequent and distressing.' Mountains much higher than the spot, on which Mr. Moorcroft stood, have been ascended without any such sensation; and, though M. Saussure complains of symptoms of oppression and debility, when at the height of fourteen or fifteen thousand feet, he attributes it less to the rarity of the atmosphere, than

than to the presence of carbonic acid gas. Mr. Moorcroft, in fact, was unwell.

At Niti they were detained for some time; the *Sehána*, or headman of the village, telling them that a report of their being either Gorkhalis or Firinjis, and of their having hostile designs on the Undés, who dwell behind the Himalaya, made it expedient for him to write to the *deba* or governor, to assure him that they only wished, for pious purposes, to visit the sacred lake of Mansarowar; and that they must wait for the answer. This delay was the less irksome from the *sehána* assuring them that the snow was not yet melted; that the communication was never attempted before *sancrant*, or the entrance of the sun into the next sign, and that this would take place in fifteen days. It was now the 5th of June; and from this time to the 24th, when they proceeded, the thermometer at sunrise was generally about  $46^{\circ}$ , at noon  $72^{\circ}$ , and from that to  $80^{\circ}$ . The nights were clear and serene; but frequent rains took place during the day; the changes in the temperature were sudden and severe. The birch trees and rose bushes were now but breaking into leaf, and the furze coming into blossom; the grain was appearing above ground, and every thing indicated that it was here only the spring of the year; but the vital principle of vegetation is more rapidly brought into action in countries where for a long period it has remained, from extreme cold, in a state of suspension. At Niti the summer consists of July and half of August; the autumn continues to the end of September, and winter commences with October.

Permission to proceed being at length obtained, Mr. Moorcroft and Captain Hearsay, each mounted on a chourn bullock, the yak of Tartary, (*bos grunniens*) proceeded on their journey. At the union of the Dauli with the Hiwángal they took their leave of trees, a few stunted firs, just below the point of confluence, being the last; and on the same day (30th June) they commenced the ascent of the *ghati*, or pass, which separates Hindostan from the Undés, and which was very steep and difficult: their yaks, however, carried them the whole way to the summit, which is stated to be about a mile and three quarters. Here they observed a heap of stones, on which was raised a pole with pieces of rag attached to it. Erections of the same kind were observed by Turner along the boundary of Thibet and Bootan, which they were not only designed to mark, but were considered also as charms against the Dewtas, or evil genii, whose resort is the caves of the mountains; a similar superstition prevailed in the Niti Ghauti pass. A plain now presented itself, thickly strewed with large stones, and bounded on every side by mountains; those behind being covered with snow, without any marks of vegetation, those before equally bare, but without snow. The



account which Mr. Moorcroft gives of this interesting pass of the Himalaya mountains, now trodden for the first time by any European foot, is unfortunately vague and perplexed, and only intelligible by comparing it with that on his return. Nor is his description of the plain to which it leads, much more distinct; with the aid of the map however it may be made out; and the following is pretty nearly the sum of the information gained by this interesting journey.

The Himalaya mountains may be considered as the supporting wall and buttress to the great table land of Thibetian Tartary, to which from their summits there is little descent in comparison with the altitude of their southern faces; and that little is not precipitous, but gradual. The first plain that occurs on passing the Niti Ghaut is bounded to the northward by another ridge of mountains, running about N. W. and S. E. or parallel to the Himalaya, and at the average distance of about forty miles from it; this is called the Caillas ridge. At the south-eastern extremity of this plain, and at the distance of about eighty miles from the pass, hemmed in between the two ridges above-mentioned which here approximate, are the two lakes of *Rawan-Hrad* and *Manasarowar*, separated only by a slip of land about four or five miles in width, the former lying to the westward of the latter.

Mr. Moorcroft calls the inhabitants of this table land, behind the Himalaya mountains, by the name of the Undés; they must however be the same people, or join upon them to the westward, whom Mr. Elphinstone has described under the name of Caufirs, or Unbelievers; they certainly fall under that description, if Budhists are so considered by the followers of Bhrahma; for their religion is that of the Lama. But in Mr. Moorcroft's description of them we look in vain for any thing *Grecian*, either in their antiquities or customs, (some resemblance to which was supposed to exist among the Caufirs,) excepting indeed the Wazir's agate box in the shape of an urn, surmounted at each shoulder by the mask of a satyr, and which, he says, appeared to him 'an antique of Grecian workmanship.'

The part of this table land included by the Himalaya and the Caillas ranges might almost be considered as the depressed summit of the mountains themselves, declining gradually from each chain towards the centre, in a rugged and broken surface, bristled in some places with rude rocks, and in others scooped out into broad and deep ravines, presenting, as far as the eye could reach, a dreary waste, without a tree or shrub to enliven the prospect; the only symptoms of vegetation being confined to some low furze bushes, (not *furze* we will venture to say, if by that be meant the *ulex Europæa*,) 'a woolly plant like everlasting,' tufts of silky grass, and a  
species

species of moss, exhibiting a sickly green among patches of snow and splashes of snow-water. No insects appeared, except a few butterflies, which the heat of the mid-day sun had called forth; no reptile but a small lizard; and, with the exception of a few eagles and ravens, larks, linnets and partridges were the only birds. Near the banks of a considerable stream, however, which flows to the westward along the middle and lowest part of the table land, the scene was somewhat enlivened, and Mr. Moorcroft was not a little delighted by the appearance of 'two very beautiful poplar trees, in which were many goldfinches.' He observed too in the bed of this river several flowering shrubs, from three inches to eight feet in height, which he took to be a species of tamarisk. Yet these cold, rugged, and barren plains were swarming with sheep and goats, the yak or Tartarian cow, the shawl-wool goat, herds of wild horses and wild asses, and hares and marmots. 'The bite of the yak,' we are told, 'is quicker and nearer the ground than that of any other species of neat cattle;' and so it had need to be, in such a country; but how the others contrive to exist we cannot well imagine, unless they migrate in winter to a more genial climate; or some other vegetable clothing of the plain, besides that which he mentions, has escaped Mr. Moorcroft's observation. Such prodigious bodies of sheep, goats, yaks, and horses could not possibly exist on a few tufts of grass and bushes of *furze*—or whatever else it might be—the number at which he estimates a single group being not less than forty thousand! Like all animals which frequent cold climates, or those that are subject to frequent and rapid changes of temperature, the quadrupeds of Little Thibet are indebted to nature, who has kindly compensated the want of food, by liberally supplying them with warm clothing.

'The sheep has a very thick and heavy fleece; the goat has at the root of his long shaggy hair a very fine fur interspersed generally; the cow has a material of the same kind, not much inferior in warmth and softness, which I apprehend might prove a substitute for beaver; the hare has her fur of peculiar length and thickness, and even the dog has a coat of fur added to his usual covering of hair. The wild horse (*equus quagga*), the wild ass (*Goorkhen*, *onagre*), and, I believe, the mule, the offspring of these animals, are found in abundance in the mountains of Tartary; but whether they have any thing of the fur kind I cannot say; but that animal which is called the *baral*, and which seems to have many characters of resemblance to the deer as well as to the sheep, has certainly at the bottom of the brittle hair of the former, the most beautiful brown fur I ever saw.'—(vol. xii. p. 457.)

Mr. Moorcroft is certainly mistaken with regard to the *quagga*, which is exclusively African; what he saw was the *equus caballus*, which is found in a state of nature in almost every part of Tartary: the *mule*, Mr. Colebrooke says, is the *equus hemionus*, which much resembles it; and he asks, if the *baral* be not the *ovis Ammon*?

Undoubtedly

Undoubtedly it is the animal described under this name in the *Systema Naturæ*, and under that of *argali* by Pallas. Mr. Moorcroft's language is rather vague, but it must either be this species of sheep, which varies considerably in different parts of the world, or an undescribed animal: 'were it not fanciful,' he says, 'to suppose a chain in the works of nature, I should say that this creature was the link between the deer and the sheep.' He mentions the horns as of an enormous size, and weighing at least fifty or sixty pounds. The *argali* is described by Pallas as having horns of thirty pounds weight; and Father Rubruquis observes, that he had seen some of them so large that he could hardly lift a pair with one hand; and that the Tartars made great drinking cups of them. Dr. Shaw says, that 'a modern traveller has asserted that young foxes occasionally shelter themselves in such as are here and there found in the deserts.'

The goats which produce the wool from which the beautiful Cashmerian shawls are made, every where abound on the dreary plains of Upper Asia; they are nothing more than a variety of the common goat, on which the climate seems to have had the same kind of influence as that of Shetland on the common sheep. Mr. Hastings sent a couple to England, and the East India Company have some still alive of those which were brought away by Mr. Moorcroft. The fine wool or down is the coat next the skin, and is concealed by an outer coat of long straggling hair. Mr. Moorcroft learned that the Tartars of Ladack had a monopoly of all the wool produced in the district behind the Himalaya, and that they sent it, in exchange for other goods, to be manufactured into shawls by the Cashmerians.

The granite hills near the river above mentioned, chiefly of a reddish hue with veins of quartz, contain gold, which the collectors of it separate by washing. Shallow pits are made by those who dig for it, and in some places our travellers observed caves hollowed out of the rock. The materials containing the gold are carried to the river, and there washed. But the objects which our author considers as the most 'extraordinary phenomena he ever witnessed,' are the hot springs of Tirtápurí, which we shall describe in his own words—

'From two mouths, about six inches in diameter, issue two streams, bubbling about four inches higher than the level of the stony substance whence they escape. The water is very clear, and so hot, that the hand cannot bear to be put into it for an instant; and a large volume of smoky curls round them constantly. They burst forth from a table of calcareous stone nearly half a mile diameter, and raised in most places ten or twelve feet above the plain on which it stands. This has been formed by the deposit from the water of the springs while cooling. Immediately surrounding the springs, the stone is as white as the purest stucco.

stucco. The water flowing over a surface nearly horizontal, as it escapes from the vents, forms shallow basins of different size and shape. The edges of all these basins are curiously marked with indentations and projections, like the tops of mushrooms and fleurs-de-lis, formed by calcareous matter prevented from uniting in one uniform line by the continual but gentle undulation of the water entering into and escaping from the several basins which are emptied by small and successive falls into the surrounding plain. By degrees, however, the fringed edge becomes solid, and contracting the basin, of which the hollow fills likewise, the water takes a new course and makes new reservoirs which in their turn become solid. Although the water appear perfectly transparent, the calcareous earth, which it deposits, is of different colours; in the first instance, near the mouth, it is delicately white without a stain; at a little distance it assumes a pale straw tint; and further on, a deep saffron hue; in a second the deposit has a rosy hue, which, as it recedes from the source, becomes of a deep red. These various colours are deposited in the strata, which hardening, retain the tinges they received when soft; and give rise to variously stratified and veined stone and marble. The whirls, twists, knots, and waves, which some of the fractured edges exhibit, are whimsically curious, and shew all the changes which the stony matter undergoes, from soft tufa to hard marble; I observed that the marble is generally formed in the middle of the depth of the mass, rising up with nearly a perpendicular front of the height before-mentioned: the table must have been the work of ages. The calcareous matter, which is so largely dissolved and suspended by the water whilst hot, is probably furnished by the chalky mountains above *Tirtápuri*, but the origin of the heat I have no clue to discover. The water must be most strangely situated, for two streams so inconsiderable to throw down such a prodigious quantity of earth; and the surface where quiet is also covered with a thin crust of semi-transparent matter like that which rises on super-saturated lime-water.\* —pp. 459, 460.

We are told indeed, that the whole of the country, from *Tirtápuri* to *Kien-lung* on the central river, abounds with minerals, and that the rocks teem with springs of hot water, impregnated with various mineral and saline substances. Among other springs of this kind a cavern is mentioned 'into which drips water highly charged with sulphuric acid.' Hot sulphureous vapours are said to issue from the bottom or floor, and a person on entering is immediately thrown into a perspiration, without being incommoded as long as he stands upright, but if he crouch down he is seized with coughing and a sense of suffocation, which, we are told, 'occurs likewise in the grotto *dei cani*, and arises merely from the specific gravity of the sulphureous gas being greater than that of the atmospheric air.' The carbonic acid gas of the grotto *dei cani* occasions rather more than 'coughing and a sense of suffocation.' Mr. Moorcroft thinks that if fuel were plentiful many hundred tons of sulphur might be obtained from this cavern; and he has also discovered that 'the vast walls

walls and recesses of rock which have been formed by the action of hot springs in this neighbourhood, shew an antiquity that baffles research, and would afford food for sceptics.' Thus it is that 'a little learning' becomes 'a dangerous thing.' Had Mr. Moorcroft known nothing (and he does not seem to know much) of geology, or known more, his own faith would not have been staggered, nor would he have discovered any 'food for sceptics.'

In his way to the town of Daba Mr. Moorcroft observed that the Thibetian Tartars were acquainted with the art of making black-puddings. This town is situated at the distance of about sixteen miles to the northward of the Niti Ghati pass, and is perched on the top of a rock near the river Tilti; 'its situation, construction, and appearance being unlike,' says Mr. Moorcroft, 'any thing which I had ever seen before.' The houses are of stone, two stories high, whitewashed on the outside below, with a band of red and French grey above, and having terraced roofs surrounded by a parapet. The tops of the walls are decorated with party coloured rags tied to strings. The inside of the house is very filthy; and the small court yards are strewn with bones of sheep and goats, and fragments of hair and wool. The sides of the ravine are full of caverns, some of which serve as habitations, and others as store rooms, in which the inhabitants deposit their property when in winter they seek a milder climate, Daba being merely a summer residence.

At this town they met with three important personages, the Lama, the Wazir, and the Deba,—the high priest, the civil governor, and the zemindar. The town was also divided into three parts; a college, the residence of the lama and his *gelums*, or monks; a nunnery; and the houses of the wazir, the deba, and the people. In the centre were the temples of the lama, in form and construction not unlike Chinese pagodas; indeed the whole of Mr. Moorcroft's description of the temple, of the gigantic and grotesque images, of the dresses of the priests, the ceremonies of chanting, counting beads, and other mummeries, completely identifies the religion of the lama with that of Fo of China; as does his account of the 'paraphernalia,'—in which he found 'a very striking resemblance to those of the Romish church.' It would seem, however, that even here the priests do not entirely lose sight of worldly affairs, but that they dabble a little in the way of trade, or, in vulgar language, smuggling; for, in the midst of their devotion, one of them slyly produced some coils of shawl wool, for which a bargain was instantly struck with their new visitors. These *gelums*, or monks, appeared to our traveller to be a happy, good-humoured set of people, dirty, indeed, and greasy, but in good case: they trade *openly* in sheep's wool and salt, which they usually exchange for wheat and barley.

'I observed,'

'I observed,' says Mr. Moorcroft, 'that the priesthood and the immediate officers of government are in easy circumstances, as also are the goatherds; but the rest of the population are plunged in the most abject poverty and literally clothed in rags.' The old lama, however, is represented as 'a real and edifying picture of humility.' He was much pleased with the attention of the strangers, 'and putting out his hand to take hold of my friend's white gown said, "I pray you let me live in your recollection as white as this cloth." There was something particularly affecting in his manner and utterance, and I could not help bending over his outstretched hand with emotion as I took leave of him.'

The religion of Budh, of the Lama, or of Fo, for they are all from the same stock, seems to be diffused over a greater extent of territory than any other pagan idolatry, than islamism, or even christianity; we find it from the Caspian to the frozen ocean, from the banks of the Volga to Japan. The Gelums of the Himalaya, the Gylungs of Thibet, and the Gallungs of the Calmucs of the steppes between the Don and the Volga, differ as little in their habits and way of life, as in name. It is a heartless religion, in which the people take no concern; there is nothing in it to elevate the soul, to excite the passions, or to aid the powers of imagination. Even the duties of the priests are mere mechanical movements, or 'manual devotions,' set a-going at particular times of the day;—the operations of a machine which might just as well be put in motion by wind, water, or steam, as by the human hand. A cylinder, like a drum, lined with written prayers, is whirled round on its axis; this saves the trouble of repeating them, and is, on the whole, a better device than that of the Jesuit who, by running over the letters of the alphabet, contended, that he repeated all the prayers that were ever composed out of it. Turner mentions these whirligigs in Thibet; they are common in the temples of China, and are met with among the Monguls, the Calmucs, and the Kalkas; and they were exhibited before Mr. Moorcroft, who conceived it to be a necessary ceremony for strangers to go through preparatory to an interview with the Lama. This personage, who is the presiding priest of this singular religion, may be considered as repose personified; the more he can succeed in divesting himself of all the passions and appetites of human nature, the nearer he approaches to a state of absolute perfection, and the closer he is united to the Deity.

The priests, however, of Budh, or Lama, have their processions, their prayers, and their music, mornings and evenings. Mr. Moorcroft attended their recitals, which were generally accompanied with cymbals and the beating of a deep-toned drum; and the performance, he says, was preceded by the blowing of conchs from the top of the temple; why, we know not, as there is no congregational worship,

worship, unless perhaps it be to satisfy the people that their priests are not unmindful of their duty.

The people too have their music. Mr. Moorcroft says, that they were entertained by three Tartar performers from Latak, one of whom played on the hautboy, another on the drum, and the third sang and danced; the airs were very like those of the Scotch, and the tones of the hautboy had a striking resemblance to those of the bagpipe. They first performed an overture not unlike that of Oscar and Malvina, then sang words without music, and so on with instrumental and vocal music in alternate succession.

Having waited at Daba till permission was received from the military governor of Ghertope for their visiting Mansarowar in the character of pilgrims, it was at length signified that this governor wished to see them first at Ghertope. Accordingly they set out for this place of his residence, which lies on the northern side of the Caillas ridge, about forty miles from Daba or fifty-six miles from the Niti Ghati pass. They crossed the Caillas on the 15th and 16th July, the thermometer on the former day at sunrise being  $41^{\circ}$ , and at the same time, on the latter,  $34^{\circ}$ ; a hard frost took place in the course of the night. Beds of frozen snow lay in the ravines, and half-melted splashes on various parts of the ground, and snow was falling on the ridge of the mountains. All the streams now ran to the westward. Red stones resembling 'cinnabar of antimony,' interspersed with black shining crystals, appeared on the sides of the ravines. In several places were holes which had been made in search for gold. A prodigious number of hares, somewhat different from the common hare, crossed these elevated plains. A bird resembling the grouse was plentiful, as were also Brahmini geese (*anas casarca*) near the river. Several wild horses were also in sight: they appeared, at a distance, to be about thirteen hands high, the upper part of the neck bay, the back and sides of a fawn or azure colour; their heads thick and short but well carried, their bodies round and short; and their general shape compact and clean; the tail was thinly furnished with hair. These upper regions of Tartary are supposed to have given birth to the horse; they have also been called the cradle of the human race—if it be so, we can only say, that both man and horse have greatly improved their species by descending from their elevated station.

On the 17th our travellers reached Ghertope situated in the midst of a plain extending beyond the reach of sight, on which were innumerable herds of sheep, goats, and yaks. This place was nothing more than an assemblage of tents of black blankets, surrounded by hair ropes fixed to stakes, and surmounted with flags of various coloured shreds of silk and cloth. A sod hut, with a hole on the top to admit the light and let out the smoke, was the habitation

tion and the hall of audience of the Debá or governor. He sat on a cushion faced with China satin, at the upper part of the apartment, on a raised platform of sods covered with an old carpet: before him stood a tea-table on which was a box of barley meal, a China tea-cup, a spitting pot resembling a leaden tea-cannister, and a small greenish jasper cup, out of which he sipped his tea. 'Superstition,' says Mr. Moorcroft, 'in Eastern countries attaches to jasper cups the property of splitting if poison be put into them; and this trait, at first blush, does not speak in favour of the morality of our Tatar friends.' The Deba was an elderly man, bare headed, and clothed in a greasy yellow damask gown. There was a chafing-dish of charcoal on the floor for lighting his pipe, from which 'I suspect him,' says our traveller, 'to be a worshipper of the sun and fire':—as well might he suspect the Dutch to be worshippers of the sun and fire, for every Dutchman has his chafing-dish and his pipe. His object in sending for the travellers was, in the first place, to receive a present from them, and, in the second, to open a trade, by exchanging shawl wool for such articles as might suit him; observing, at the same time, that such a trade was contraband, and that if the government of Lassa knew he disposed of any wool, except to the Latakis, the loss of his head would be the consequence. Indeed this, we are afraid, has actually happened; for we have just learned that Lieutenant Webb, since their visit, had passed the Himalaya with a view of proceeding to the Lake Manasawara, but was stopped by the Tartar, or rather Chinese, governor of the frontier, who assigned as a reason, that he had received particular orders to let no one pass; and on the precedent of our travellers being urged, he replied, it was very true; but that the deba had in consequence been suspended from his office, and significantly gave them to understand he might also, by that time, be suspended from every other earthly care:—we shall probably, therefore, hear little further of Manasawara. A Cashmerian informed Mr. Moorcroft that the agents of the Ooroos or Russians had of late years brought coral beads, and other marketable articles, by the way of Yarkund, to Latak and Cashmir; the Wakil denied that the Ooroos themselves had ever reached Latak, though the governor of Daba had asserted that kafilas of five or six hundred of them had come on horseback to the fair of Ghertope. There is a regular post from Ghertope to Lassa; each horse goes twenty coss a day, and the journey occupies twenty-two days, so that the road distance may be estimated at nearly nine hundred miles.

The whole of this table land, like that to the southward of the Caillas, appears to be broken into deep ravines, at the bottom of which are streams of water collected from the springs and melted snow descending from this range of mountains. These numerous  
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streams, uniting in the plain or valley of Ghertope, form a river of very considerable magnitude, which, pursuing a north-westerly course for some hundred miles, is said to pass under Latak, to cross the Hindoo Coosh to the westward of Cashmir, and then to assume the name of Indus or Sind, of which it may be considered the main branch.

Having nothing to detain them at Ghertope, our travellers set out on the 23d to the south-eastward, the valley narrowing till it was closed in by the ramifications of the Caillas mountains. The Indus in the middle was deep and rapid; the air very cold and the contiguous mountains covered with snow. They passed several inscriptions on piles of stone in an unknown character, which, however, it does not appear they had the curiosity to copy: wild horses, yaks, sheep, and goats were still very abundant; and the plains were tolerably well clothed with grass and furze bushes (probably *genista* or *spartium*). Though the nights were frosty the thermometer in the day-time frequently exceeded 80°; and the changes in the temperature, against which the natives defend themselves by vests of cloth or skins, or both, were not only great but very rapid. An officer, at one of the posts near the Caillas, is described as having no less than five of these vests, the outer one of woollen, on the right shoulder of which 'were sewed the saw, adze, chissel, rule, and all the insignia of free masonry, in iron; the symbols of a fraternity of which he said he was a member.'

On approaching the lake of Rawan-hrad vast herds appeared of wild horses, of the Gürkhar or wild ass, yaks and barals; here also they met several merchants with grain, and some tea-merchants, who said they resided two months' journey beyond Mahachin or Pekin. Finally, on the 6th August, they halted on the bank of the lake MANSAROWAR, regarded with such superstitious reverence by the Hindoos, and not the less, perhaps, on account of the difficulties, the danger and the expense of the pilgrimage to its purifying stream. Its sacred character is also acknowledged by the Tatars, and by all the shepherd tribes, who carry the ashes of their deceased relatives to scatter on its waters. Mr. Moorcroft speaks of its having in front terraces of stone 'with the usual inscriptions,' but, as 'usual,' he leaves us completely in the dark concerning the nature of the characters, or their meaning. Captain Hearsay, it seems, cut his own and his companion's name on a stone. We find no fault with this; yet we can scarcely forbear wishing that Captain Hearsay had employed the time in taking copies of those which were already cut. Along the margin of the lake, in lofty situations, were scattered the romantic abodes of lamas and gelums, distinguished by streamers of various coloured cloth and hair, float-  
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ing from high poles erected on the corners and roofs of the buildings.

Out of the Rawan-Hrad, according to Mr. Moorcroft's map, (for the narrative leaves it doubtful,) proceeds the river which, as already observed, running to the north-westward along the middle of the plain, collects various streams from the northern face of the Himalaya and the southern face of the Caillas. The main stream, thus formed, is the Setlij or Satudrá, the first or easternmost of the Punjab or five rivers, (and the western boundary of our Indian empire,) whose united streams form the Indus. The Setlij, we believe, has never been followed from its source in the Rawan-Hrad downwards into Hindostan, nor traced from that lake upwards into Tartary; but, if the information of Mr. Moorcroft be correct, it must pass through the Himalaya range near mount Kantel on the eastern side of Cashmir, as the Indus does through the Hindoo Coosh to the westward of that celebrated valley. With regard to Manasarowar, Mr. Moorcroft appears to think that it has no outlet whatever; and he is quite positive that it has none on the northern, western, or southern shores. He walked himself (he says) the whole way from the northern shore along the western side, to examine if there were any communication with the Rawan-Hrad, but found none; and he sent two men the following day to examine the southern side, who reported that three streams fell *into* it from the northern face of the Himalaya, but that none ran *out* of it. The pundit however was equally positive that the first branch of the Setlij issued from its western corner; that he had seen it and crossed it on sankhas sixteen years before; and that he could bring the evidence of all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to support the truth of his assertion: a Lataki traveller also maintained that, eight years ago, the stream actually existed, and, if not now to be found, must have been dried up since that period:—‘perhaps,’ says Mr. Moorcroft, ‘an earthquake may have been the agent in this effect.’ We should not be surprised if, after all, both the Lataki and the pundit were correct as to the existence of the stream, though they may have mistaken the point of its issue; perhaps the Gogra branch of the Ganges may have its source in the Manasarowar, in which case the Setlij no doubt flows out of the Rawan-Hrad.

As no European had hitherto visited the sacred lake of Manasarowar, and as Hindoo geographers have derived the Ganges, the Satudrá, and the Gogra from it, ‘I was anxious,’ says Mr. Moorcroft, ‘to ascertain whether it really gave rise to the two last mentioned rivers or not.’—If this was his only object, he might have spared himself the trouble; *both* could not flow out of the same lake in different directions. Tieffentaller, the Jesuit, however, and Turner after him, describe two rivers flowing out of the Manasarowar,

rowar, one to the westward and the other to the eastward, leaving us thus between the improbable and the impossible. The information which Doctor Buchanan obtained in Nepal, places the source of the Gogra in a small lake *near* to Manasarowar. If we could suppose that Mr. Moorcroft had inverted the positions of the two lakes, it would be more easy to reconcile the contradictory accounts; and Tiefentaller would then be right in supposing the western branch to be the Setlij. Major Rennell, misled by the report of the lamas sent by Kang-hé to discover the sources of the Ganges, very naturally concluded that this western branch was the parent stream of that river, which, passing through Hemachal, (or the Snowy Mountains,) showed itself at the Cow's-mouth, and formed the Bhagirat'hi branch of this celebrated river: and so certain was he of the correctness of this conclusion, that he adds, 'it may truly be said that the knowledge of the origin of the Ganges was reserved for the present age;' which, at least, is so far correct that this excellent geographer has lived to witness the fulfilment of the assertion. As Mr. Moorcroft saw no part of the eastern shore of the easternmost lake (whether that lake be Rawan-Hrad or Manasarowar) except through his 'perspective glass,' and as, by his map, it is seven or eight miles in width, we have little doubt of its having an outlet on that side, (if it be true that it is not connected with Rawan-Hrad,) and of its giving rise either to the Gogra, or to the San-po, which is the main branch of the Bramapootra. In either case the *peninsula* of India is a more appropriate name than at first sight it appears to be, the sources of the two great branches of the Ganges and the Indus being within four or five miles of each other. The narrow ridge of land which divides the two lakes would then form the highest level of the stony plain in the direction of east and west; which is not far from the position assigned to it by the lamas.

It would be difficult to explain why Mr. Moorcroft should suppose the lowest ebb of the lake to be in the month of August: we should have thought it then at the highest flood, as it is chiefly fed from the melting of the snows of the Caillas on one side, and the Himalaya on the other: the highest water-mark, however, which he could discover above the present line, did not exceed four feet; a circumstance, we should have thought, sufficient to shake the opinion which he had formed of there being no outlet to the lake, especially after he had ascertained that streams of water were pouring into it on the north and the south from the Himalaya and the Caillas. If the water had no outlet, though it might be 'clear,' it could not have been 'well tasted.' We can only excuse him for not ascertaining this important fact, from growing indisposition and the rapid approach of winter. Mr. Moorcroft observed on the margin of the  
water

water a great number of the skeletons of yaks, the heads of which, in almost every instance, were covered with the skin, to which the hair adhered, though all the other bones were bare and bleached. The only plausible reason which he could assign, and which is probably the true one, for this multitude of carcasses was that, 'in the severe season, the space between the banks and the water is filled by drifts of snow, and that the yaks, going towards the lake, fall into them, and are suffocated.'

On the 10th August, the thermometer fell in the morning to  $32^{\circ}$ , and the tents were covered two inches thick with snow; the travellers deemed it therefore prudent to make the best of their way to the Niti pass, lest a continuance of the weather should fill that and the other passes of the Hemachal with snow, and shut them out from Hindostan. On their way they met with many Gelum families of Tatar shepherds, who had been carrying to Mansarowar the ashes of their deceased relations; and, just as they entered Daba, the moon became eclipsed, on which occasion they were greeted with the sound of trumpets, and the beating of drums and gongs from the temple of Narayan; the ceremony being precisely the same as that which is practised in the temples, and even in the palace of the Emperor of China. It was a total eclipse; but 'the obscurity,' says Mr. Moorcroft, 'was much less dense than I ever before observed it.' Is this fancy?—or are we to suppose that the rarity of the atmosphere in these elevated regions extenuated the earth's shadow, and gave it an unusual degree of clearness and transparency?

On the 28th August, they approached the Niti pass; it was a hard frost, the thermometer stood in the morning at  $28^{\circ}$ , and the ice was two inches and a half thick: the wind was piercingly cold, and continued so till they reached the bottom of the pass on the side of Hindostan:—and here we must leave the travellers, in the midst of a shower of snow, with the thermometer at  $37^{\circ}$ , congratulating themselves that they had not delayed the passage till the succeeding day. We cannot, however, take leave of Mr. Moorcroft without expressing our regret at the little information with which he has favoured us respecting the manners, condition, and character of the mountaineers. They seem to be a poor and a harmless people, with little other employment than that of tending their flocks. The priesthood, we suspect, are of a different stock from the shepherds and goatherds. Mr. Manning, we understand, found the common people of Thibet, like the Affghans, strongly marked with the Jewish features, totally distinct from those of the Tatars, the Chinese, or the Hindoos; and, in fact, they have a tradition among them of having first come thither from the west. Turner indeed says that Benares was the place to which they pointed for all their learning;

learning; but he drew his information from the Gylungs, and not the original Thibetians; and the written character, of which he gives a specimen, is evidently a derivation from the Devanagari; but the real Thibetians have an ancient character altogether different, which few, if any, of the people now understand. It was this character probably which Captain Raper and his party found on the Trident, and which Mr. Moorcroft saw on the rocks.

We have frequently had occasion to lament that our Indian expeditions are so generally deficient in the department of natural history, which is next in importance to geography, and ought closely to follow its footsteps; for what can we know of a country, if we are ignorant of its produce? Where so many excel in talent of various kinds, it appears strange, that so few should be found to apply themselves to this branch of human knowledge, at once so entertaining and so useful. Lord Wellesley, in the establishment of the college at Fort William, had provided for this department; but the Directors abolished it in India, and have, we believe, omitted it altogether in their own College at Hertford; which is the more extraordinary as they have established a museum of natural curiosities in Leadenhall-street. We would strongly recommend that each resident should have on his establishment a young writer, whose sole occupation should be the study of geology, mineralogy, and botany in the first instance; to be ready to accompany any mission, civil or military, in the capacity of naturalist. Were this the case, we should soon be acquainted with all the productions of Hindostan and the neighbouring countries.

Though neither Mr. Moorcroft nor Captain Hearsay appears to know any thing of natural history, very great praise is due to them for the bold enterprize and personal hazard of first opening a way into the vast regions beyond the Himalaya; by this journey and the mission of Mr. Elphinstone we now know pretty nearly the sources and the direction of the great rivers; and are almost as well acquainted as Ptolemy was, with the position and ramification of the ranges of the mountains of central Asia\*—the rest will follow. In the mean time we are also approximating towards the determination of another point of very considerable importance to science, 'the height of the Himalaya Mountains.' To Mr. Colebrooke we are indebted for a most curious paper on this subject, in the last volume of the Asiatic Transactions.

The Imaus and the Emodus were well known to the ancients to be perpetually clothed in snow, but they had not the most distant

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\* In a paper on this subject in the Philosophical Transactions of Edinburgh, Mr. Murray has very ably and very satisfactorily rescued Ptolemy from the imputation of ignorance in so far as his geographical knowledge of the mountainous ranges of central Asia is concerned.

idea of their height. The Hindoos are equally ignorant of their elevation, which it does not appear their mathematical knowledge enabled them even to guess at; but their great height was presumed from their being frequently seen by those who lived on the plains of Bengal, at the distance, according to Major Rennell, of 150 miles. Mr. Colebrooke, in his introductory observations to Captain Raper's Narrative, says, 'without supposing the Himalaya to exceed the Andes, there is still room to argue, that an extensive range of mountains which rears high above the line of perpetual snow, in an almost tropical latitude, an uninterrupted chain of lofty peaks, is neither surpassed nor rivalled by any other chain of mountains *but* the Cordilleras of the Andes.' Since that time, further observations taken by Lieutenant Webb, and compared with the previous ones by Colonel Colebrooke and Colonel Crawford, afford, he thinks, sufficient evidence to 'authorise an unreserved declaration of the opinion, that the Himalaya is the loftiest range of Alpine mountains which has yet been noticed, its most elevated peaks *greatly exceeding* the highest of the Andes.' With unfeigned respect for the talent and erudition of Mr. Colebrooke, whose name is a host in Oriental literature, we cannot help thinking that he has come to this conclusion rather hastily. We have not one word to offer against his calculations nor his formula: we have such an opinion of his accuracy, that we are willing to take the results on trust. All we mean to protest against, is the insufficiency of his facts to authorize the conclusion which he has drawn from them. We all know that mathematical calculations are so rigidly severe that certain determinate data must give certain results, and that any error in the data must produce a corresponding error in the result. That Mr. Colebrooke's data are incorrect we shall soon see; and that he himself thinks so may be inferred from the conclusions which he wishes us to draw from other sources than strict calculation: he tells us, for instance, (what was scarcely necessary,) that the *fact* of these mountains being seen at the distance of 150 miles 'demonstrates great elevation;' and in order to enable us to form a more correct judgment of its amount, he observes that the Peak of Teneriffe, which is 12,000 feet high, is visible at the distance of 120 miles, and Chimborazo, more than 20,000 feet high, at the distance of 180 miles; the inference from which is, that the height of the Himalaya must be greater than the Peak of Teneriffe, and less than that of Chimborazo. The peak of Chamalári, which Captain Turner and Mr. Saunders passed in their way to Thibet, is next instanced: both these travellers, we are told, were satisfied, the one from the remarkable form of the peak, the other from the height and bearings of the range, that the mountains, which they then viewed, were the same which are seen

from Purnea, Rajmahl, and other places in Bengal. 'According to the survey of Captain Turner's route,' Mr. Colebrooke says, 'Chamalári is placed in latitude  $28^{\circ} 5'$ , longitude  $89^{\circ} 18'$ , a position no less than 165 geographic miles from Purnea, and 200 from Rajmahl; that is, 191 British miles from the former, and 232 from the latter; so that Chamalári must be nearly 30,000 feet high! It may be so; though we must beg leave to remain sceptics till better proof be adduced than is here advanced. In the first place, as both distances depend entirely on the position of Chamalári, it would have been more satisfactory if Mr. Colebrooke had stated in what manner Captain Turner obtained the latitude and longitude of this peak; and how the *survey of his route* was made; whether by guess, or by time, or by the strides of a pundit. Distances are very apt to be overrated in traversing the zig-zag paths of craggy mountains, descending the precipitous declivities of deep ravines, following the tortuous windings of a river, or tracing the rocky bed of a dry water-course; and we suspect that both latitude and longitude as well as distance, in the present case, are the results of a crude estimation. It is true, as Mr. Colebrooke observes, that 'it requires an elevation exceeding 28,000 feet to be barely discernible, in the mean state of the atmosphere, at so great a distance as the last mentioned, (232 miles,) though a much less elevation, it must be acknowledged, may suffice under circumstances of extraordinary refraction:—but it requires something more, we apprehend—a pair of extraordinary good eyes, sharper than even those of the Arabs of the desert. Captain Turner's notion of this peak is not calculated to convey an impression of any very remarkable elevation. 'The snow,' he says, 'continues on some of them (the mountains) during all seasons of the year;' and Chamalári is stated to be the most conspicuous—not so much for its height as its figure, and its being an object of Indian adoration; for he passed it within three miles, and yet 'it did not appear lofty from the level of the plain.' In fact it was never, till very recently, thought to exceed 12,000 feet, which, in this cold and elevated country, is considerably above the lower term of perpetual congelation, and which, after making due allowance for terrestrial refraction, in the ordinary state of the atmosphere, of about one-tenth of the intercepted arc, would, according to Maskelyne's rule, render it visible at the distance of 150 miles.

The presumption of the great altitude of the Himalaya range, Mr. Colebrooke however apprehends, was corroborated by observations which he had himself the opportunity of making twenty years ago. These observations 'gave  $1^{\circ} 1'$  for the usual altitude of a conspicuous peak of the Himalaya viewed from a station in Bengal, which, according to the construction of Rennell's map, was not less than

than 130 geographic miles distant. 'If (continues Mr. Colebrooke) this distance might be relied on, the height to be inferred from these observations, after a due allowance for terrestrial refraction, would considerably exceed that of Chimborazo, being not less than 26,000 feet above the level of the plains of North Bengal.' We are perfectly sure that Mr. Colebrooke is too good a natural philosopher and mathematician to think of 'confidently grounding a calculation of this nicety' on a problem stated in such loose and general terms.

The next evidence on which is grounded the presumption of the great height of these mountains, is that of Doctor Francis Buchanan and Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford, who both visited Nepal in 1802, 'and who were convinced, by the information received there from intelligent persons, that the sources of the Ganges are on the southern face of the Himalaya, *and that these mountains are of vast height.*' The information of their own senses was surely sufficient to convince them of this:—but Colonel Crawford afterwards made a survey along the northern frontier, and took altitudes 'from which the height of the mountains might be computed, and which gave, after due allowance for refraction, the elevation of conspicuous peaks *at least* equal to that above mentioned. But the drawings and journal of this survey have been unfortunately lost.' This does not forward us much in the inquiry, and we are satisfied that Mr. Colebrooke never meant it should be deemed so to do.

The next evidence produced comes somewhat nearer the point. It is the result of two observations taken by the late Colonel Colebrooke; one at Pilibhit, the other at Jet'hpur; the distance between them, we are told, was measured, but it is not related in what manner the measure was taken, or to what it amounted: by means of it, however, and the bearings of a certain peak in the Himalaya, the distance of the said peak from the former was calculated at 114, and at the latter, at 90 English miles; the angle of altitude at the first being  $1^{\circ} 27'$ , and at the second  $2^{\circ} 8'$ . From these data the height of the peak, allowing for refraction at the same rate as for celestial objects of the same apparent altitudes, came out to be 20,308 feet; but by allowing  $\frac{1}{8}$  of the intercepted arc for terrestrial refraction, the result showed a height approaching to 22,000 feet, or, with the allowance of  $\frac{1}{11}$ , 22,291 above the plains of Rohilkhund, or about 22,800 feet above the level of the sea:—More of this hereafter; but in the mean time we may observe, that the result of an angle of  $1^{\circ} 27'$  taken at a *calculated* distance of 114 miles is of very little value; nor is that arising from an angle of  $2^{\circ} 8'$  at an uncertain distance of 90 miles, much better.

We now come to the two observations made by Lieutenant

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Webb, and reported by Captain Raper, of the peak of Jamautri, or, as Mr. Colebrooke calls it, Jamunáwatári. The altitude of this peak was 'measured from the summit of Nágúngthati, near Laluri, under an angle of  $3^{\circ} 17'$ , and from that of Chandra-badani, under one of  $2^{\circ} 50'$ . The position of the mountain, deduced from horizontal angles taken at both stations, is fixed by Mr. Webb in latitude  $31^{\circ} 23'$ , longitude  $78^{\circ} 31'$ . The latitude of the stations determined by astronomical observations, *made at the next places of encampment*, is  $30^{\circ} 32'$ , and  $30^{\circ} 20'$ ; and the distances, *taking the longitudes as inferred from survey*, are 54.2 and 63.2 geographical miles respectively; from all which, allowing for refraction, 'the elevation of Jamunáwatári appears to be not less than 25,000 feet above the valley.' Mr. Colebrooke observes that this result *is not certainly to be relied on*; and well he may; for there is no agreement either in latitude, longitude, distances, or bearings as given in Lieutenant Webb's, or Captain Raper's Narrative: nor, indeed, does it appear, from that narrative, that any altitude of the peak of Jamunáwatári was observed from Chandra-badani, though the bearing was taken, which neither agrees with that taken two days before near Dhunga, nor with the chart; as between Dhunga and Chandra-badani the meridional distance is no more than two miles, yet an object at the distance of about sixty miles is stated to bear from the former N.  $70^{\circ} 40'$  E. and from the latter N.  $5^{\circ} 6'$  W. which is impossible. It is necessary to notice these discrepancies, as minute angles taken at great distances involve differences in the results of several thousand feet.

Hitherto the results have been obtained from little better than imperfect or hypothetical data: 'But leaving these conjectures and doubts, let us pass on,' says Mr. Colebrooke, 'to more certain observations and more exact measurements.' These observations consist of angles taken by Colonel Crawford, (when at Cathmandú in 1802,) of several selected points on the chain of mountains, the distances of which he determined by trigonometrical measurement, by bearings taken from various stations in the valley of Nepál, 'the relative situations of which were ascertained by a trigonometrical survey proceeding from a base of 852½ feet, carefully measured four times, and verified by another base of 1582 feet measured twice.' As neither the bearings, nor distances, nor triangles of this survey are given, we must take for granted that the results are correct; we cannot but observe, however, that the original base of 852½ feet is a very short one, in so rugged and mountainous a country, to ascertain stations, distant from 40 to 70 geographical miles from the objects whose angles of altitude were to be taken. The results are that Dhaibun, seen under an angle of  $5^{\circ} 4' 21''$  at the distance of 35½ geographical miles, gives 20,140 feet

feet above the spot where the observation was made, which being itself 4,500 above the level of the sea gives to the peak an elevation of 24,640 feet; another peak, from the same spot, comes out to be 22,319; another, under an angle of  $2^{\circ} 48' 6''$  at the distance of 59 geographical miles, 24,525 feet high; another, 22,952, and another, whose distance was 68 geographical miles and altitude  $2^{\circ} 7' 21''$ , gave 23,162 feet above the level of the sea.

But the measurement on which Mr. Colebrooke seems chiefly to rely is that of Dhologir, or Dhawala-giri, (literally the *white mountain*,) a remarkable peak conspicuous among those which are seen from the plains of Górákhpur, whose bearings were taken by Mr. Webb from four stations, and altitudes from three. These three were ascertained with sufficient accuracy, we doubt not, for the general purposes of geography; but whether sufficiently so for the nice calculation of the height of an object seen under an angle of less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  degree and more than 130 miles off, may allow of question. We will, however, admit their accuracy:—Still, it seems scarcely necessary to observe how much the two sides of a triangle which intersect a distant point, are lengthened or shortened by a very small variation of the angles at the two extremities of a short base. Not only is this the case in the present instance, but the angles taken from the meridian require a correction which is not itself ascertainable to a nice degree of accuracy; neither is it probable that the same point of the mountain, changing its form by change of position, can be exactly intersected from the different stations. The result, however, on a mean of the three observations, is 27,677 feet above the plains of Gorak'hpur; and 'reckoning these to be 400 feet above the mouth of the Ganges, as inferible from the descent of the stream of rivers, the whole height is more than twenty-eight thousand feet above the level of the sea!'

'The following table exhibits a comparison of this result, with other computations made on different rates of refraction.'

| Station.           | Distances<br>in miles. | Alt.<br>by<br>obs. | Height, allowing for refraction. |               |               |               |               |               |               |
|--------------------|------------------------|--------------------|----------------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
|                    |                        |                    | $\frac{1}{1}$                    | $\frac{1}{2}$ | $\frac{1}{3}$ | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{5}$ | $\frac{1}{6}$ | $\frac{1}{7}$ |
| A....              | $89\frac{3}{100}$      | $2^{\circ} 48'$    | 24375                            | 26663         | 27110         | 27476         | 27558         | 27626         | 27855         |
| B....              | $102\frac{31}{100}$    | $2^{\circ} 19'$    | 24348                            | 26716         | 27308         | 27792         | 27900         | 27991         | 28294         |
| C....              | $156\frac{15}{100}$    | $1^{\circ} 22'$    | 21338                            | 25494         | 26554         | 27384         | 27573         | 27773         | 28286         |
| Mean               |                        |                    | 23520                            | 26091         | 26784         | 27551         | 27677         | 27797         | 28145         |
| Extreme difference |                        |                    | 3537                             | 1222          | 774           | 408           | 342           | 365           | 459           |

and the mean of the observations calculated according to middle refraction leads to the conclusion that the height of Dhawala-giri, 'the white mountain of the Indian Alps,' is 27,550 feet.

We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Colebrooke that 'the limit  
of

of error arising from refraction must be taken at less than 850 feet; it is the ignorance under which we labour with regard to the quantity of refraction, under the peculiar circumstances and relative situations of the places observed, and those at which the observations were made, that must, in our opinion, vitiate the whole calculations. We will venture to say that when the various theories were formed, and tables constructed by English and French mathematicians from Cassini, La Caille, and Halley, down to Maskelyne and Biot, no such case was contemplated as that of observing the altitude of an object at the distance of nearly 140 miles, under an angle of  $1^{\circ} 22'$ , or of a ray of light passing through a body of the atmosphere varying in temperature and density through the whole of that distance, from  $0^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit in all probability, to  $80^{\circ}$  and upwards. If, on account of the intensity of the cold, the horizontal refraction was found, from observations made at Purnea, in latitude  $65^{\circ} 45''$  to be  $58'$ , it may be doubted if even  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the intercepted arc be sufficient to allow for a ray passing out of the frozen atmosphere of the Himalaya; and when it is considered how very subject to sudden variations terrestrial objects are when seen near the horizon, even when close at hand, and in an uniform temperature with the observer, nothing short of a long series of actual observations, taken at different times of the day, and at different seasons of the year, can lead even to an approximation to the truth. It is well known to the people of Dover, Folkstone and Sandgate that, at one time, the houses of Calais, Boulogne and the neighbourhood, are visible to them above the surface of the water, while at other times, when the atmosphere is equally clear, not a vestige of them is to be seen: the Greenland whale fishers also know that the frozen peak of Jan Mayen's island (situated in the S.W. ice) sometimes shows itself high above the horizon, and again disappears, from the same spot, according to the state of the weather and the position of the ice. Mr. Scoresby, an intelligent and experienced navigator in those seas, tells us that 'the *ice-blink* affords to the eye a beautiful and perfect map of the ice, twenty or thirty miles *beyond the limit of direct vision*;' and he adds, that 'the land, on account of its snowy covering, occasions a similar kind of blink.'\* It is not surprising therefore that the latitude derived from a low meridional altitude of the sun, taken at midnight in the polar regions, and corrected by the usual tables of refraction, never corresponds, within many minutes, with that which results from a mid-day altitude. Nay, such is the refractive power of the atmosphere when chilled by intense cold, that it has been contended, from the date of the sun's disappearance below the horizon and of

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\* Transactions of the Wernerian Society, 1815.

his re-appearance above it at Nova Zembla, in latitude  $76^{\circ}$ , that the horizontal refraction must at that time exceed  $4^{\circ}$ . Observations are now making in Upper Canada on this interesting subject: and we understand that instances have occurred where it appeared that the terrestrial refraction was equal to full one-half of the intercepted arc.

We cannot think, with Mr. Colebrooke, that the altitude of Mont Blanc taken by De Luc, from Pregny, is a proper 'test of comparison' for his measurements of Dhawala-giri.—An angle of  $3^{\circ} 14'$  taken at the distance of 42 or 43 miles is not subject to the same uncertainty with regard to refraction as an angle of  $1^{\circ} 28'$  at the distance of 136 miles: besides, a difference exists in the various trigonometrical measurements of Mont Blanc of nearly 500 feet: and if the error of a quarter of a mile in distance produces, as he admits, an uncertainty in the computed elevation, of 180 feet; it requires in our opinion a much less error even than that to which all the observations he notices are obnoxious, to produce ten times that uncertainty in the elevation of the object. It is also admitted, indeed it is matter of calculation, that the error of a minute in an observation of altitude affects the calculation of the height about 200 feet for the most distant station; a small error therefore in the allowance for terrestrial refraction (and in this there always must be an error) may affect the calculation of height by as many thousand feet. If those errors from altitude and distance should happen to be on the same side, the result may be as far from truth in the case of the Himalaya, as it was in that of the peak of Teneriffe, whose height has been reduced from fifteen thousand feet, once assigned to it, to twelve thousand: in short, if the calculations of Mr. Colebrooke should err in the same proportion as those of Dr. Heberden, by cutting off six or seven thousand feet from the height of Dhawala-giri, we shall bring it down to the elevation of Chimborazo. 'But,' says Mr. Colebrooke, 'it would be an extreme supposition, that the errors have, in every instance, been the highest possible, and on the side of excess.' If the instances were numerous, it would be so, as far as distance is concerned; but, strictly speaking, there are but three: with regard to small angles of altitude, they are always more likely to be on the side of excess than otherwise.

Let us, however, endeavour to try the enormous height assigned to Dhawala-giri by another test: the only remaining one in the absence of barometrical observation,—that of meteorological phenomena.

It has been pretty well ascertained, partly from facts and partly from theory, at what elevation above the level of the sea, in different parallels of latitude, snow ceases to melt; or more correctly speaking,

speaking, where it always freezes at night; because the sun will melt snow at a much greater elevation than that of perpetual frost. No general scale, however, can be given, as the situation of the land with regard to its summer temperature, its general elevation, and its distance from the sea, will very materially affect the height of what is usually denominated the 'lower term of perpetual congelation.' Thus the peak of Teneriffe which, though 12,000 feet high, is free from snow at least four months in the year, would, if placed on the continent in the same parallel, have a perpetual cap of snow covering several hundred feet from the summit, while the snow on the sides of Mont Blanc, which never melts at 8,300 feet above the level of the sea, would, if that mountain were placed in the middle of the Atlantic, on the same parallel, disappear in the summer months as high up at least as ten and probably eleven thousand feet. For our purpose, however, Mr. Kirwan's table of the mean height of the lower term of perpetual congelation, will be sufficient. According to this, the point above the sea, at which snow does not melt in the parallel of  $30^{\circ}$ , is 11,592 feet: now as that part of the Himalaya where Mr. Webb's observations were taken, is rather more; as the distance from the sea is very considerable, and the range surrounded by high mountains on one side, and supported by an elevated table land on the other, which keep the atmosphere in a constant state of refrigeration, we may safely venture to assume 11,000 feet, as an elevation beyond that at which perpetual snow rests on the sides of the Himalaya.

Now it is quite clear from Mr. Moorcroft's narrative, that in crossing the Himalaya, no snow whatever occurred either on the 1st July or the 29th August, and consequently that the summit of the Niti Ghatî pass is less than 11,000 feet, as the rise from 'a good grassy plain' on the left bank of the rivulet, which falls into the Dauli, is stated to be no more than 1750 paces, (the pundit's strides, we presume,) but very steep; supposing that to every two feet of slope we allow one of perpendicular ascent, and estimate the grassy plain at 6000 feet, we shall have about 9500 feet for the elevation of the summit of the Niti pass. This is described as half a mile wide, so that there is room enough for the traveller to look round him. If then the cheeks of this pass had risen above it to the height of ten, twelve or fourteen thousand feet, it can hardly be conceived that the observation of objects of such tremendous grandeur and sublimity would not have furnished matter for some remark in the journal—not a syllable, however, is set down, not even a note of admiration!—all we find, is the meagre fact, that on the morning after they had re-crossed the range, 'snow was falling on the adjacent mountains.' An observation, however, subsequently occurs, which is to the purpose. In crossing the table land to the north<sup>4</sup>

northward, Mr. Moorcroft says, 'on the south, the plain is bounded by the last Himalaya ridge, *just tipped with snow in stripes like foot paths*, extending along the windings of the ridges; on the north by the Caillas mountains, the *summits* of which are *marked more distinctly with snow*:' (p. 420) yet he observes, in another place, that the very highest peak of the Caillas, (the Cailása of the charts,) called by the Hindoos Mahadev'ka-ling, was 'tipped with snow.' When close to these mountains and the Himalaya, where they approach each other near the Mansarowar lake, he speaks of 'vast bodies of snow on the *summits* of the neighbouring mountains,' and notices, in particular, 'the snow-capped neighbour' of the Caillas ridge, 'the Hemachal range.' These are not indications of an altitude of twenty-six or twenty-seven thousand feet. We lay no undue stress on the loose statements of Mr. Moorcroft; but, coupling them with the insignificant height at which Captain Turner states the Chamalári to have appeared above the table land of Thibet, (itself, at the utmost, 8000 feet high,) but which is now swelled to some thousands beyond *twenty* above the level of the sea, we cannot resist the conclusion that the elevation of the Himalaya range has been greatly exaggerated.

There is still another circumstance which may be brought in aid of the argument against the vast elevation assigned to the Himalaya mountains. It was long supposed that the density of the atmosphere was so much diminished at the height of about four miles, that no clouds could be sustained in it; and though Chimborazo, which is nearly four miles, is covered with snow, and consequently must have had clouds floating above it, yet that mountain formed an anomaly which could only be explained by the great mass of high land in the vicinity producing such an intensity of cold, as to give to the surrounding atmosphere a degree of density, sufficient to enable it to support vapour in the state of clouds, which in its ordinary temperature, at the same height, could not be sustained. But the assumed height of the Himalaya is a mile above that of Chimborazo. We believe, however, that experiments are still wanting to ascertain the height to which vapour will rise in the atmosphere, or that, at which it can be sustained in the state of water; and that at present very little is known on this subject. Mr. Dalton, in his Meteorological Essays, says that 'by some careful observations he has found the small white streaks of condensed vapour which appear on the surface of the sky, to be from three to five miles above the earth's surface.' These are unquestionably the lightest shapes in which condensed moisture can appear: and it would follow that if the height of Dhawala-giri peak exceeds that of five miles, there is either no snow on its summit, or that the atmosphere, which surrounds the tops of lofty mountains, must observe

serve a different law from that which embraces the general surface of the earth. Perhaps the phenomenon will admit of being explained by the supposition that the atmosphere round the summits of high mountains deposits its moisture on them, without forming clouds, in the shape of rime; such as we see on the surface of the ground, or the windows of a room, on a clear frosty morning.

That the measurements given as 'near approaches to a correct determination of the height of the Indian Alps,' are generally and greatly exaggerated, we may safely infer from the result of observations made by Lieutenant Webb, *subsequently* to the calculations of Mr. Colebrooke, and communicated to us since we entered on this Article. They embrace the altitudes of twenty-seven different peaks of the snowy chain, determined, as he assures us, trigonometrically, and *proved* by inferring the latitude of Pilibhit, from the position of the peaks as ascertained by survey; which, he says, 'coincided with Mr. Burrow's observations to five seconds of a great circle, or 84 fathoms'—though 'the distance between the Great Mosque in that town, and the nearest point in the snowy range is 98,000 fathoms, or 112 miles'—this will probably be thought to prove too much.—We regret that the want of corresponding names or numbers will not admit of comparing Lieutenant Webb with himself, or rather with the results of Mr. Colebrooke, obtained from his former observations: we shall insert them, however, as records to be hereafter referred to in our Journal, and for general comparison with the results of Mr. Colebrooke's calculations, which are as under:

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| Dhawala-giri ('on the lowest computation') - | 26,862 ft. |
| Jamunawatari or Jamautri - - - - -           | 25,500     |
| A mountain supposed to be Dhaibun - - -      | 24,740     |
| A nameless mountain - - - - -                | 22,768     |
| Another nameless mountain - - - - -          | 24,625     |
| Another, near the last, - - - - -            | 23,262     |
| A third, in its vicinity, - - - - -          | 23,052     |

The results of Mr. Webb's observations, taken during his survey of Kamaon, are as follows.

| No. of Peak.       | Altitude. | No. of Peak.        | Altitude. | No. of Peak.        | Altitude. |
|--------------------|-----------|---------------------|-----------|---------------------|-----------|
| N <sup>o</sup> . 1 | 22,345    | N <sup>o</sup> . 10 | 15,733    | N <sup>o</sup> . 19 | 22,635    |
| 2                  | 22,058    | 11                  | 20,681    | 20                  | 20,407    |
| 3                  | 22,840    | 12                  | 23,263    | 21                  | 19,099    |
| 4                  | 21,611    | 13                  | 22,313    | 22                  | 19,497    |
| 5                  | 19,106    | 14                  | 25,669    | 23                  | 22,727    |
| 6                  | 22,498    | 15                  | 22,419    | 24                  | 22,238    |
| 7                  | 22,578    | 16                  | 17,994    | 25                  | 22,277    |
| 8                  | 23,164    | 17                  | 19,153    | 26                  | 21,045    |
| 9                  | 21,311    | 18                  | 21,439    | 27                  | 20,923    |

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These altitudes, it will be noticed, are very inferior to those of Mr. Colebrooke. One observation more and we have done. The first nameless mountain of Mr. Colebrooke's list was calculated by Lieutenant Webb at 21,000 feet above the plains of Rohilkhund, or 21,500 above the level of the sea, 'from a mean of numerous altitudes, taken at different times of the day, with an excellent instrument, its distance being previously ascertained by observation, from the well determined extremities of a sufficient base.'<sup>\*</sup> We now find it stretched out to 22,768, and all the others seem to have grown in the same proportion. On every consideration, therefore, we conceive that we are borne out in concluding, that the height of the Himalaya mountains has not yet been determined with sufficient accuracy, to assert their superiority over the Cordilleras of the Andes.

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ART. VI. *Les Théâtres.* Par un Amateur. Paris. 1817. 8vo. pp. 284.

THE influence of the stage upon the morals and manners of a people is now so generally admitted, that we shall not be guilty either of the common-place of enforcing it, or of the temerity of denying it. We are inclined to believe, however, (as we lately took occasion to observe,) that this influence, as far as it regards England, is a little over-rated—we doubt that the Beggars' Opera ever made an additional highwayman, or that Gay was entitled even to Mr. Courtney's† lively praise of being the *Orpheus* of highwaymen.

We readily admit however the policy of the act of the 10th Geo. II. c. 28. for licensing plays and play-houses; the very nature of the stage justifies this restriction on the general liberty, subject only to our ulterior responsibility, of speaking and writing what we please. Mischief once promulgated on the stage is irremediable—it is addressed to thousands, who on many accounts are peculiarly liable to receive strong and sudden impressions; it is enforced upon them by all the magic of theatrical illusion, by the splendour of poetry, or by the vigour of eloquence; and a libel might be promulgated, a riot created, and characters and lives lost before even a constable at the door could interfere.

If, then, in this sober country, which has been so long accustomed to enjoy its freedom with moderation, it be thought necessary—(and we never have heard, since the passing of the licensing act, a contrary opinion)—to have some previous restriction, we cannot be

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<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Colebrooke's *Essays on the Source of the Ganges*, vol. xi.

<sup>†</sup> Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 374.



surprized that the principle should be carried still farther with respect to our volatile and enthusiastic neighbours. In addition to their natural susceptibility, there are many other causes which contribute to the effect theatrical pieces have on a French audience;—the chief of these is, that, for a long series of years, the French public had no other subject or place on which or in which they could express an opinion. It was so before the Revolution—it was so to a greater degree during the reigns of terror both of Maximilian and of Napoleon. Those who are acquainted with French literature are aware that the proudest title of M. Laya, who has been lately elected to the French Academy, and whose election has so much offended all the *ultra-liberals*, was, that in the wildest fury of the Revolution, he had the courage to bring out a piece called *L'Ami des Loix*, which the audience had the good feeling to applaud;—he escaped the guillotine only by flight and concealment; and he still receives the punishment of his offence—or, as he, we presume, considers it, the reward of his virtues—in the defeated rivalry of M. Benjamin Constant, and the malignity of the united factions of Robespierre and Buonaparte.

In the latter years of the jacobin emperor, the theatres were as much under his own controul as the senate and legislative body. Nothing indeed seems more surprizing than that the spirit of literary discussion—which the imposing splendour of Louis XIV. could not restrain, which the *lettres de cachet* of Louis XV. could not intimidate, which the indulgence and liberality of Louis XVI. permitted to grow to extravagance, which Robespierre could not quite destroy, and which the Directory could not quite enslave—the tremendous terror of Buonaparte's government should for a time extinguish. Always slavish in *politics*, and timidly subservient to the reigning powers, it was then, for the first time, that the audience of a French theatre were terrified into complete literary as well as political subjection. This extraordinary rigour could not last long; it fell together with the great empire, and the theatres of France are once more the scenes, not merely of critical disputes, but of much of that kind of spirit, which, in England, vents itself in Palace-yard meetings, elections, and tavern dinners.

Among such a people it is not surprizing that the regulations of the stage should be a matter of police; but with all our experience on this subject, we confess we were not prepared to find the theatre of France reduced to a system of such official organization and dependence upon the government, as we find in the work which we are about to examine.

The book itself consists of about twenty or thirty pages of introductory matter, loose, affected, and sometimes unintelligible—criticising defects in so silly a style that they can meet no attention

tion, and suggesting improvements so very extravagant that they deserve none. The rest of the volume, above two hundred pages, is occupied with a kind of Statistical Account of the Stage of France, and we believe we may venture to say that—neither of the army, the navy, the church, nor the court; neither of the arts, sciences, agriculture, nor manufactures; neither of the internal nor external policy of the kingdom of France, does there exist so full, so exact, and so organized, an account as this of the play-houses—a curious proof of the genius of the people.

The number of theatres in Paris prior to the revolution was seven; and on these were exhibited—during the early days of that disastrous period—every inflammatory species of representation: the actors, like the authors, were touched by the revolutionary mania; and *costumes à la Grecque*, and *coiffures à la Romaine*, and wigs and daggers *à la Brutus*, effectually turned their heads, and—*natio comæda est*—the whole people, stage-players and all, set about performing a grand republican farce, which, in a few months, degenerated into the most dreadful tragedy that ever stained the annals of the world.

Of course, one of the first bridles which they were impatient to throw off was that which restrained the stage. By a decree of the 19th January, 1791, any person who pleased might open a theatre, subject to no other conditions than that of giving notice of his intention to the local authorities, and observing the few directions which the municipal officers were empowered to give. This, as might be expected, soon produced if not overflowing houses, at least an overflowing of houses; and *thirty* theatres were frequently opened in Paris on the same evening. We need not point out to our readers the tremendous effects which so many cheap places of resort for the idle, the profligate, and the violent must have had, at a time when all old principles were unsettled, and all old institutions tottering—when all professions were neglected, and almost all trades at a stand. This state of extreme intoxication and madness continued longer than could have been expected; for, in 1794, we find, by a decree of the Convention, that there were still *twenty* theatres of sufficient consequence to be entitled to receive from the public treasure, the price of four gratuitous representations; and nothing can more clearly shew the absurd importance and inflated style in which it was the fashion to treat theatrical affairs, than a decree of the National Assembly of the 18th October in that year, which enacts—

‘Art. 1. The *theatrical year* shall henceforward be reckoned with the civil year.

‘Art. 2. The Committees of Public Instruction and Finance shall unite together, and propose a scheme for the number, salaries, discipline, &c. of the actors, &c.’

To the first of these grave articles is subjoined a still graver note, to apprise the world that though thus extensive in its terms, the articles, in fact, only applied to the *Opera*, for that in the rest of France the *theatrical year* was to begin as heretofore! At the moment when this admirable regulation was making, his serene highness the prince arch-chancellor of the empire, Duke of Parma, Peter Cambacérès, one of the constellation of great men whom the restoration has obscured, was president of the National Convention. We mention it to the honour of fallen greatness.

In November, 1796, a decree was passed, (and has ever since continued in force,) which enacts that a *décime* on every franc of the price of entrance at all places of public amusement should be collected for the use of the poor—that is, one penny out of every ten.

It is somewhat curious to find this very tax proposed to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, in 1586, by some zealous person, as a trifling compensation for the immorality of stage plays. ‘If this mischief must be tolerated, let every stage in London pay a weekly pension to the poor; that *ex hoc malo proveniat aliquod bonum*: but it is rather to be wished that players might be used, as Apollo did his laughing—*semel in anno*.’ Extremes meet; and a profligate French government acted on the principle of an over-righteous English puritan.

The following extract of the table of the produce of this duty for the last six years, in which so many extraordinary events have occurred, will serve, as a kind of moral thermometer, to shew to how little vicissitude of feeling the public mind of France is subject—and with what regularity the course of amusement has gone on during the Austrian campaign, the retreat of Mosco, the invasion of France, the overthrow of the empire, the capture of the capital, and the establishment and re-establishment of the king.

|                      | 1811       | 1812   | 1813   | 1814   | 1815   | 1816   |
|----------------------|------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| Théâtres — —         | fr. 421381 | 396940 | 408017 | 446351 | 445038 | 452635 |
| Fêtes Publiques — .. | 16572      | 16745  | 9280   | 13383  | 13614  | 10887  |
| Bals — — — ..        | 4859       | 6401   | 5450   | 5443   | 5675   | 6018   |
| Concerts — — ..      | 2707       | 4170   | 1994   | 4763   | 8021   | 5922   |
| Soirées Amusantes .. | —          | 2619   | 2589   | 2341   | 2713   | 4562   |
| Panoramas — — ..     | 4945       | 3953   | 2587   | 3551   | 2613   | 2511   |
| Petits Spectacles .. | 2221       | 2798   | 2741   | 2635   | 3636   | 8608   |
| Curiosités — — ..    | 2710       | 3877   | 6397   | 6470   | 6516   | 6420   |

Total fr. 455,395 437,503 438,855 485,137 491,826 497,363

From this account, it appears that the year which immediately followed the heaviest calamity that ever befel a nation, the Russian retreat, witnessed but little diminution in the quantity of public amusement and gaiety in France,—the immense influx of strangers in the years 1814 and 1815, made up, we presume, for the absence of

of the French; but the superiority of the last year over all the former, can only be attributed to the return of the nation to their natural and peaceful enjoyments: and we are glad to observe that in those species of amusements which more especially belong to the people themselves, such as the Bals, Soirées Amusantes and Petits Spectacles, there is a considerable increase beyond any former year.

In 1807, no less than twenty-three theatres existed in Paris,

|                   |                           |
|-------------------|---------------------------|
| The Opéra,        | Molière,                  |
| Théâtre Français, | La Cité,                  |
| Feydeau,          | Le Théâtre Mareux,        |
| Favart,           | Le Théâtre des Muses,     |
| Louvois,          | Le Marais,                |
| L'Odéon,          | Les Jeunes Elèves,        |
| Vaudeville,       | Les Jeunes Artistes,      |
| Porte St. Martin, | Les Troubadours,          |
| Montansier,       | Les Jeunes Comédiens,     |
| L'Ambigu,         | Le Cirque Olympique,      |
| La Gaieté,        | Théâtre Sans Prétentions. |
| Les Variétés,     |                           |

An imperial decree, however, of August 1807, reduced this list to the following:

|           |             |
|-----------|-------------|
| Opéra,    | Vaudeville, |
| Français, | Variétés,   |
| Feydeau,  | L'Ambigu,   |
| L'Odéon,  | La Gaieté,  |

to which were afterwards added, the theatre of the Porte St. Martin and Franconi's Cirque Olympique, and latterly, by the king, the Italian theatre called Favart; so that there are, at present, eleven theatres in Paris, which, with the exception of the Opéra, Odéon\* and Favart, are open every night, and more particularly, that is, with greater affluence of company, on Sundays: besides which, there are, we learn from this work, sixty-three shows, spectacles, panoramas or exhibitions.—These are of all kinds and at all prices. M. Bauthin, of the Palais-Royal, does not attempt to deceive you by pompous pretensions—he simply offers, in two words, to gratify two tastes at once, and advertises *café et sauvage*. M. Roussel, of the Rue des Boucheries, equally laconic but less precise, invites you generally to see *Phænomena*; and while several others offer to show a crocodile, or the Simplon, or a vaisseau ambulant, M. Prevost, on the Boulevard du Temple, saves you an infinity of trouble by opening, at one view, the *panorama of the whole universe*. This, to our surprise, is the only panorama mentioned by our author, as now

\* We believe that latterly the Odéon plays every night.

existing in Paris: We know of several which have been there, and we may venture to say (without the fear of being taxed with national partiality) that nothing of the kind which we ever saw abroad equalled in execution some of those of our own artists. The public cannot have forgotten the bold and vigorous pencil of Sir Robert Porter; and they have lately had several specimens of the wonderful art of Mr. Barker, which produces almost perfect illusion, and approaches to nature in a way to remind us of Vernet and Vandervelde. Those who recollect the panoramas of Elba and the bay of Naples will, we think, agree with us that, besides the mere mechanical resemblance of the outline, these works displayed qualities which shewed the author to be a man of taste and genius. Mais revenons à nos moutons.

All these theatres and various places of amusement are not merely under the general superintendence of the police, but are specially regulated by a code of laws, promulgated successively by the Convention, the Consuls, the Emperor and the King, in which all the details of the scenic kingdom, from the choice of the pieces to be played, down to that of the box-keepers, is minutely provided for.

Abhorrent as this system of petty legislation is to all our feelings as Britons, it must be confessed that it seems to suit the people with whom it has to deal, and that the regulations themselves are sometimes useful. In points, for instance, which concern the safety of the audience, we not only think the interposition of public authority proper—*dignus vindice nodus*—but that the example of the French government, modified as circumstances demanded, might be followed with advantage by ourselves. The regulations for the prevention of fire are very strict.—The stores of dresses, scenery, machinery, and all those combustibles which constitute at once the property and the danger of a play-house, must, by a decree of the 21st March, 1799, be kept in a building completely separated from the theatre. The managers are bound not only to have a sufficient provision of water, fire-pumps, &c. but they are further obliged to have a sufficient guard of public firemen always on duty at their respective houses; and the care of seeing that no danger of fire exists is not entrusted to the managers and their servants alone, but forms a part of the daily duty of the police; and the failure, even for *one single day*, in any of these precautions, forfeits the license.—All the great theatres of London have been burned down in succession since any accident of that kind has happened at Paris.

We cannot speak with equal approbation of the laws which so accurately define and prescribe what kind of pieces each theatre shall play;—for instance, what can be more absurd than to see the sovereign authority descending to such puerilities as the following?

‘1<sup>o</sup>. The

'1°. The Opera is especially consecrated to singing and dancing—there only can be represented pieces which are altogether in music and ballets of the noble and graceful kind,—that is to say, such as have been taken from the subjects of mythology and history, and whose principal personages are gods, kings or heroes.

'3°. It may also give, but this concurrently with the other theatres, ballets representing scenes of moral or even of common life.'

*Décret du 8 Juin, 1806.*

In the same high minded principles of legislation, the great Napoleon also provided that at the '*Vaudeville*,' they might play 'little pieces interspersed with little songs,' and at the '*Variétés*, little pieces, sometimes but not always interspersed with little songs,' but in both cases, the little songs were to be sung to common tunes; (*des airs connus*;) and they were forbidden under severe penalties to sing any tune which had already been sung on the greater stages; which, by the bye, goes on a very probable presumption that the airs sung on those great stages were but *peu connus*.

We need not at once weary and surprize our readers with the infinity of details which are provided by imperial and royal authority for managing the theatrical realm; suffice it to say, that a single decree relative to the Théâtre Français contains ninety-seven articles, and rivals in length and intricacy some of our modern acts of parliament. A short view of the mode in which the Théâtre Français is managed, may, however, be interesting to them.

The supreme controul is under the minister\* of the royal household, for the execution of whose orders, and as a channel of communication with the players, there is a commissioner appointed by the government.

The actors form a kind of joint-stock company, and a committee of six are appointed to manage, with the commissioner before mentioned, the interests of the society; but the articles of the decree are so minute in their details, that there is little, except mere personal interests, left to the discretion of this committee; and even on these points the authority of the government commissioner is supreme. The receipts of the house are divided into twenty-four equal parts—one part is set aside for unexpected demands—one-half part is given to the pension or superannuation fund—another half part is assigned to the decorations, scenery, repairs, &c.—The other twenty-two parts are distributed amongst the actors, none receiving more than one part, nor less than one-eighth of a part.

The actors, on entering this society, contract an engagement to

\* Of this we are not quite certain. In Buonaparte's time it was under the direction of a minister called Surintendant des Spectacles. Since the king's return we thought these functions had been restored au premier gentilhomme de la chambre; but we see by a decree of the king, 21st November, 1815, that some at least of the theatres are under the minister of the household.

play for twenty years, after which they are entitled to a retiring pension of 4000 francs per ann. about 170*l*. These pensions are payable, half out of an annual allowance of 100,000 francs (about 4200*l*.) made by government to the theatre, and the other half out of funds raised out of the receipts and contributions of the actors.

The number of associates seems indefinite—there are at present on the list, sixteen men and nine women; but there are besides a class of actors, who receive salaries from the society; of these there are now ten men and five women. It is not stated how these stipendiaries are paid, or in what way their salaries are fixed, as compared with the members of the company. They have no *right* to retiring pensions, but the government reserves to itself a power of granting them pensions, which in no case can exceed half their former pay. So that the whole strength of this national company is twenty-six men and fourteen women—a number which would be utterly inadequate not merely to the size of our English theatres, and the magnificence of our spectacles, but in truth to the very nature of our drama. The play at Covent Garden the day we write is *Romeo and Juliet*—in that there are seventeen male and three female performers, absolutely indispensable; but the bill of the entertainments for the evening contains the names of twenty-three other men, and thirty-two other women, (besides soldiers, &c.)—so that there will appear on the stage of Covent Garden this evening, twice as many actors and actresses as form the whole strength of the French national theatre.

This is a source of expense to the English theatres which is not sufficiently considered, when comparisons are made between their prices and those of the French theatres. We know of no French tragedy which has more than eleven characters—several of Shakspeare's have as many as forty, and few, if any, of his plays, have less than fifteen or twenty, exclusive of lords, ladies, soldiers, mob, and all that crowd of attendants with which he delights to fill his scene. If we were to look deeper into this part of the subject, we should find that this difference arises perhaps not more from the *taste*, than from the *powers* of the authors who have given dramatic laws to the two countries. Shakspeare could not have confined his superabundant fertility within such narrow bounds as the equable and elegant Racine—he looked into nature, and not into Aristotle or Bossu, for his rules; and finding that all human actions are brought about by a great variety of agents, each having a distinct character, his plays exhibit *great pictures of real life*, which the mechanical plots and half-dozen formal characters of the French drama are incapable of producing.

We find also in these dry details of French theatrical regulations,

tions, another circumstance, which shows, very forcibly, the difference between the dramatic writers of the two countries.

All the characters of the French drama are arranged in certain divisions, to which technical names are affixed. The men in comedy are *Jeunes Premiers*—*Pères Nobles*—*Financiers*—*Comiques*—*Utilités*, &c.—while the ladies are either *Jeunes Premières*—*Mères*—*Ingénuités*—*Duegnes* or *Soubrettes*—and all this is so well understood, that each actor and actress is obliged to make a selection of a particular *rôle*, from which these decrees forbid them afterwards to depart;—they *double* and *triple* one another in their respective classes, but they are not permitted to extravagate into another walk. The *Père Noble* cannot become *Comique*, whatever be his vocation this way; and the *Ingénuité* must not look to be the *Jeune Première*, whatever ambition she may feel for playing the heroine—and the 47th and 48th articles of the 1st chapter of the 3d section of the 4th title of the Moscow decree, (we quote exactly,) regulate the official modes by which an actor who belongs to one class of characters may be allowed to try his hand at another.

In the English theatre all this foolery would be impossible. We represent not *Jeunes Premières*, nor *Ingénuités*, but *men and women*, with all their various and changeable feelings, humours, and passions—our dramatists know that the gravest man sometimes smiles, and that the gayest is sometimes grave—they know that many of the events of life depend upon sudden shifts of temper, that no two men will be affected in the same way by the same circumstances; nay, that the same *person* is frequently two or three different men with regard to his humour or his passions; and that the human character is equable and unmixed on no spot of the globe except the stage of the Théâtre Français; *there* man becomes a puppet, and character is not the growth of nature but of certain learned conventions and regulations: a villain must not be jocose with them, nor a hero witty; and Hamlet and Iago are unfit for their stage, exactly because they are copied from the theatre of the world: there is much, we admit, on the French stage to be set off against this defect, and there are one or two exceptions; but we shall probably have occasion to consider this topic hereafter, and at present this train of discussion would lead us beyond our purpose. We end it by saying that this rigorous destination of parts is at once a cause, a consequence, and a proof of the feebleness of the French drama.

But it is in the provinces that the system of theatrical organization appears in all its formality. There are, it seems, in the departments, sixteen permanent companies, viz. at Lille, Calais, Rouen, Versailles, Brest, Nantes, Bordeaux (two), Toulouse, Perpignan, Montpellier,



Montpellier, Marseilles, Lyons (two), and Strasbourg (two), which, with the eleven at Paris, make twenty-seven stationary companies; there are, besides, throughout France three hundred and sixty-two other theatres which are (*desservis*) served by twenty-five ambulatory troops; the whole face of the kingdom being divided, *for theatrical purposes*, into twenty-five arrondissemens, through each of which at least one company makes a regular progress at *stated times* in every year; but to fifteen of the arrondissemens, which are more extensive than the others and contain important towns, requiring a larger allowance of amusement, there are second companies which also go their rounds, but in a way carefully arranged not to clash with the circuits of the 'premières troupes.'

The names of *all* the persons who belong to those companies, and their respective rôles, from Talma down to the fiddler in the orchestra, are registered in the volume before us with as much, if not more, precision and detail than those of our Army List: from this it appears that there are in the ten theatres of Paris, (excluding the whole Opera, and excluding also the choruses and dancers,) 160 male and 120 female performers; and that in the provinces (also exclusive of choruses and dancers) there are 518 men and 400 women.

The great Opera, or, as it is pedantically called, the Academy of Music, requires a separate observation or two. It is, and has been ever since its foundation in 1646, a government concern; the receipts have never been equal to the expense of this splendid spectacle, and the government was always obliged to provide for the deficit; towards this there is laid a kind of tax on all the secondary theatres and all the shows and exhibitions of Paris, of one-fifth of the gross receipts of balls, concerts, panoramas, &c. one-tenth at Tivoli, and one-half at all theatres, and other similar establishments. This is evidently a tax raised by the government for its own use, because it diminishes the sum to be paid to the Opera out of the civil list; and the author of the work before us, with more good sense and acuteness than we should have expected from him, asks whether this ought to stand on a mere decree of Buonaparte, and whether it does not legally require a law to sanction its collection?

The company at this theatre consists of ten principal male and eight female singers, with fifty chorus singers; eleven principal male and fifteen female dancers, with fifty-eight figurants of both sexes. The orchestra is composed of twenty-five violins, ten violoncellos, and forty other different instruments, making with their chefs du chant, and maîtres des ballets, mechanist, &c. about 250 persons.

This whole system of theatrical organization is so curious a proof of the taste of the people, and of the ubiquity and omnipotence of government

government interference in France, that we have thought the subject not quite so unimportant as it at first sight appears—but we have also been induced to lay it before our readers by another consideration—we hope soon to have an opportunity of taking a view of the literary part of the French theatre; and it occurred to us that this preliminary sketch of the personal and mechanical part of its organization might tend to render our future task more easy to ourselves, and more agreeable to our readers.

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ART. VII.—*The Evidence and Authority of the Christian Revelation.* By T. Chalmers, D. D. one of the Ministers of Glasgow. 8vo. 1817.

THIS is the work of a reflecting and philosophical mind, on a subject of the utmost importance to the interests of revealed religion in that part of the island where the author resides. That there already exist several most conclusive and satisfactory treatises on the same subject, and of recent date, was no reason for precluding a writer, of inferior talents to Dr. Chalmers, from travelling over the same ground. New works, even when consisting of old arguments, are sure to attract a temporary attention at least; and where the style and course of reading are so different as they are well known to be on the north and south of the Tweed, it is to be feared that the works of Paley, Powell, Hurd, and Jenyns, perhaps even of Addison, on the evidences of Christianity, are little studied in Scotland. It is a well known fact that in one, at least, of the Scottish Universities, and in that, perhaps, which presumes to consider itself as most enlightened, a spirit of unbelief in revealed religion is become unhappily common. Such a disposition, even were Christianity an imposture, is a disgrace to a philosophical age: for it is not even pretended that this conclusion is the result of modest and patient inquiry—of the same process of the understanding, which the same individuals are able and willing to apply to physical and political subjects. It follows therefore, either that Christianity is a superstition so absurd and pernicious as to deserve to be rejected by enlightened minds without investigation, or that the conduct of these persons, even should the whole system turn out at length to be a falsehood, is at once unphilosophical and presumptuous. It consists in what a great master of the subject denominated ‘contempt previous to investigation.’

Why then do not these patient and exact inquirers on every other subject take Christianity as an existing phenomenon, the origin and progress of which deserve, at least, to be accounted for? Why confound it by one sweeping sentence with the different and successive modes of superstition, which, from whatever causes, have, from the

the beginning of the human race, spread themselves over different portions of the earth? Has it in its character and constitution any thing in common with any of them? Do not they, one and all, stand condemned before a moral reasoning theist, not only as wholly unsupported by external evidence, but as unworthy and opposite to the very nature of a moral governor of the world? On these grounds, had the Christian revelation never made a claim on the belief of mankind, they and we should have been warranted in rejecting them all, from the elegant mythology of Greece and Rome to the black and horrible superstitions of the Hindoos. Allowing them, in short, to have had any origin but in the fears, or in the lusts of men, they could only have been ascribed to the agency of demons conspiring in one region and at one period to allure, and at another to terrify their votaries from the primæval worship of the one true God.

Contradistinguished from all these, and victorious over many, stands the revelation purporting to have been made to mankind by Jesus Christ, and at this moment prevailing almost over all the civilized portions of the globe. Now this is the phenomenon to be accounted for. That it was not spread by conquest they must admit;—and that, instead of falling in with and flattering the corrupt passions of human nature, it set itself in array against them all, and, without compromise or concession, totally refuses to admit any intercommunity with moral evil. Again—this system, whatever may be its origin, is wholly theistic; its modes of worship are pure and simple: bloodless, though teaching a propitiation through blood, and chaste, while they inculcate the warmest love of God and man.

Let us not be mistaken as overstating the merits of Christianity. We mean not to confound it with the additions which have been heaped upon it, or, as some inquirers are too apt to do, with the abuses and corruptions which in some instances have sunk it almost to the level of paganism, but as it exists, pure and unadulterated, in the single volume which is competent to bear witness to its general character.

We say then that a phenomenon so extraordinary is, at least, entitled to investigation. That the divine origin of such a system is not, like every other, ancient or modern, in the world, negatived, as a revelation, by its own character and constitution, is manifest. We are reasoning with men, who, as we hope and trust, believe in the existence of a Moral Governor of the universe, and to their own principles we confidently appeal in affirming that, independently of all external testimony, such a religion may have proceeded from God. If it should, their rejection of it, previously to all reasonable inquiry, must be highly offensive to the Deity;—if it should not,

not, they will, at least, have lost the triumph of having demonstrated the existence of another phenomenon, more singular even than the former; namely, an alliance of eighteen centuries between the purest morality and the most artful imposture.

Unhappily Dr. Chalmers has taken a very different course, and either from prejudices of his education in a Calvinistic church, or from some other cause, with which we are not acquainted, has commenced and continued his work in persevering efforts to depreciate the internal evidence for the truth of the Christian revelation. It is the peculiarity of that system, for a very obvious reason, to exalt the physical, at the expense of the moral, attributes of the Divinity; and while it professes to own and to reverence the latter, to represent those qualities, while existing in the Almighty, to be of so transcendent a nature, that little can be antecedently inferred from them with respect to his probable conduct towards his creatures upon earth. In this spirit, and as an apology for resting the entire weight of his cause on external evidence, we are told by Dr. Chalmers of the internal evidence—

‘that, as appears to many, no effectual argument can be founded upon this consideration, because they do not count themselves enough acquainted with the designs or character of the Being from whom the Messenger professes to have come.

‘Were the author of the message some distant and unknown individual of our own species we would [should] scarcely be entitled to found an argument upon any comparison of ours between the import of the message and the character of the individual, even though we had our general experience of human nature to help us in the speculation. Now of the *invisible God we have no experience whatever*. We are still further removed from all direct and personal observation of him, or of his counsels. Whether we think of the eternity of his government, or the mighty range of its influence over the wide departments of nature and of providence, he stands at such a distance from us as to make the management of his empire a subject inaccessible to all our faculties.’

‘It is evident, however, that this does not apply to the second topic of examination.

‘The bearers of the message were beings like ourselves, and we can apply our safe and certain experience of man to their conduct and their testimony. We may know too little of God to found any argument upon the coincidence which we may conceive to exist between the subject of the message and our previous conceptions of its author. But we may know enough of man to pronounce upon the credibility of the messengers. Had they the manner and physiognomy of honest men? Was their testimony resisted, or did they persevere in it? Had they any interest in fabricating the message—or did they suffer in consequence of this perseverance?—did they suffer to such a degree as to constitute a satisfying pledge of their integrity? Was there more than one messenger, and did they agree as to the substance of that communication

nication which they made to the world? Did they exhibit any special mark of their office as messengers of God; such a mark as none but God could give, and none but his approved messengers could obtain possession of? Was this mark the power of working miracles, and were these miracles so obviously addressed to the senses as to leave no suspicion of deceit behind them? These are questions which we feel our competency to take up and to decide upon. They lie within the legitimate boundaries of human observation, and upon the solution of these do we rest the question of the truth of the Christian religion.' p. 15, 16.

Thus precipitately and indiscretely does our author surrender to its assailants, even before a summons received, one of the strongest outworks of revelation. Let us inquire, therefore, what he loses by the concession, and whether that concession were necessary.

With respect then to the weight of internal evidence as grounded on a previous knowledge of the moral attributes of God, we are compelled to enter our protest most seriously and solemnly against his assertion—that of the invisible God we have no experience whatever, and that we are still further removed from all direct and personal observation of him and his counsels.

On this point we are very sure that our author and St. Paul are at issue. The great apostle built his argument for the inexcusableness of vice and immorality in the heathen world on this solid foundation, that they had, under all their disadvantages, an opportunity of acquiring the knowledge of the one true God from contemplating his external works.

'For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men; who hold the truth (the truth of natural religion) in unrighteousness: because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the Creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; even his eternal power and godhead; so that they are without excuse.\*'

What then, if we are to believe an inspired apostle, is to become of this rash assertion, which, indeed, amounts to nothing less than the annihilation of all natural religion at a stroke? But the fact is, that, although in a revelation, claiming to come from God, many things beyond what the limited faculties of man could ever contemplate as antecedently probable might reasonably be expected, yet to say that we have no intimation from the light of nature, no experience whatever, of God and of his counsels, is equivalent to asserting that a pure and an impure, a moral and immoral revelation are equally proveable by the same external evidence which appears for the truth of Christianity. Is it then of no account, or is it not rather of the utmost importance to the argument, that in the ge-

\* Rom. c. i. v. 18—20.

ruine Christianity of the New Testament there is nothing which leaves it to be inferred that its author was a cruel, capricious being? That in his conduct, as there represented, no characters appear but those of mercy, truth, and sanctity? But, in fact, it is next to impossible to separate the two species of evidence from each other; so that in a desperate attempt to effect that very purpose, our author has actually and very unskilfully interwoven them. Had they, he asks, the manner and physiognomy of honest men? &c. &c.—Now this is internal evidence; for the characters of the witnesses are those of the religion. We have another and a powerful objection to our author's manner of enforcing the external testimony for the Gospel, singly and exclusively. He appears to us to think it capable of proving any thing short of a contradiction; and to the miracles alone would he confidently appeal for the truth of the Christian revelation—in other words, that it came from God. We will, therefore, try this question upon its own merits. Remove then, in the first place, all idea of a Moral Governor of the world; let it be taken as antecedently indifferent what the character of an alleged revelation should be—that in confirmation of it, the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the deaf recover their hearing, (all without natural means) and the dead are raised. According to Dr. Chalmers, this evidence alone lands us (in his own elegant phrase) in the conclusion, that a religion, so proved, be its moral character what it may, is necessarily from God. Supposing, again, that on looking further into the thing conceived to be thus proved, it should turn out to be a system cruel, libidinous, and idolatrous, it follows, of course, that the author of this revelation must delight in such enormities. Those moral attributes, therefore, of which we were previously ignorant in a state of nature, are now disproved by revelation. Neither does our author, in his disposition to arrogate every thing in favour of external testimony, seem to be aware that the fact of the Gospel miracles may be allowed, and his conclusion eluded or denied. Perhaps there may be some among his philosophical readers on the banks of Forth or Clyde, who may impute them to the agency of demons. This objection, which was that of Celsus and other philosophical infidels of old, has, however, been repeatedly and satisfactorily answered: by Dr. Chalmers, in the precipitance of his zeal, it has been wholly overlooked.

In this attempt to vindicate the neglected rights of that species of proof on behalf of Revelation which the author has very unreasonably depreciated, we desire not to be misunderstood. Pure morality affords of itself little evidence of the divine origin of a system in which it is inculcated. There is much good morality in the Koran. A cool and clear-headed impostor will always discern the advantage of adapting his doctrines to the moral sense

sense and feelings of mankind, and if this were all in which the internal evidences of the Gospel consisted, we should not differ from Dr. Chalmers on the subject so widely as we feel ourselves constrained to do. But when a professed Messenger from God undertakes to *legislate* in morality; when he not only inculcates but *discovers* virtues unknown to ancient ethics, such as meekness, love of enemies, and returning evil for good; and when, after an experience of eighteen centuries, the observance of those identical and newly promulgated virtues is found to have contributed more to sweeten the tempers of mankind and to sooth the ills of life than all the lessons of morality which went before them, we see something in the character of this religion which an impostor would not have dared to hazard. It would have been impossible to ascertain before-hand how far the bow would endure to be strained before it broke. Akin to this subject, and inseparably united with the internal evidence of the Gospel, is the character of Jesus. This could not have been invented. Take away the original itself, and what in the wide range of human nature had ever appeared even as a distant archetype?—Surely not a character, after all, so suspicious as that of Socrates, who, moreover, had the advantage of two biographers the most exquisite masters which the world had then known both of composition and of human nature. But the history of Jesus was entrusted to a few Galilean fishermen, who, by simply adhering to facts, without tumour, without ornament, and without contrivance, have produced a character not only consummate in wisdom and goodness, but in such *modes* of wisdom and goodness as the world had not before agreed so to denominate or receive.

Now the obvious purport of all this is, in the first place, to establish an antecedent presumption in favour of a religion confessedly and intrinsically excellent, to put to shame that uninquisitive contempt by which minute philosophers are wont to dismiss it in the mass, and undistinguished from modes of superstition the most pernicious and the most absurd; and to shew them that, even as a phenomenon to be accounted for, its external evidences merit at least a calm and modest investigation. This was the aspect in which the Christian Revelation ought first to have been presented to the class of philosophical (often, perhaps, moral) unbelievers, for whose conviction the work before us appears to have been principally intended. But instead of an arrangement so discreet and prepossessing, our author has thought proper to sink the character and principles of the system to be investigated, the consequence of which is that he binds himself to produce, and his antagonists have a right to require that he produce, a body of external evidence in favour of the doctrine which he undertakes to demonstrate, capable of proving any thing worthy or unworthy of a moral governor of the universe.

But

But this is not matter of arrangement merely. After having rested the principal weight of his superstructure upon external testimony, he might have admitted the suppletory aid of internal proof, not in order to shew that, if men believed, they would believe to their unspeakable advantage, and if they refused assent to the evidence it would be to their own infinite detriment, (for to this bias upon the understanding he seems to have a more than reasonable aversion,) but to shew the harmony and fitness of the whole system and its worthiness of the alleged author. Even this has been withheld, and withheld, as we conceive, to the infinite disadvantage of the subject. This, in our apprehension, is the radical defect of the whole work, the particular parts of which are very unequal.

πολλά μὲν εἶδα μεμιγμένα, πολλά δὲ λυγρά.

Many strong positions indeed are taken, many arguments ingeniously and powerfully sustained; but, perhaps from our familiarity with the far superior and more convincing works on the same subject which our own country has lately produced, the general effect is unsatisfactory. Let us not be mistaken, as hinting that the argument, stated as it is by Dr. Chalmers, does not bring full conviction to our minds; but the general impression in the course of our perusal has been, that on some topics too little has been said, and on others perhaps too much; and that in addition to the unfortunate and studied omission already mentioned, the whole effect of the argument, in its different bearings and converging from many different points, is no where collectively exhibited and enforced. With these general defects there are many particular passages entitled to the praise of much originality and no common excellence. Among these we shall select the following acute and striking remarks on the peculiar bias arising from the importance of the subject, which renders it so difficult to institute and pursue an inquiry into the evidences of Christianity in the spirit of severe and impartial investigation.

‘We are ready to admit that, as the object of the inquiry is not the character but the truth of Christianity, the philosopher should be careful to protect his mind from the delusion of its charms. He should separate the exercises of the understanding from the tendencies of the fancy or of the heart. He should be prepared to follow the light of evidence, though it may lead him to conclusions the most painful and melancholy. He should train his mind to *all the hardihood of abstract and unfeeling intelligence*. He should give up every thing to the supremacy of argument, and be able to renounce without a sigh all the tenderest prepossessions of infancy, the moment that truth demands of him the sacrifice. Let it be remembered, however, that while one species of prejudice operates in favour of christianity, another prejudice operates against it. There is a class of men who are repelled from the investigation of its evidences because in their minds it is allied with the  
weakness



weakness of superstition, and they feel that they are descending when they bring down their minds to a subject which engrosses so much respect and admiration from the vulgar.

‘It appears to us that the peculiar feeling, which the sacredness of the subject gives to the inquirer, is, upon the whole, unfavourable to the impression of the Christian argument. Had the subject not been sacred, and had the same testimony been given to the facts which are connected with it, we are satisfied that the history of Jesus in the New Testament would have been looked upon as the best supported by evidence of any history that has come down to us. It would assist us in appreciating the evidence for the truth of the Gospel history, if we could conceive for a moment that Jesus, instead of being the founder of a new religion, had been merely the founder of a new school of philosophy, and that the different histories which have come down to us had merely represented him as an extraordinary person, who had rendered himself illustrious among his countrymen by the wisdom of his sayings and the beneficence of his actions. We venture to say, that had this been the case, a tenth part of the testimony, which has actually been given, would have been enough to satisfy us.’ To form a fair estimate of the strength of the Christian argument, we should, if possible, divest ourselves of all reference to religion, and view the truth of the Gospel history purely as a question of erudition (we should rather have said abstract fact). ‘If at the outset of the investigation we have a prejudice against the Christian religion, the effect is obvious, and without any refinement of explanation, we see at once how such a prejudice must dispose us to annex suspicion and distrust to the testimony of the Christian writers.’

In all this and more, which, with some degree of unnecessary circumlocution, our author has added to the same purpose, there is much both of truth and originality. There is much also on which an acute and willing adversary would fasten—there is something too on which a friendly critic may fairly animadvert.

And first, with respect to that unfeeling severity of ratiocination which seems to be required by Dr. Chalmers as a necessary ingredient in a fair investigation of the evidences of Christianity—If it were intimated to a person who had hitherto thought himself intitled to the reversion of a princely fortune, that his title on inquiry might probably turn out to be defective—would it be possible that he should set about an investigation so momentous to himself, in the same disposition of mind with his solicitor? Assuredly not: but the real question is (and it certainly involves considerable difficulties in the science of human nature) what would be the effect of his natural anxiety on the operations of his understanding? Perhaps it would be different, and even opposite, in different men. The timid, the diffident, and the desponding, would, through the overwhelming pressure of apprehended loss, and the too probable disappointment of their fondest hopes, be driven for present relief into the

the dangerous course of overstating every argument in their favour, and of extenuating, by every mode of sophistry and self-deceit, the evidence on the other side. On the contrary, a mind of firmer texture would prepare boldly and fairly to meet the danger. The mere importance of the subject would give an opposite direction to his diffidence. He would sift his own case thoroughly: reject every thing in his own favour, in which acumen stimulated by interest could discover the semblance of a flaw; and anticipate the possibility of a final disappointment, as the best means of alleviating the stroke, if it should arrive, or of enhancing the value of his triumph, should he prove triumphant. This, we think, would be the respective effects of an overwhelming temporal interest in any question, upon minds differently constituted, and if this be really the case, with respect to their bearing upon the present argument, they would fairly neutralize each other. And here we cannot refrain from asking Dr. Chalmers in passing, (for his own unaccountable neglect of the internal evidence compels us to put a question apparently harsh and revolting,) what would be the value of a belief acquired by such a process—the process of ‘training the inquirer’s mind to all the hardihood of abstract and unfeeling intelligence’? To have acquired his faith in Christianity as a student arrives at a conclusion in Euclid?

Once more—In the long passage cited above, Dr. Chalmers imputes to the sacredness of the subject, and to the peculiar feeling which has been described, an effect which we should scarcely have expected; namely, that an higher degree of evidence is required for the miraculous portions of the Gospel story than for the attestation of an ordinary history—the incarnation, for example, than the crucifixion of Jesus. On the contrary, we think that this very demand has arisen from a source diametrically opposite to the other; namely, that severe and unfeeling exercise of the reasoning powers which he deems so necessary for the inquiry. It was a severe reasoner, not a timid and anxious feeler, on the subject, who started the question whether any degree of testimony whatever were adequate to the proof of miracles; and happy we are that the objection was urged and supported as it was; because the reputation of the author, and the subtle dialectic genius of his ratiocination, while it appalled the weak, arrayed some of the ablest advocates of revelation against him, and brought out a body of proof in favour of miracles as capable of testimony, which has set the question at rest.

The common objection to Christian evidences in favour of miracles, because they are Christian, is thus stated by Dr. Chalmers.

' Still there is a lurking suspicion, which survives all argument. He is a Christian—he is one of the party. Am I an infidel? I persist in VOL. XVII. NO. XXIV. H H distrustful

distrusting the testimony. Am I a Christian? I rejoice in the strength of it.'

In a gainful cause the evidence of a party is universally suspicious, and in this view the objection would be applicable to modern Christians, could they be considered in the light of witnesses at all—for, in addition to all the hopes of immortality, which a conviction of the falsehood of revelation blasts at once, there are unquestionably many individuals on whom, as honest men, such a conviction would be an imperious call to renounce certain temporal emoluments and distinctions. In conducting therefore so momentous an inquiry it is not impossible that they may be swayed by some degree of bias upon the mind, of which they are wholly unconscious. But the total absence of such a bias would not render them witnesses in the cause,—their opinions on the subject would, after all, be nothing more than the opinions of unprejudiced men. The only witnesses on this subject are the first writers on the side of Christianity; Christians indeed, but men who, having been either Jews or heathens, had ceased to be such from a full persuasion of the miracles to which they had been eye-witnesses, and had become Christians at the hazard of their lives, and at the peril of every thing which was dear to them upon earth.

In this work the objection taken from the general infidelity of the Jews, who beheld the miracles of Jesus, is well and dexterously managed, though we think that too much is at length conceded by our author, who allows that all the experience we have about the operation of prejudice, and the perverseness of the human temper and understanding, cannot afford a complete solution of the question. In many respects indeed it is a case *sui generis*, and the only credible information which we can attain to enlighten us on the subject, is through the medium of that very testimony upon which the difficulty in question has thrown the suspicion that we want to get rid of. It must be confessed that the case is in some degree, as the author describes it, altogether singular, and that history furnishes no other example of the effect which the most astonishing miracles would produce on a people, so bigoted and obstinate as the Jews, when wrought before their eyes. But for the same reason it is needless to embarrass himself and us by referring to the general principles of human nature, the perversity of which, under every mode, and in every state of intellect, will certainly account at once for much of the credulity, and as much of the unbelief, which exists in the world. Mere savages, alternately, draw no inferences from real interruptions of the powers of nature, and ascribe natural effects to preternatural causes. Philosophers under the same circumstances have recourse to certain latent and undiscovered qualities in nature. But the Jews of our Saviour's time had no exact parallel: they were  
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neither savages nor philosophers; but, having been partially enlightened by a preparatory revelation of their own, they had completely made up their minds against the reception of every other, and while they beheld and owned that miracles were actually wrought amongst them, eluded the obvious conclusion by ascribing them to the operation of demons. This is the only satisfactory account which can be given of their conduct collectively and as a people. But to all these are to be added particular and professional causes of obduracy and unbelief. The pride of rank, the administration of the laws as vested in themselves, distance from places of vulgar resort, disdain of popular rumours, jealousy of imposture in an age abounding with impostors—all these reasons and more would operate upon the higher orders of the Jews to prevent them from becoming eye-witnesses of deeds however remarkable, such as reported to be performed by a poor itinerant. Their example, authority, and persuasion, would operate in the same direction upon their numerous dependents; and if we take into the account the vast majority of every people, which from infancy, sickness, decrepitude, and domestic engagements must ever be prevented from going abroad in search of extraordinary spectacles, it will follow that a very small proportion of the Jewish nation were actual spectators of our Saviour's miracles, or rather of any single miracle. Thousands, we know, were occasionally assembled, but what are thousands even repeatedly collected on various occasions, compared with the millions which, within forty years from the death of Christ, that devoted country could afford for slaughter? But it is to these alone,—the actual spectators of any single miracle, that the argument applies. The question therefore is—why were not *their* prejudices at least universally overcome? Narrowed to such a point, the question is certainly important. An analysis of the probable dispositions of these witnesses will lead to a conclusion not widely different from the fact. First, then, out of this mingled mass are to be extracted the real believers in Christ, who, convinced by what they saw and heard, boldly avowed their persuasion and suffered for it. Now these are the only witnesses for the reality of the gospel miracles, properly so called. The evidence was overbearing—evidence presented to their senses—to the senses of numbers at the same time, and received at the peril of their reputation, and their lives. The next place must be assigned to a class, in all probability very numerous, consisting of the timid, the interested, and the worldly-minded, who saw, believed, and dissembled their belief. Another belongs to those who admitted the truth of the facts but ascribed them to the operation of demons. The last and lowest is to be given to an idle and brutal rabble, such as any wonderful

story will always assemble in countries more civilized than Judea, who beheld the miracles of Jesus as they would have regarded the tricks of a juggler, with stupid and momentary astonishment, leading to no conclusion, or rather to no reflection. Such, then, is the value of this boasted argument from the general incredulity of the Jewish people. Another observation on this subject, though not quite original, has been well and forcibly urged by our author, we mean, the absence of all contrary evidence. The circumstances of the gospel miracles were left by their first relators in no convenient generalities. Time, place, concomitant, preceding and subsequent facts are commonly given; and, when these miracles were confidently appealed to as notorious and recent, the governing powers of the country had it in their option to call for the appearance and take the examination of multitudes known to have been present at the places and times assigned, who had not embraced the doctrine of Jesus. This was the only rational method which could have been devised for crushing a successful and spreading imposture, but it was never resorted to, and the total absence of any negative testimony on the subject amounts to positive proof of general and contemporary acquiescence in the truth of the miracles alleged to have been wrought by Jesus.

Let it not be said that this conduct was owing to neglect and contempt: long before the apprehension of Christ all the passions and prejudices of the higher orders were evidently excited to the highest pitch against his person and doctrine; they were acute, politic, and vindictive—they hated and feared the new doctrine in equal proportions, but, excepting their wicked subornation in order to contradict the fact of the Resurrection, they felt themselves compelled to leave the evidence from miracles wholly unassailed.

With much to praise, and, excepting a single defect, not much to censure, in the work before us, we earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of its contents to those for whose benefit it seems to have been intended, the infidel scāvans of the author's own country.

On the internal evidences of Christianity they want nothing but a spirit of attentive and impartial inquiry into its beneficial tendency and effects, to enable them to judge for themselves.

On the external testimony, to which Dr. Chalmers has applied the whole force of his understanding, they will find a great deal which uninquiring prejudice may condemn, but which no powers of reasoning with which they are gifted will be able to confute. The general credibility of human testimony must be shaken in order to shake the credibility of the Gospel miracles. Let the intrinsic excellence of this religion dispose them to apply to its proofs the same calm and philosophical process of the understanding,  
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which they are in the habit of applying to every other remarkable phenomenon, and we have little doubt of the result: but should it unfortunately happen that they, or any of them, should rise up from a careful perusal of the work before us without that conviction which, as we think, it might have brought to their minds, let them not impute their disappointment to the subject or to the evidence. As an advocate for the truth of the Christian revelation Dr. Chalmers cannot be placed in the first class. With all his demands for a spirit of severe ratiocination on the subject, he is himself no severe reasoner. His style, too diffuse and declamatory, is perceptibly tinctured by those habits of extemporaneous eloquence, which in his own church accomplish the speaker, while they often spoil the writer. Many strong and striking things indeed are said, but in a manner too desultory to produce the full effect to which they are entitled, and in an order too irregular and inconsequent to concentrate all the rays of light in one focus. There are also many important omissions, the subject of prophecy in particular—but above all, we desiderate in the close of his book a clear and forcible summing up of the whole evidence, so as to bring it at once before the wavering and half-convinced mind, and by its irresistible effect to fix it in belief. But to these philosophers it is probably unknown (we fear it is but imperfectly known to our author himself) that the present and the last generation have produced from the English school of theology more than one work on the same important subject, by masters at once of reason and of style, accomplished in the laws of evidence, and skilled in all the art of lucid order and arrangement. To these we confidently remit the unconvinced and unsatisfied readers of Dr. Chalmers, and if, after having taken up the works of Lyttleton and Jenyns, of Powell and Paley, they feel a disposition to lay them by half read, either their heads or their hearts must be in fault, they must be incapable of conviction on the most momentous of all subjects, or they must dread it; and they have reason to apprehend that the Being whom they do not choose to retain in their knowledge, hath given them a strong delusion if not ‘that they should believe a lie,’ what is at least equally pernicious, that they should disbelieve the truth.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China; comprising a correct Narrative of the Public Transactions of the Embassy, of the Voyage to and from China, and of the Journey from the Mouth of the Pei-ho to the Return to Canton, &c. Illustrated by Maps and Drawings.* By Henry Ellis, Third Commissioner of the Embassy. 4to. pp. 526. London. 1817.

2. *Narrative of a Voyage in His Majesty's late Ship Alceste to the Yellow Sea, along the Coast of Corea and through its numerous hitherto undiscovered Islands to the Island of Lewchew, with an Account of her Shipwreck in the Straits of Gaspar.*  
By John McLeod, Surgeon of the Alceste. 8vo. pp. 284.  
London. 1817.

IT was said 'i'th' olden time,' (and the saying is not much the worse for the wear,) that 'the race is not always to the swift;'—and, indeed, of all swift-paced animals, an author is not the least likely to break down, if pushed beyond his speed. Mr. Ellis has certainly taken the lead of about half a dozen competitors, who are said to have started along with him; but he may not, for all this, win the prize, though he has the advantage in starting. To speak plainly, we are of opinion that his book betrays too great haste; and are led to regret that he should not have taken more time, as well as counsel, before he published. Had this been done, we are pretty certain that he would not only have lopped off many redundancies, but have expunged some strange words, and still stranger figures of speech: we should not then have heard of 'the repose of putrifying garlic on a much worn blanket;' nor of throwing a vacant countenance into laughter, by the 'expounded radiance of silliness;'—nor of comparing a muddy river to 'hasty-pudding,' which is not a very happy similitude, nor one, in fact, which Mr. Ellis had an interest in suggesting. These, and other phrases of the same kind, are not only examples of bad taste, but exhibit a degree of levity not altogether suited to the high official situation held by the writer.\* Mr. Ellis had a model before him in Sir George Staunton's 'Authentic Account' of the former embassy; or, if he thought that was drawn up in too grave and sustained a style to be used in a 'diary,' there was that excellent book, 'The Travels of John Bell of Antermomy,' the best model perhaps for travel-writing in the English language.† The discussions too with the Chinese government are given

\* He was secretary of embassy and third commissioner. Sir George Staunton was second commissioner, and to succeed, on the death or absence of the ambassador, as first commissioner, Mr. Ellis's dormant commission of minister plenipotentiary being merely provided for securing the delivery of the Regent's letter.

† The history of this book is somewhat curious, and not generally known. For many years after Mr. Bell returned from his travels he used to amuse his friends with accounts of what he had seen, refreshing his recollection from a simple diary of occurrences and observations. The Earl Granville, then president of the Council, on hearing some of his adventures, prevailed on him to throw his notes together into the form of a narrative, which, when done, pleased him so much that he sent the manuscript to Doctor Robertson, with a particular request that he would revise and put it in a fit state for the press. The literary avocations of the Scottish historian at that time not allowing him to undertake the task, he recommended Mr. Barron, a professor in the University of Aberdeen; and on this gentleman consulting Doctor Robertson as to the style and the book of travels which

given so much in detail as to divest them of all dignity, and to place the parties concerned in rather a disparaging if not a ludicrous point of view. A diplomatist is invested with a trust which he is bound to deposit in those hands from which he originally received it; he is not at liberty to lay before the public the details of his official employment; much less heedlessly to fling over them a cast of undue contempt.—With these drawbacks, which a conscientious discharge of our duty to the public has compelled us to notice, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the volume before us a valuable and interesting work. And one advantage, certainly, may be derived from Mr. Ellis's frankness. The paltry intrigues of this oriental negotiation (thus unreservedly laid open) afford a practical illustration of the childish vanity, the insolence, the meanness, and the unblushing falsehood of the court of China; and they display, in its true light, the moral and political character of this government of sages, which Voltaire and his followers conspired to hold up as a pattern for all governments to follow, and an example for the general admiration of mankind.

Mr. Ellis's volume contains, in the form of a diary, an account of the transactions of the British embassy with the court of Peking; a narrative of occurrences in a journey of thirteen or fourteen hundred miles through the heart of the Chinese empire; and a clear and, we doubt not, an accurate description of the various objects which presented themselves on the route. It is true that all which can be seen from the grand canal, and which is the usual track from Peking to Canton, is now nearly as well known as the road from London to Edinburgh; and although the route of the present embassy deviated from that of Lord Macartney in taking the course of the great river, the Yang-tse-kiang, for two hundred and eighty miles, which afforded an opportunity of viewing the ancient capital of Nankin, and the fine scenery in the neighbourhood of the *Po-yang* lake, yet that sameness, which is characteristic of China, seems every where to have occurred in the constant repetition of the same kind of objects.

In a former Number\* we traced the progress of the embassy to its embarkation on the barges of the Pei-ho; and formed a tolerable guess at the scenes which had been acted at the 'celestial residence;' this we were enabled to do (for we make no presensions to the gift of second sight) partly from some little knowledge of the

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which he would recommend him to adopt for his guide, the historian replied, 'Take Gulliver's Travels for your model, and you cannot go wrong.' He did so, and 'Bell's Travels' has all the simplicity of Gulliver, with the advantage which truth always carries over fiction.

\* No. XXXII. pp. 412, 413.



Chinese court, and partly from the imperial edicts, which were then in our hands. We must now return to our first statement, and take up the embassy at the Pei-ho. Even at this early period, it was thought by some that an unfavourable disposition had manifested itself towards the embassy, though nothing could be more civil and attentive than the conduct of the two mandarins *Chung* and *Yin*, and the imperial legate *Quang*. Conformably with the precedent of Lord Macartney's embassy, the two former had visited the ambassador on board, the latter received him on shore. After some trifling questions of routine, such as—what were the objects of the embassy? how many persons it consisted of? how they meant to return? &c. they adverted to the *ko-tou* or ceremony of prostration, and observed that previous practice would be required to secure the decorous performance of it in presence of the emperor; but Lord Amherst cut them short by observing that whatever was right and proper would be done. This early intimation, however, of what was almost certain to be demanded, induced his lordship to take the opinion of Sir George Staunton on the subject, who did not hesitate to declare, that the performance of the ceremony was not only incompatible with personal and national respectability, but that a compliance with it would be attended with the most injurious effects on the company's interests at Canton. In his mind, the mere reception of the embassy was not worth being purchased by the sacrifice.

The legate, who received the ambassador on shore, had previously informed Mr. Morrison, who acted as Lord Amherst's interpreter, that he should abstain from entering upon any discussion at his first interview, as his sole object was to pay his respects to the ambassador, and to become personally acquainted with him; and his lively and affable manners were considered as grounds of favourable augury for more important concerns. He repeated, what had before been said, that the emperor had particularly inquired about the age of Lord Amherst's son, and he himself seemed to wish to give a foretaste of the honours that awaited this young gentleman by the extreme attention which he paid him—but Mr. Ellis doubts whether this was in consequence of the imperial inquiries, or designed as an irresistible attack on Lord Amherst's good-will; they had all reason, however, to be satisfied with his conduct.

Nothing more was said at this interview; but something that fell from the legate, in the course of conversation, led Sir George Staunton to anticipate an imperial banquet at Tien-sing, where a *ta-yin*, or 'great man,' of the name of *Soo*, was to meet them; Sir George had also incidentally collected that, though it was now the 10th August, the audience was fixed for the 22d. On the 12th they

they reached Tien-sing. Here the three attendant mandarins, with Soo, waited on the ambassador; and, after some general conversation and mutual compliments, asked for a copy of the Regent's letter; they also let him know that the emperor had been graciously pleased to order an entertainment to be given to his lordship, and that nine o'clock had been fixed on as the most convenient hour. On taking leave, the imperial legate said he would furnish the ambassador with a written statement of every thing connected with his reception at Peking, his stay there, (which it was hinted would be very short,) and the mode in which his time would be employed.

On the morning of the 15th the ambassador proceeded in state to the hall in which the banquet was prepared. On entering it, the first object that met his eyes was a table placed before a skreen, with yellow silk hanging before it; the mandarins in attendance were all dressed in their robes of ceremony. The legate began by observing, that the entertainment of which they were about to partake was given by the emperor, and that therefore the same ceremonies would be required from all parties as if they were in the imperial presence. Lord Amherst replied, that he was prepared to approach his imperial Majesty with the same demonstrations of respect as his own sovereign. They said the *ko-tou* was the ceremony required; his lordship declared his intention of following, in every respect, the precedent established by Lord Macartney. They said that Lord Macartney had performed every ceremony and especially the *ko-tou*, not only in the presence of the emperor but at all other times; and Soo declared that himself remembered his having performed it at Canton; and they had the assurance to appeal to Sir George Staunton for the truth of what they asserted. This was not all; they even produced a paper, purporting to be an extract from the official records of the court of ceremonies, describing the whole ceremony which Lord Macartney performed in presence of the emperor; among which that of the *ko-tou* was specifically mentioned.

They now assumed a haughty tone; they supposed that it was the intention of the ambassador to please the emperor, and they did not think it becoming in him to refuse a ceremony which themselves must perform. Lord Amherst replied, that he would follow the conduct of Lord Macartney, as instructed by his sovereign to do. It was then hinted that the embassy might not be received; upon which Lord Amherst said, that however mortifying it might be to his feelings, he must decline the honour intended him by the entertainment, and that he should be prepared, on his arrival at Peking, to submit the reasons of his refusal, in writing, to his imperial Majesty. Finding the ambassador inflexible, an appeal

peal was made to his paternal feelings, and he was asked, whether he would be so wanting in natural affection as to deprive his son of the honour of seeing the emperor? They urged repeatedly the certain displeasure of the emperor and the actual compliance of Lord Macartney; but finding that nothing was to be gained, they began to shew some disposition to yield; and said that they would no longer insist on the performance of the ceremony, on the present occasion, but that the consequences must fall on Lord Amherst if, in punishment for his refusal, the embassy and the presents should not be received. Lord Amherst then observed that, although one bow was the honour that was paid by the members of the chief council of the nation, to which he belonged, before the vacant throne of the sovereign, he should not hesitate to make as many bows, on the present occasion, as they did prostrations: upon this voluntary concession, they endeavoured, with true characteristic illiberality, to graft a further demand that Lord Amherst should also kneel upon one knee, which was of course rejected. The point was then given up; and while the mandarins, on their knees and with outstretched arms, knocked their heads nine times on the ground, Lord Amherst with his party bowed nine times in unison with their prostrations. For this act of condescension Mr. Ellis has found a parallel case in that of the Chevalier Le Roque, the commander of the French frigate *Amphitrite*, who, at an imperial feast given by the Viceroy of Canton, in 1669, bowed profoundly while the mandarins performed the *ko-tou*. In both cases a dinner and a play followed the ceremony.

They were now anxious to know what ceremony the ambassador proposed to perform before the emperor; they were told, to kneel on one knee and make his obeisance in that posture; this they affected not to understand, and proposed that he should then go through it: this of course he refused; but, on their observing that they merely wished to see it, that they might more accurately describe it to the emperor, Lord Amherst's son, at the suggestion of Sir George Staunton, performed it before his father: they then inquired how often he was willing to bow; the answer was that, although he did not conceive the demonstration of respect to be increased by the repetition, he should not hesitate to repeat his bows as often as they did their prostrations—and here the discussion closed.

On the morning of the 14th the embassy left Tien-sing. The mandarins continued their friendly attentions; they visited the members in their barges; they requested Lord Amherst to shew them the splendid box containing the Regent's letter, 'and although they evinced all the outward signs of childish gratification at the sight of a splendid bauble, they did not commit themselves to any expression of admiration; but contented themselves with a wish that the pre-  
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sent address, 'Sir, my brother,' might be omitted, as they dared not to read it with that address. The following day, however, their difficulties seemed to increase. The two attendant mandarins said, that an order had been received from the emperor to send back the band as an unnecessary appendage. Lord Amherst remonstrated against such a proceeding; but the legate said *he* must be as tenacious of the edict of the emperor, as the ambassador was of the orders of his sovereign; and that his refusal to perform the ceremony had rendered it impossible for him to take any further responsibility upon himself; and here the matter dropped. In the evening, however, they called on him again, to know what was become of the ships, which had disappeared from the coast. Lord Amherst said that he had given them no orders; that the captain had received specific instructions from his own superiors, which he would of course obey. The legate declared that the emperor would be highly incensed at the departure of the ships without his permission, and that they would be held personally accountable. It was observed that the ships, which had brought the last embassy, had sailed on the second day after Lord Macartney's landing; that the anchorage was notoriously unsafe for large ships, and that, while they were yet on board, the captain was apprehensive he should be under the necessity of quitting the coast. These reasons they requested Lord Amherst to put in writing, in order that they might be transmitted to the emperor.

On the 16th, more untoward circumstances occurred. The mandarins had received an edict, in which was a strong expression of the emperor's displeasure at the occurrences at Tien-sing; the mandarins Soo and Quang were blamed for having allowed the embassy to proceed; and it was stated that the emperor was determined not to receive it unless the *ko-tou* was complied with. Soo and Quang soon arrived with woeful countenances, confirming this statement, and said they were now come for the ambassador's final answer respecting the ceremony, *yes* or *no*. Lord Amherst could only plead his sovereign's commands for his refusal, which were too precise to admit of a departure from them, without some reciprocal concession; and he therefore proposed that a Tartar mandarin, of equal rank with himself, should perform the *ko-tou* before the portrait of the Prince Regent, in which case he was prepared to comply with the emperor's wishes. The mandarins said, that this proposition was inadmissible. Lord Amherst then, claiming their most serious attention, said that he had still another proposal to make, which he trusted would prove more consistent with Chinese usage—it was this; that in return for his performing the *ko-tou*, his imperial majesty should issue an edict, declaring that any Chi-  
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nese ambassador, who might hereafter be presented at the English court, should perform the Tartar obeisance before his Britannic majesty. The mandarins exclaimed, 'Impossible!—this is more objectionable than the other;'—and they refused to transmit either of these propositions in any shape to the emperor. Lord Amherst then said that, all access to the emperor being thus denied, he had only to declare his readiness to return. The mandarins expressed their regret—said they would report what had occurred—and, in the mean time, would move the barges a short distance down the river. Soon after this, however, another imperial edict arrived, ordering them to proceed to Tong-choo, where it was understood two men of very high rank were to meet the ambassador; and accordingly the heads of the barges were again set up the river.

On the 20th, a communication was made to the ambassador of fresh disasters; the officer at Ta-koo had been dismissed for allowing the ships to depart; 'and,' added Soo-ta-jin, 'such will be our fate.' They now hinted to Lord Amherst, that, even if he complied with their ceremony, he might make any report he pleased on his return to England; on which he observed, that were he base enough to falsify the account, he had seventy-four witnesses with him who would state the truth:—the proposition, however, affords no bad illustration of the notions of the Chinese respecting the conduct of men in public situations.

On the 21st, the embassy reached Tong-choo, where was announced the mission of *Ho*, a *koong-yay*, or *duke*, as Mr. Ellis is pleased to style him, and *Moo-ta-jin*, the president of the *Li-poo*, or board of ceremonies. The duke was described as a young man of few words, remarkable for severity of manner and inflexibility of character. The president was stated to be advanced in years and of great experience. Lord Amherst was speedily informed that six mandarins from the duke were approaching to wait on him. The two commissioners advanced to meet them, 'I was in front,' says Mr. Ellis, 'and my salutation was not only unreturned, but almost by gesture repulsed.' They brushed forward; rudely usurped the first seats, and said they had been deputed to instruct the ambassador in the performance of the *ko-tou*. Lord Amherst coolly observed, that he should discuss that point with the duke who had sent them; the second in rank then said abruptly, that they were sent to know his sentiments on it; Lord Amherst repeated, that he should communicate them to the *Koong-yay*. The same person observed, that affairs connected with the ceremonies of the celestial empire were weighty and of primary importance; and the first speaker added, 'twelve to-morrow will be the hour;' and  
with

with unparalleled insolence, immediately quitted the room with his companions, totally neglecting Lord Amherst and those whom they had come to visit.

The conduct of *Chang* and *Yin* was a perfect contrast to that of their countrymen: they were all friendship and humility; and they only requested that his lordship would land and sleep on shore that night, as they had reported he would to the emperor. The following day was appointed to meet the two great men from Peking in a public building. Lord Amherst was prepared with a letter, addressed from himself to the emperor, to be delivered in the event of the door being closed against further discussion with his ministers. He was received in the hall by *Ho*, *Moo*, *Soo* and *Quang*, with the six rude visitors of the preceding day. No chairs being offered, Mr. Morrison said that the ambassador would begin the conversation when seated; to which *Ho* (the duke) replied, that he intended to stand, and that the ambassador must also remain standing. He then said that he and *Moo* had been dispatched to see him perform the ceremony, and inquired what was his intention? Lord Amherst replied that he had been deputed by his sovereign to the Emperor of China, to manifest the sentiments of regard and veneration, &c. and to approach his imperial presence with the ceremonial which had proved acceptable to *Kien-Lung*, the illustrious father of the emperor. *Ho* answered, 'what happened in the fifty-eighth year belonged to that year; the present is the affair of this embassy, and the regulations of the celestial empire must be complied with; there is no alternative.' Lord Amherst said that he had entertained a confident hope that what had proved acceptable to *Kien-Lung* would not have been refused by his Imperial Majesty. The *Koong-yay*, with vehemence, exclaimed, 'There is but one sun, there is only one *Ta-whang-tee*; he is the universal sovereign, and all must pay him homage:' he then added, that he was come expressly to see him perform it correctly; that as the English read Chinese books, they must be aware of the greatness of the emperor, and of his being sovereign of the universe, and consequently entitled to this homage; that he must therefore either comply, or be sent back; 'all this while his lips were quivering with rage.' Lord Amherst, seeing that no further discussion was likely to take place, drew out the letter which he had prepared for the emperor, and, putting it into his hands, desired him to deliver it to his majesty, and withdrew. This measure produced a very considerable dramatic effect; the *Koong-yay* was evidently surprized, and cooled down rapidly both in manner and look; he even followed Lord Amherst towards the door, and evinced a desire to be more civil at parting than at meetings.

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Several days were now suffered to elapse without any communication, except an extra-official report from Chang of the displeasure of the emperor at the resistance of the ambassador, and the departure of the ships, which displeasure was so tremendous as literally to chill the reporter with fear. He added that the governor of Peking had ordered the guards to be doubled round the British quarters, and all communication with the Chinese strictly watched, because, it was observed, 'these foreigners from Canton had made themselves acquainted with the Chinese language, and there was no answering for the consequences of traiterous Chinese corresponding with them.' At length, on the 27th, a meeting was appointed with Ho, who was now all civility; 'Comply with the ceremony,' said he, 'and I am your friend at Peking.'

After this meeting, Lord Amherst, in a consultation with the commissioners, said 'that unless Sir George Staunton still considered compliance under present circumstances injurious to the Company's interests, he was disposed, with a view of averting the probable evil consequences of rejection under irritable feelings, and contemplating the prospect held out of effecting the ulterior objects of the embassy, to comply with the emperor's wishes to the extent of performing the ceremony in his presence.' 'I expressed,' says Mr. Ellis, 'my complete concurrence with Lord Amherst.' Sir George, having consulted the gentlemen of the factory, declared that they concurred with himself in thinking that compliance would be highly injurious to the Company's interests; the maintenance of the respectability of the factory of Canton, and consequently of their efficiency resting entirely on the belief, entertained by the Chinese, of their inflexible adherence to principles once assumed, a belief which must necessarily be subverted by concession in so weighty a point, and on such an important occasion. Lord Amherst and Mr. Ellis then withdrew their suggestion, and a note was written to Ho, stating the final and irrevocable determination to refuse the performance of the ceremony.

Ho soon afterwards made his appearance, and desired the ambassador to lose no time in making his preparations, as the emperor had fixed the following day for his journey and Friday for his first audience. Lord Amherst signified his readiness to proceed, but requested an answer to his note. The Koong-yay bowed significantly, saying that there was no difficulty, that all was arranged, and that he knew what were the feelings of the ambassador's heart; and then rose to take his leave. The utter disregard of the Chinese for truth, from the emperor on the throne to the lowest of his ministers, cannot be better exemplified than in the report of this very Ho from Tong-choo. '*Ho-she-tae* has stated to his Majesty that

that the English *tribute-bearer* is daily practising the ceremony, and manifests the highest possible respect and veneration.'—(App. No. 13.)

The heavy baggage and the presents were now got ready with all possible dispatch; every individual article being marked, numbered and sent off by the Chinese, in waggons drawn by mules or horses, the former of which were observed to be particularly fine animals. About five in the evening of the 28th August, the whole cavalcade was on the road, and soon came to the paved granite causeway leading to Peking; they passed through the suburb which conducts to the eastern gate, which they reached about midnight, but were not a little disappointed in observing the cavalcade defile by the wall. Their eyes were now anxiously turned to the next gate, only to be again disappointed; and it then became obvious that they were making the circuit of the eastern and northern walls to get to their destination, though they had been assured that the gates of the city were left open for them by the special orders of the emperor!

At day-light they arrived at Hai-tien, where the greater part of the suite were dropped; but the ambassador, his son, the two commissioners, and a few other gentlemen, were hurried on to Yuen-min-yuen, without knowing or suspecting the trick that was going to be played off. The extraordinary scene which followed must be given in Mr. Ellis's own words.

'The carriage stopped under some trees, and we ourselves were conducted to a small apartment belonging to a range of buildings in a square; mandarins of all buttons were in waiting; several princes of the blood, distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them: the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the sovereign. The small apartment, much out of repair, into which we were huddled, now witnessed a scene I believe unparalleled in the history of diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat, when Chang delivered a message from Ho (Koong-yay), informing him that the emperor wished to see the ambassador, his son, and the commissioners, immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month, a period certainly much too early for comfort, was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of his excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue, inanition, and deficiency of every necessary equipment, was strongly urged. Chang was very unwilling to be the bearer of this answer, but was finally obliged to consent. During this time the room had filled with spectators of all ages and ranks, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their brutal curiosity, for such it may be called, as they seemed to regard us rather as wild beasts than mere strangers of the same species with themselves. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addition to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum



rum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this it was said, that in the proposed audience the emperor merely wished to see the ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business.\* Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the proposition, and in transmitting, through the Koong-yay, an humble request to his Imperial Majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and another mandarin finally proposed that his excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, from whence a reference might be made to the emperor. Lord Amherst having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw, that if he went to the Koong-yay, this plea, which, to the Chinese, (though now scarcely admitted,) was in general the most forcible, would cease to avail him, positively declined compliance: this produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who, too much interested and agitated to heed ceremony, stood by Lord Amherst, and used every argument to induce him to obey the emperor's commands. Among other topics he used that of being received with our own ceremony, using the Chinese words "*ne-muntihlee*," your own ceremony. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst, to take him from the room; another mandarin followed his example. His lordship, with great firmness and dignity of manner, shook them off, declaring, that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him; adding, that he was so overcome by fatigue and bodily illness, as absolutely to require repose. Lord Amherst further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful sovereign: at all events, he entreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his Imperial Majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. The Koong-yay then pressed Lord Amherst to come to his apartments, alleging that they were cooler, more convenient, and more private: this Lord Amherst declined, saying that he was totally unfit for any place but his own residence. The Koong-yay having failed in his attempt to persuade him, left the room for the purpose of taking the emperor's pleasure upon the subject.—pp. 177—180.

Soon after his departure a message was brought, that the emperor dispensed with the ambassador's attendance, and that he had ordered his physician to give him every medical assistance that his illness might require—and now another scene occurred which affords an admirable corollary to Grozier and Du Halde's chapters on the excessive politeness and decorum of the Chinese. The crowd of princes and mandarins had impeded the way to the ambassador's carriage, on which *Hio*, the duke, seizing a large whip, laid about him indiscriminately without any regard to yellow

\* It is remarkable, that a proposal not very dissimilar was made to Ismailoff.

vests, red, blue or white buttons, or peacock's tails; and it is observed by Mr. Ellis that, 'however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be, for a man of his rank, the whip could not have been placed in better hands.' They drove to the rest of the party at Hai-tien, and here the emperor's orders followed them for their immediate departure: it was in vain to plead fatigue; the order was peremptory; no consideration could weigh against the positive commands of the emperor; and, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Lord Amherst got into his chair, and had the enjoyment of a second night's journey round the walls of Peking, within which they were not suffered to set their feet. This, to Mr. Ellis, must have been a grievous disappointment, having made up his mind, he says, on leaving home, that 'the highest satisfaction would consist in returning to England, and being able to say, with Mr. Barrow, "*non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*"'—p. 41.

In such a temper of mind, with little food and no rest for eight and forty hours, travelling over an irregular granite pavement, in a paltry cart without springs and without a seat in it, in a dark and rainy night, and flying as it were from the wrath of the 'celestial countenance,' we can easily enter into the feelings of Mr. Ellis, thus forcibly expressed.

'Having given up my chair to an invalid, I returned in one of the carts: the motion was bearable till we came on the paved road, when the jolting became intolerable; it was a repeated dislocation of every part of the frame; each jolt seemed sufficient to have destroyed life, which yet remained to undergo the dreadful repetition. The elements combined with the imperial displeasure to annoy us; the rain fell in torrents; not, however, so violently as to deter the spectators from indulging their curiosity by thrusting lanterns into the chairs and carts to have a fuller view of our persons. I certainly never felt so irritated in my life. To be exposed to such indecent curiosity, while suffering considerable pain from the jolting, was too much for the best tempers to bear patiently, and produced in me something not far removed from phrenzy. The darkness, holes in the road, and heavy rain, rendered walking almost impracticable, which, however, I attempted, and should have persisted in, had I not apprehended being separated from the rest of the party. Although Soo had asserted that our march that night was to have been limited to twenty lees, we were carried without halting to our boats at Tong-chow, which we reached at three o'clock in the morning on the 30th.'—p. 186.

Mr. Ellis might well conjecture that Ho intended to practise a deception on Lord Amherst, and that the real object was either to get him into the emperor's presence, under circumstances so inconvenient and indecorous, as to render it perfectly indifferent what ceremony he went through; or, by confusion and personal

violence, to compel him to the performance of the *ko-tou*. The emperor in his apologetical edict (Appen. No. 11.) was evidently himself deceived; he knew nothing of the indecent hurry in parading the ambassador by night round the walls of Peking; and he believed him to be really ill. Under these circumstances, when his physician had visited Lord Amherst and reported that nothing was the matter with him, it is the less surprizing that, in a sudden ebullition of rage, he should drive them away. His rage was not confined to the British embassy; all those who had not succeeded, and those who had participated in the deception practised upon him, suffered under the imperial displeasure. Ho, Moo, Soo and Quang, were degraded and deprived of their offices. Soo lost the 'feather in his cap,' and was laid aside; but by special favour was made inspector of the emperor's tea, with a promise, if he behaved well, of being restored in eight years; he was then upwards of seventy. Ho lost his appointments, his title, and his yellow riding-jacket, and Moo was entirely laid aside. The faithful Chang and his colleague Yin did not escape; but it was some consolation that they still attended the embassy down the Pei-ho.

Mr. Ellis says 'the English gentlemen who were witnesses to these transactions must have found great difficulty in restraining their indignation from proceeding to action, at the brutal rudeness and insulting demeanour with which the representative of their sovereign was treated.' We wish that he could teach some of the 'English gentlemen' at home to distinguish between *ceremony* and *submission*; and not to be quite so ready to condemn what they do not appear to comprehend. To those who, in their zeal for the degradation of their country, condemn, as misplaced pride, the resistance of the ambassador to the humiliation attempted to be exacted from him,—we would take the liberty of suggesting, that it was this kind of pride, which, in the early days of England's history, raised her reputation in foreign courts, gained for her commerce substantial advantages, and made her alliance an object of solicitude. Sir Jerom Bowes, who (incredible as it may now appear) was proud of being the guardian of his sovereign's and his country's honour, was sent to Mosco as ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor Jan Vasilovich: on entering the presence chamber, he was desired by the emperor to take his seat at ten paces distance, and send to him her majesty's letter and present; Sir Jerom, 'thinking this not reasonable,' stepped forwards towards the emperor, but was intercepted by the chancellor, who would have taken his letters; to whom the ambassador said, 'that her majesty had directed no letters to him;' and so went forward, and delivered them himself to the emperor's own hands. In the course of his mission, however, he offended the emperor, 'because he would not yield to every thing he

he thought fit,' who, with a stern and angry countenance told him, 'that he did not reckon the Queen of England to be his fellow.' Upon which Sir Jerom, 'disliking these speeches,' and unwilling to suffer this autocrat 'to derogate from the honour and greatness of her majesty,' boldly told him to his face, 'that the Queen his mistress was as great a prince as any was in Christendom, equal to him that thought himself the greatest, and well able to defend herself against the malice of any whomsoever.' The emperor on this was so enraged that he declared 'if he were not an ambassador, he would throw him out of doors.' Sir Jerom replied coolly, 'that he was in his power, but he had a mistress who would revenge any injury done unto him.' The emperor, unable to bear it longer, bade him 'get home;' when Sir Jerom, 'with no more reverence than such usage required, saluted the emperor and departed.' This, too, was 'pride,'—but what was the result of it? No sooner was the ambassador gone, and the Emperor's rage somewhat abated, than 'he commended the ambassador before his council, because he would not endure one ill word to be spoken against his mistress, and therewithal wished himself to have such a servant.' After this, Sir Jerom was treated with such high distinction, and obtained such great privileges for the English nation, that Jan Vasilovich was henceforth named by his enemies 'the English emperor.'

Mr. Ellis gives full credit to the soundness of Sir George Staunton's opinion (supported as it was by that of the factory) of the ill effects which were likely to result from compliance, and to his firmness in maintaining that opinion; it is with regret therefore we observe that he still seems to think it might have been expedient to comply with the odious ceremony, which he himself has admitted (p. 153) to be, 'in its form and intention, expressive of *homage* and *inferiority*,' though he must be satisfied (indeed it was afterwards ascertained) that a week's confinement at Hai-tien, half a dozen puppet-shews, and a cup of bean-milk from the imperial table, were the only equivalents intended for a compromise of the honour and dignity of the British sovereign. But the value of his opinion is greatly diminished by a candid, though we think rather an indiscreet, avowal that, 'as he undertook the voyage to these distant seas more for profit than reputation, he cannot but regret that he has lost the opportunity of bringing his venture into the market.'—(p. 227.) We consider, with Mr. Ellis, the absurd pretensions and hyperbolical declarations of universal supremacy, and their conversion of an ambassador into a *tribute-bearer*, too ridiculous to influence a public proceeding; they are unworthy of notice, much more so of discussion; these are *their* acts: but a compliance with the ceremony—that sign and seal of 'homage

and inferiority'—would have involved Lord Amherst as a *particeps criminis*, and the consequence would have been not only loss of private 'profit and reputation,' but of national character also. Had the Chinese succeeded in their endeavours to bend the heads of the 'turbulent English' to the ground, and thus sealed their vassalage, this act of 'homage and inferiority' would have ensured the local authorities of Canton against all future resistance to oppression, and rendered remonstrance completely nugatory. When therefore we admit, with Mr. Ellis, that the absurd pretensions of the Chinese to 'supremacy,' and their demand of 'homage,' may be 'ridiculous,' we are far from admitting that a compliance with that demand may or can be *innocent*, which seems to be the jet of his argument in page 153. The French government considered the assumption, by the sovereigns of England, of the title of 'King of France,' as a pretension unworthy of its serious notice; but would a French ambassador have been justified in performing any act of homage, in acknowledgment of it? Lord Macartney had clearly this distinction in view. He considered it beneath his notice to resent the inscription of the words, 'Tribute-bearer,' displayed in large characters on the flag of his own barge; he objected not to receive the Emperor's letter addressed to his sovereign, though it bore the title of 'a mandate.' Such vain and empty pretensions he only laughed at, so long as no attempt was made to render him a party to them; but, when they proceeded to propose to him the ceremony of submission, although the ground on which it is required was not, as in the case of Lord Amherst, openly avowed, he instantly made his stand; and, in order to provide against the possibility of a misunderstanding, took care to insist upon an act of reciprocity on the part of the Chinese, as the indispensable and only condition of his compliance.

Mr. Ellis seems to think that their inflexible perseverance was owing to the personal character of the emperor, who is stated to be capricious, weak and timid. It is by no means impossible, he conceives, that the late civil commotions, which endangered not only his throne but his life, may have rendered him averse from dispensing with a homage that has so direct a tendency to maintain his dignity in the eyes of his own subjects. In the course of their journey southwards, the faithful *Quang* let them a little into the sort of public life passed by the emperor.

'The son of heaven is the victim of ceremony; he is not allowed to lean back in public, to smoke, to change his dress, or in fact to indulge in the least relaxation from the mere business of representation. It would seem that, while the great support of his authority is the despotism of manner, he himself is bound with the same chain that holds together the political machine; he only knows freedom in his inner  
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apartments, where probably he consoles himself for public privations, by throwing aside the observance of decency and dignity.'—(p. 307.)

It is impossible not to be struck with the difference in the conduct of the Chinese towards Lord Macartney's embassy. On that occasion not a word occurred about the ceremony till it had reached Tong-choo, and it was then delicately brought forward by an allusion to the 'inconvenience of tight knee-buckles and garters.' Lord Macartney easily parried this thrust; but, finding it a point on which the immediate attendants had set their hearts, he told them, that although he felt the strongest desire to do whatever he thought would be most agreeable to the emperor, yet that, being the representative of the first monarch of the western world, *his* dignity must be the measure of his conduct; that however, he would have no objection to conform to their etiquette, provided a person of equal rank with himself should be appointed to perform the same ceremony before his sovereign's picture, which he should be required to perform before the emperor; and this proposal he put in writing and transmitted to the emperor at Gehol; after which the subject was scarcely mentioned: the reciprocal compliment was declined; and Lord Macartney was admitted to the presence of his imperial majesty with no other marks of reverence and respect than those with which he had been accustomed to approach his own sovereign. Lord Macartney, however, was more fortunate than Lord Amherst in escaping the yellow screen and the five clawed dragon of Tien-sing, where all the misfortunes of the latter originated.

Whatever may have been the real cause of Lord Amherst's failure, the effects of the imperial displeasure were rapidly communicated through every part of the empire. A beggar at Tong-choo, standing up as Lord Amherst passed him, was instantly ordered by a mandarin to sit down, 'the British ambassador not being now considered deserving of respect, even from the lowest class of society.' There were now no soldiers to clear the way; no men with lights to point out the road; the quarters which they had occupied before their departure were shut up; and the triumphal gateway taken down; 'marking,' says Mr. Ellis, 'our fallen fortunes.' In the same spirit, the viceroy of Canton had made preparations to forward the embassy to the Alceste in Macao roads, by the back passage, without suffering it to call, much less to stop, at Canton: a seasonable chastisement, however, from that frigate made him change his plan, and issue his *permission* for her to come up the river, (after she *was* up,) as the Lion had done on a former occasion. Mr. M'Leod's account of the Alceste passing the forts will be read with interest. It was an awful responsibility on the part of Captain Maxwell, while a British ambassador was in the hands of an unprincipled government; but the

insult to the British flag left him no alternative, and in balancing between it and the personal hazard of the king's representative, his judgment and decision are entitled to the highest praise. He formed a just estimate of the pusillanimous character of the people, and taught them a lesson which will not soon be forgotten. We have a letter from an intelligent French missionary, who has long resided in Pekin, in which he notices the great alarm of the government since the departure of the ambassador, lest the English should visit their 'base treatment, as he calls it, with their vengeance, which it is fully sensible they have the power to do.' The dread of this will produce a more salutary effect than if Lord Amherst had been as liberal of his *ko-tous* as Titsing and Van Braam.

Insolence and pusillanimity seem to be the ruling characteristics of this singular people; they pervade all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. Without going farther for examples we have an instance related by Mr. M'Leod which greatly amused us. A Chinese interpreter had been sent on board the *Alceste* by the Canton mandarins, who in a high and domineering tone required the ship to be immediately anchored; declaring that if she presumed to pass the batteries, she would be instantly sunk. The captain coolly told him, that he would not only pass the batteries, but hang him afterwards at the yard-arm, for daring to bring so impudent a message on board a British man-of-war. As soon as the cannonade commenced, the interpreter slunk below; but when all was quiet, conceiving that, as the first part of the captain's threat had been fulfilled, the performance of the second, in which he was so much interested, would speedily follow, he crept upon deck, and, prostrating himself at full length, kissed the captain's feet, and begged for mercy. At that moment the order was given 'to stand by the larboard guns for *Tiger island*,'—on which the poor linguist, putting on a most rueful countenance, exclaimed, 'What! no hab done yet?' and without waiting for an answer, began to wring his hands, groaned heavily, and dived again to the bottom of the ship. We must now attend Mr. Ellis on his journey.

The first impressions received from the appearance of the people, on the landing of the embassy at Ta-koo, were far from being favourable. Mr. Ellis, bearing in mind what he had observed in other parts of Asia, was not, he says, particularly struck with the absence of clothing which is so apt to attract the notice of an European; but even *he* was not prepared for that total want of decency which the trackers of the boats, in number about five hundred, exhibited. It could not arise from poverty, for they had clothes; but instead of covering those parts of the body which decency requires, they merely threw their jackets over their shoulders, from whence they were naked downwards.—Lord Macartney observed them to be naked from the waist upwards. The trackers  
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are, in fact, little better than galley-slaves, either impressed into the service, or condemned to it for some crime. They are described, in another part of the country, by Mr. Ellis, as the refuse of the species; 'deformed, diseased, emaciated, and covered with rags, at once objects of compassion and disgust.' (p. 251.) When Lord Macartney landed at the same spot, the appearance of the people seems to have struck him in a more favourable point of view. After describing the men as well-looking, well-limbed, robust, and muscular, 'I was so much pleased with their appearance,' says his lordship, 'that I could scarcely refrain from crying out, with Shakespeare's *Miranda*,

Oh, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here.'

Mr. Ellis is less poetical, and probably therefore more correct. As they advanced, however, the people seemed to improve; 'the majority were clean and decently dressed, and their appearance bespoke them to be well fed;' and he asserts, from his own knowledge, and we entirely concur with him, that China, compared with other countries of Asia, presents an aspect of great prosperity.

'I have been much struck in all Chinese towns and villages with the number of persons apparently of the middle classes; from this I am inclined to infer a wide diffusion of the substantial comforts of life, and the consequent financial capacity of the country. However absurd the pretensions of the Emperor of China may be to universal supremacy, it is impossible to travel through his dominions without feeling that he has the finest country within an imperial ring-fence in the world.'—p. 323.

Mr. Ellis and his comrades discovered, however, at a very early period of their acquaintance with the Chinese, that filth and stench pervaded all ranks. 'We have all had reason,' he says, 'to concur with Mr. Barrow's description of the Chinese as a frowsy people; the stench arising from the numbers on board was not sensible only but oppressive.' (p. 74.) To get rid of this disagreeable part of their character at once, we shall transcribe Mr. Ellis's account of a bath near the temple of Kwan-yiu, within one of the gates of Nankin, the old capital of China.

'Near this temple is a public vapour-bath called, or rather miscalled, the bath of fragrant water, where dirty Chinese may be stewed clean for ten *chens*, or three farthings: the bath is a small room of one hundred feet area, divided into four compartments, and paved with coarse marble; the heat is considerable, and as the number admitted into the bath has no limits, but the capacity of the area, the stench is excessive; altogether I thought it the most disgusting cleansing apparatus I had ever seen, and worthy of this nasty nation.'—p. 301.

The diet of the Chinese is characterized by 'greasy insipidity.' Insipid however as it may be, we will venture to say, that no alder-



man at a civic feast could possibly play off his knife and fork to better purpose, than a mandarin, at his solitary meal, his little chop-sticks:—but we doubt the fact; we should rather say, that their food in general is prepared with stimulants of too pungent a nature, and that their various soups, gravies, jellies, soys, and other condiments are too highly seasoned. The poor, it is true, feed miserably enough, and are too happy to obtain rats, cats, dogs, and other animals, which we are in the habit of considering as nauseous; and sometimes, we doubt not, passengers in the barges are ‘infested,’ as Mr. Ellis was, ‘by a most diabolical stench, proceeding from a choice preparation of stinking fish;’ but it might also happen that his olfactory nerves would sometimes be offended ‘by an agreeable companion in a stage-coach,’ even in England.

If any thing can compensate for the want of cleanliness, we know of nothing more likely than orderly conduct, good humour, and civility, all of which the common people of China possess in an eminent degree. ‘In passing through the streets, it was impossible not to be struck with the silence and regularity of the crowds of spectators; although every countenance expressed curiosity, scarcely an observation was made; there was no pointing with fingers; and though the streets may be said to have been lined with soldiers at inconsiderable intervals, the exercise of their authority did not seem necessary to maintain tranquillity.’ (p. 101.) Again, ‘A ready disposition to laugh, even though they themselves or their manners be the subject of the joke, is the best quality I have observed among the Chinese, and I find it difficult to separate this habitual cheerfulness from those other moral qualities with which it is usually connected.’ (p. 382.) Mr. Ellis thought the people of Nankin less civil than elsewhere, and observes, ‘I confess that hitherto I have found the lower orders universally well behaved and good humoured. The Chinese are naturally cheerful, and, from this circumstance, with ready submission to authority, must be governed with more facility than any other nation.’ (p. 307.) ‘The lower orders, though curious, are by no means intrusive or impertinent; and the complaints made of their treatment of Europeans would seem confined to Canton.’ (p. 77.)

The approach of the embassy to Tien-sing afforded a very striking exemplification of the decent and orderly conduct of the vast multitudes assembled on that occasion.

‘It is very difficult to describe the exact impression produced on the mind by the approach to Tien-sing. If fine buildings and striking localities are required to give interest to a scene, this has no claims: but on the other hand, if the gradual crowding of junks till they become innumerable, a vast population, buildings though not elegant yet regular and peculiar, careful and successful cultivation, can supply those defi-

deficiencies, the entrance to Tien-sing will not be without attractions to the traveller. The pyramids of salt, covered with mats, the dimensions and extent of which have been so ingeniously estimated by Mr. Barrow, are the most striking objects. We were two hours and a half passing from the beginning of the line of houses on the right bank of the river to our anchorage. A salute was fired from a small fort; and nearly opposite, troops were drawn up. Among them were matchlock men, wearing black caps. We observed some companies dressed in long yellow and black striped garments, covering them literally from head to foot; they are intended to represent tigers, but certainly are more likely to excite ridicule than terror; defence, from the spread of their shields, would seem their great object. A short distance from our anchorage, we passed on our left the branch of the river leading to the canal, and thence to Canton. The excess of population was here most striking. I counted two hundred spectators upon one junk, and these vessels were innumerable. The pyramids of salt were so covered with them, that they actually became pyramids of men. Some crowds of boys remained standing above their knees in the water for near an hour to satiate their curiosity. A more orderly assemblage could not, however, I believe, be presented in any other country; and the soldiers had but seldom occasion to use even threatening gestures to maintain order. I had not before conceived that human heads could be so closely packed; they might have been by screws squeezed into each other, but there was often no possible vacancy to be observed. All these Chinese spectators were exposed, bareheaded, to the rays of the mid-day sun, when the thermometer in the shade stood at eighty-eight. Females were not numerous in the crowd, and these generally old, and always of the lower orders. The Chinese are, to judge from the inhabitants of Tien-sing, neither well-looking nor strongly made; they are rather slight, but straight, and of the middle height'—pp. 85, 86.

With all these good qualities, it must be confessed that the government has contrived to render them generally destitute of kindly feelings towards each other. There is no reason, indeed, to doubt that, in his own family, a Chinese is kind and affectionate; but his philanthropy seldom extends beyond it: in China self-love and social are *not* the same. The frequency and brutality of corporal punishment may have a tendency to harden the heart, and make it indifferent to human suffering. To say nothing of the bamboo, which is perpetually at work, the *kang*, or wooden collar, is a most barbarous mode of punishment, and face-slapping, of which we never heard before, is peculiarly harsh and degrading: it is thus described by Mr. Ellis. It was 'inflicted with a short piece of hide, half an inch thick; the hair of the culprit was twisted till his eyes almost started from their sockets, and on his cheeks, much distended, the blows were struck,—the executioners seemed to delight in his sufferings.'—p. 82. Mr. Ellis witnessed an instance of this want of fellow-feeling on the occasion of a Chinese falling from  
his

his own junk into the Grand Canal, and being drowned. 'The Chinese would not make the least effort to save their companion, and seemed to regret that the perseverance of one of the ambassador's guard and of our servants had succeeded in recovering the body.' 'For the sake of human nature,' he adds, 'we will hope that their inactivity proceeded rather from the responsibility, in cases of sudden death, attached to the by-standers, than from real indifference: for, according to the criminal code of China, the last person seen in the company of the deceased is held accountable for the manner of his death.'—p. 249.

Mr. M'Leod mentions another instance of a more criminal indifference, which, however, was accompanied with so marked a feeling of gratitude on the part of the poor creature who owed his life to strangers, that we cannot refrain from giving it here. One night, while the *Alceste* was lying in the river of Canton, the shrieks were heard of some people in the water; a boat was immediately pushed off to their assistance, and, directed by their cries, picked up in succession three Chinese. At this time a number of junks were moving up under easy sail; several of which passed within a few fathoms of these people who were bawling for help; and although they could, says Mr. M'Leod, without the slightest difficulty, have saved the whole, yet they continued their course, the crews standing upon deck, and viewing their struggles with the most callous indifference. They had been crossing the river in a little sampan or boat; and were run down by one of these junks, who took no further notice of them: the wife and child of one of the men, being unable to swim, were drowned. The three survivors were put on shore early next morning, and shortly after one of them returned on board with a present of three wild ducks, which he presented on his knees to the officer who had saved him. The people of the *Alceste* were so pleased 'with this appearance of heart and gratitude, where so little was expected, that they gave him money and provisions, and allowed him, while they remained, to come on board with fish and other articles for sale.'—p. 157.

The mandarins, *Van* and *Chou*, who attended Lord Macartney's embassy, evinced no want either of heart or gratitude, to use Mr. M'Leod's terms; they lingered with their new friends till the sailing of the ships, and on bidding a last farewell, they were so deeply affected as to shed tears: and the following instance of humanity and disinterested generosity, which has rarely been surpassed, ought, in justice, to redeem the national character from the charge of general profligacy so frequently brought against it.

About three years ago, at a public dinner given by some East India ship-owners, the conversation turned on the dishonesty and immorality of the Chinese, and many stories were told in proof of

of it. The late Mr. John Lock, of Walthamstow, observed, how very unjust it was to stigmatize a whole nation for the vices of a few; that it was true rogues were to be found among the Chinese, as well as among all nations; 'but,' added he, 'I have known characters among them who were an honour to human nature;—for instance, there was Shai-king-quaa, the Hong merchant, who behaved in so generous a manner to poor Anderson.' The story seemed to be familiar to many of the gentlemen present, but as we, among others, did not know it, Mr. Lock was requested to relate the circumstances, which he did nearly in the following words:—  
 'The Hong merchant had known Mr. Anderson intimately and had large transactions with him. Mr. Anderson met with heavy losses, became insolvent, and, at the time of his failure, owed his Chinese friend upwards of eighty thousand dollars. Mr. Anderson wished to come to England in the hope of being able to retrieve his affairs; he called on the Hong merchant, and in the utmost distress explained his situation, his wishes, and his hopes. The Chinese listened with anxious attention, and having heard his story thus addressed him—"My friend Anderson, you been very unfortunate—you lose all—I very sorry—you go to England—if you more fortunate there, you come back and pay—but, that you no forget Chinaman friend, you take this, and when you look on this, you will remember Shai-king-quaa;"—in saying these words, he pulled out a valuable gold watch, and gave it to Anderson.

'Mr. Anderson took leave of his friend; but he did not live to retrieve his affairs or to return to China. When the account of his death, and of the distress in which he had left his family, reached Canton, the Hong merchant called on one of the gentlemen of the factory who was about to return to Europe, and addressed him in the following manner—"Poor Mr. Anderson dead—I very sorry—he good man—he friend—and he leave two child—very poor—they have nothing—they child of my friend—you take this for them—tell them Chinaman friend send it,"—and he put into the gentleman's hand a sum of money for Mr. Anderson's children amounting to several hundred pounds.' We have only to add, that the story made a strong impression on all present, and Mr. Lock in relating it was so much affected that his eyes filled and his voice thickened.

Mr. Ellis has no high respect for the mandarins, as, in conformity with common usage, he calls the public functionaries. Those who first visited the ambassador on board the *Alceste*, it would seem, savoured not of amber, as Marrall says; 'their dresses, too, were common; and their general appearance was neither respectable nor elegant.' The mandarin of Mr. Ellis's boat is described as '*le mandarin le plus bête de sa paroisse*;' and though laughter, while engaged in some childish game, threw more expression into his

his countenance (the author adds) than usual, 'it was still so mixed with dullness that the effect was altogether more ludicrous than I think I ever before witnessed; it was the expounded radiance of silliness, and would have formed a capital subject for a painter.' It would puzzle a painter, we suspect, even with the original before him, to sketch a set of features which should represent 'the expounded radiance of silliness.' The following portrait is more distinctly marked.

'Our present mandarin is the first Chinese officer able to read and write with facility, who has been attached to the boat; he is, however, totally unprovided with books, and he passes his time in the same idle gaping as his predecessors: of his philosophy he truly makes no use. Whatever be the size or corpulency of mandarins, they have generally a womanish appearance, I had written effeminate, but as they have nothing slight or delicate about them, the epithet would not be applicable; perhaps I should say a total absence of manliness. The sketch is from life: our mandarin, six feet high, weighing at least fifteen stone, is before me, looking like an overeating cook or housekeeper.'—p. 313.

We had conceived, on what we considered good authority, that drunkenness, at least, was not to be numbered in the catalogue of Chinese vices. Mr. Ellis, however, says that 'drunkenness, unaccompanied with exposure, is regarded as a venial offence; and that it is not unusual to compliment a man upon the hardness of his head or the capacity of his stomach, by saying he has a large wine-measure.'—p. 60. It is proper, however, to mention, that these observations were entered in Mr. Ellis's 'diary' before he had set foot in China, and on the authority of the experience of Europeans of Canton at the tables of the Hong merchants, which is, in fact, no authority at all. We do not think that his own experience bears him out in this opinion; nor that, because *Chang* did not drink wine, but 'preferred raspberry-vinegar, and water,' and the Chinese in general 'like our sweet wines and cordials better than those more usually consumed by ourselves,' Mr. Ellis is, therefore, justified in supposing 'them to be scarcely less addicted to the use of spirituous liquors than Europeans;' and that 'it is only their superior sense of decorum that prevents them from exhibiting themselves as often in public under the influence of intoxication.'—p. 197. If the fact be so, there is some merit even in this; but we doubt it.

A passing stranger has few opportunities of seeing much of the female sex in China; on the present occasion the Chinese ladies seem to have kept farther in the back-ground than on the former embassy: there was, in fact, a provincial proclamation stuck up along their route, prohibiting women from appearing in the streets and exposing themselves to the gaze of the barbarians; 'the populace

pulace on each bank of the river (it said) are not allowed to laugh and talk with the foreigners, nor are women and girls allowed to shew their faces.' (App. No. 9.) 'In vain,' says Mr. Ellis; 'female curiosity was not to be overcome even by the apprehensions of incurring the displeasure of the son of heaven.' In the streets of *Gan-king-foo*, the women shewed themselves at the doors, and some had no reason to be ashamed of their looks: 'from their gestures and appearance I should imagine that they were prouder of their beauty than their modesty.' (p. 329.) Mr. Ellis observes, that Chinese women hold themselves remarkably upright; that even the old women seldom stoop; and he conjectures that, as cramping the feet is so general that no exception occurred, their uprightness may be owing to the smallness of the base on which they stand. This observation is, we believe, perfectly original, and, we are persuaded, is the true explanation of the fact. A boor, supported on the broad basis of a pair of wooden shoes, can afford to stoop, but a Chinese lady, standing on a pivot, would be in danger of toppling over, if her upper half inclined ever so little beyond the centre of gravity. How so unnatural, and, to us at least, so disgusting a practice could ever have been introduced, much less established, we cannot pretend to conjecture. The reasons assigned for an absurd custom are most likely to be themselves absurd, and such are those offered by the Chinese. In fact they know nothing about it. Lord Macartney pressed his friend *Chou-ta-jin* very closely on the subject, but all he could get from him was, that 'it was an ancient custom:' he admitted, however, that it might possibly have taken its rise in oriental jealousy; 'which,' says his lordship, 'has always been ingenious in its contrivances for securing the ladies to their owners, and might plausibly suggest, that a good way of keeping them at home was to make it very painful to them to gad abroad.'

As the little feet of Chinese ladies will not allow them to 'gad abroad,' and as beasts of burden are not in common use, they have frequently recourse to a kind of vehicle, at which our farmers' daughters would be very apt to 'toss up their noses.' This is neither more nor less than what we should call a wheel-barrow, to which are usually yoked a pair of bipeds, one dragging before and the other thrusting behind. The former is sometimes saved by the substitution of a mat or piece of rag between two poles which acts as a sail when the wind is favourable. Mr. Ellis was not lucky enough to see any machine of this kind *under way*, though the embassy crossed those

———— 'barren plains

Of Sericana, where Chineses drive

With sails and wind their vany waggons light'—

but he met one of them near *Nan-chang-foo*, freighted with two well-

well-dressed ladies, sitting one on each side the wheel—‘a strange visiting conveyance,’ as he calls it. Sometimes they are carried about in a kind of litter suspended between two asses, one before and the other behind; but most commonly in sedan chairs, of which the Chinese have great variety. We have no means of knowing whether the ladies are often indulged with these pleasant airings; we suspect, however, with Mr. Ellis, that their subjection to their husbands is less than what has usually been described; that they have a will of their own at home; and that their seclusion is as much the effect of a supposed moral propriety as of restraint. The heroine of the *Hau-kiau-tchuan*, in which the manners of the Chinese are painted to the life, is under no restraint but what the rules of female decorum impose; and the good lady in the Chinese drama of ‘An Heir in his Old Age’ is not only complete mistress but master also of the whole family.

Mr. Ellis is disposed (notwithstanding his frequent notice of the almost continuous line of towns and villages, and the ‘super-abundant swarms’ of inhabitants which they poured out wherever the embassy passed) to think that the population of China is by no means so great as has been stated, and that it does not exceed the quantity of land under actual cultivation, while much land capable of tillage is left neglected. He has been informed, he says, that the most accurate Chinese accounts state the amount of the population considerably below two hundred millions. (p. 432). The ‘accurate Chinese accounts’ to which he alludes, are to be found, we apprehend, in Mr. Morrison’s translation of a statistical account taken by order of the present Emperor *Kia-king*, which makes the total population, including the Tartar banners, to amount to about one hundred and forty-five millions. There is reason, however, to think, that the Chinese census is drawn up in a very imperfect manner. In 1743 the amount of the population, taken by order of *Kien-lung*, was found to be about 142,000,000, which Grozier swells, by adding those exempt from taxation, to 157,000,000. Again, a census was taken in the years 1760 and 1761; the aggregate of which, in the former, is stated to be 196,837,977, and in the latter, 198,214,553, making an annual increase of 1,376,576 souls. Whether these numbers are over-stated or not, we pretend not to determine; but if Mr. Ellis alludes to the gross number, given to Lord Macartney by one of the mandarins, of 333,000,000, we have very little hesitation in saying that it neither is nor can be any thing like the truth; in the first place, the numbers in all the provinces are given in round millions, and, secondly, in two of them the numbers are precisely the same. Mr. Ellis, we doubt not, is right with regard to the quantity of land left untilled; for, supposing the census to be correct, the population (which

(which is extended over a surface of 1,500,000 square miles) would not exceed ninety persons to a square mile:—but any estimate formed of the population of a country from a hurried passage through it in a straight line, must be altogether unworthy of notice.

Mr. Ellis finds in China more beggars than we should have thought to exist from former accounts, and many of them were very importunate in soliciting alms from their own countrymen; from those belonging to the embassy, however, they neither solicited nor seemed to expect any thing. It appears also that they are no mean adepts at their trade, for some of them carry a bell or a horn, and a basket; and ‘establishing themselves in a shop, they ring the one, or blow the other, till the basket is filled.’

All travellers seem to agree in the grossness and childishness of the dramatic representations of these people; but none have satisfactorily explained the reason of their miserable puppet-shows being exhibited before foreign ambassadors, while it is known that they have regular tragedies and comedies which are constantly represented at their own feasts and entertainments. In the ‘Brief View’ of the Chinese drama, prefixed to the ‘Heir in his Old Age,’ it is conjectured that their contempt for foreigners may induce them to deem these noisy pantomimes suitable to the standard of their visitors’ taste or mental capacity, or, at any rate, quite good enough for them. Perhaps, this is too severely said. A regular drama in the Chinese language would be unintelligible to foreigners; but they might be supposed to derive some amusement from the extravagancies of the wildest pantomime, which address themselves principally to the eye: but another idea occurs to us—as, in these exhibitions, men appear under the form and character of different animals, the fondness of the Tartars for hunting may have introduced these scenical representations, as allusive to that diversion. On the present occasion, Mr. Ellis says,

‘The part of a stag was the best performed in the piece, and when in front of the stage, from the shelter afforded by a group of flag-bearers, and the consequent concealment of the boy’s legs, the illusion was sufficiently perfect. The instrumental music, from its resemblance to the bag-pipes, might have been tolerated by Scotchmen, to others it was detestable. Of the same description was the singing. Our admiration was justly bestowed upon the tumblers, who yield to none I have ever seen in strength and agility; their feats were executed with particular neatness. In splendour of appearance, the mandarins did not stand any competition with the actors, who were blazing with gold; it was suggested that their costumes were the ancient habits of the nation.’—(p. 103.)

*Chung-qua*, one of the Hong merchants at Canton, gave a dinner to the ambassador; and here were assembled crowds of players who treated



treated the guests with both tragedy and comedy. 'In the former,' says Mr. Ellis, 'emperors, kings, and mandarins strutted and roared to terrible perfection, while the coarse point of the latter seemed to consist in the streak of paint upon the buffoon's nose.' The noise of the actors and instruments, he adds, was 'infernal,' and 'the whole constituted a mass of suffering which I trust I shall not again be called upon to undergo.' Their military music would appear to be of the same 'infernal' character; 'myriads of cracked penny trumpets,' says Mr. Ellis, 'give the best idea of Chinese military music.'

Mr. Ellis has no great opinion of Chinese troops, but his account of the quickness and precision with which he saw some matchlock-men load and fire, and of the shooting of the bowmen at the target, conveys a higher notion of the Chinese military than we had culled from the accounts of former travellers. He had the good fortune to be present at an examination of candidates for military promotion. They were mounted on horseback and each had a bow and three arrows.

'The marks at which they fired, covered with white paper, were about the height of a man, and somewhat wider, placed at intervals of fifty yards; the object was to strike these marks successively with the arrows, the horses being kept at full speed. Although the bull's eye was not always hit, the target was never missed: the distance was trifling, not exceeding fifteen or twenty feet. It appeared to me that the skill was most displayed in charging the bow without checking the horse. The candidates were young Mandarins, handsomely dressed: their horses, trimmings, and accoutrements were in good order; the arrows were merely pointed, without barbs, to prevent accidents, the spectators being within a few yards of the marks. On the whole the sight was interesting, and I much regretted that the pressure of the crowd, and the possibility of giving offence by any interruption that might thence arise to the ceremony, compelled me to remain only a few minutes.'—pp. 354, 355.

We did not expect that Mr. Ellis would be able to communicate any new information respecting the religious opinions and establishments of the Chinese. He says, what we believe to be perfectly just, that religion sits very easy on them, and that it never deeply interests their passions; that the priests are taken from the lowest classes; that it is difficult to conceive a body more degraded, or indeed more deserving of degradation; and that an idiotic expression of countenance appeared to him to arise from the consciousness of belonging to such a profession: and he adds, that 'in their indifference to all the decencies of religion, contrasted with the multitudes of their temples and idols, the Chinese exhibit a striking peculiarity of national character;'—and in another place he observes, 'they have imported Buddhism, with  
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its Shanscrit terms, from India, without; however, I believe, either understanding their meaning or the principles of their belief:’ and he thus sums up his observations on this subject—

‘Religion in China, although addressed in all directions to the eye, did not appear to have much influence upon the understanding or passions of the people. It has all the looseness and vanity, with less of the solemnity and decency, of ancient polytheism. Their temples are applied to so many purposes, that it is difficult to imagine how any degree of sanctity can be attached either to the dwellings or persons of their deities. The influence of superstition is, however, general and extensive; it is displayed in acts of divination, and in propitiatory offerings to local or patron deities. Its observances belong rather to the daily manners than to the moral conduct of the people.’—pp. 438, 439.

It appears to us that these remarks are calculated to convey erroneous notions respecting the state of religion in China, more especially as they regard the priesthood. The established religion is unquestionably that of Budh, which, whether it existed in Tartary and China previous to its appearance in India, or was imported from thence, fell in at least so completely with the feelings of the government and the habits of the people, the one hostile and the other unaccustomed to congregational worship, that on its revival, in the first century of the Christian æra, it met with every kind of encouragement. It has not only been the adopted religion of the Chinese dynasties since that time, but is that which, with certain modifications, is universally spread over all the Tartar tribes, and professed by the Tartar family at present on the throne of China. Mr. Ellis will surely not maintain that the two hundred priests supported on the establishment of the temple of Fo at *Kao-ming-tse*, ‘at the annual charge on the imperial treasury of ten thousand dollars,’ are to be classed as belonging to a ‘degraded profession.’ Nor are we quite satisfied as to their ignorance of the principles which they profess; they know at least as much as their brethren in Hindostan; and it was the opinion of the elder De Guignes and Freret, who had opportunities of obtaining information on the subject, and who spared no pains to improve them, that if the Hindoos really had any thing of value in history, science, and general literature, before the Mahomedan invasion, it would most probably be found in the temples of the western province of Shensi, where, in one single library, they had ascertained the existence of more than five thousand volumes translated from the Sanscrit. There are besides a multitude of works in the Chinese language, which explain the birth, education, and doctrines of Budh or Fo, differing very little from one another, and agreeing generally with that system of faith which Pythagoras is supposed to have brought into Greece from the banks of the Indus. We have no doubt if

Mr. Ellis could have read 'the pamphlets which the priests offered for sale,' he would have found that they were not quite so ignorant of their creed as he has represented them. He may too have mistaken for 'an idiotic expression of countenance' the result of that abstraction from all worldly concerns, and constant endeavour to suspend all the faculties of the soul, which, according to the principles of their faith, fits it for a reunion with the deity from whence it originally emanated. The religion of Confucius was not essentially different from that of Budh; 'obedience to the will of heaven; to the emperor who is the son of heaven; to parents to whom we owe our birth; to make humble offerings to them all; to sacrifice to the spirits of the deceased; and to regulate and subdue the passions,' were the grand duties which he inculcated: and though the temples in his time were free from idolatrous worship as far as images were concerned, the belief in the influence of good and evil spirits, and of the *dii minores*, was then as universally extended as now, when their forms are exhibited to the eye of the devotee.

Many extraneous religions have at different times found their way into China. Mahomedans are known to have domiciliated themselves previously to the ninth century, and they are still found in all the provinces, exercising their religion in mosques of their own, and employed in offices of trust under the government, and in the army. From one of the followers of the prophet Mr. Morrison learned that, in the province of Kiang-nan, they had thirty-six mosques, in which service was performed in Arabic; and that they had never attempted to translate the Koran, or any other part of their ritual, into the Chinese language. The Jews are supposed to have established themselves in the province of Honan at a far earlier period. Mr. Morrison learned that at Kai-fung-foo there were a few families of them distinguished by the name of the 'sect which plucks out the sinews of the meat.' The Jews of London had written a letter, in the Hebrew language, which was forwarded to them from Canton, the year previous to the embassy, by a native of Honan. This travelling bookseller (for such was his occupation) said, on his return, that he had found a person at Kai-fung-foo who perfectly understood the contents of the letter, and assured him that he would procure an answer to it in a few days; but the troubles of the times and the rumours of a rebellion made the itinerant so apprehensive of his own safety, that he left Honan before he received it.

The emissaries of the catholic religion have been particularly unsuccessful, which is the more singular, as the ceremonies of the priests of Fo bear so striking an affinity to those of the church of Rome, that one of the missionaries was persuaded the devil must have instructed them for the express purpose of mortifying the  
Jesuits

**Jesuits.** There were two points however which, without supposing, as some have done, that the good fathers were given to intermeddling with state-affairs, must have operated strongly against the propagation of their religion. The first is, the system of congregational worship, which is contrary to every principle of the Chinese government; especial care being taken to prevent all assemblies of the people. The second, confession; which is repugnant to the close and suspicious character of the nation. Besides, as Lord Macartney observes, 'a religion which requires that women should at stated times communicate to priests, in private, their thoughts and actions, must be particularly disgusting to a Chinese husband, who had not himself been suffered to see his wife till the day of his marriage.' The Jesuits noticed the difficulty, and submitted to the expediency of giving up the confession of women, the ceremonies of baptism, and of extreme unction; and when accused for it by the Dominicans at Rome were thus defended by P. Francisco Furtado, '*Valdè indecens est inter gentiles, multumque inhonestum, aperire pectus mulieribus, et illarum manus atque ora attingere. Quod si, ubique necessarium est, certè in China multo magis, ut ministri evangelici circumspecte se gerant cum mulieribus.*'

Differing, as we certainly do from Mr. Ellis, in many essential points respecting the Chinese, we are willing to give him full credit for his intentions to set down a candid and honest account of every thing that fell under his observation; his errors we conceive to be very few, and they are those of opinion; and in this respect he is not wholly, by his own confession, free from prejudice, having predetermined in his own mind that 'the Chinese are a most uninteresting nation.' We must, however, do him the justice to say that he never loses his temper, nor suffers his misfortunes and indignities to cloud his natural good humour. China, however, in our opinion, is far from being an 'uninteresting country.' It may, and certainly does, offer to the scrutinizing traveller a moral, political, and even local uniformity; all its objects are exhibited in great masses; great mountains, extensive plains, large lakes, rivers of the first magnitude, and a multitudinous population, of which it has been justly said, that 'all were melted in the same crucible, and cast in the same mould.' Yet in those masses might be found sufficient variety to exercise the mind of an inquisitive traveller. And although Mr. Ellis could discover nothing to eke out a description from 'men with little eyes and long tails,' and 'women with prettily-dressed hair but ugly faces,' which were 'the daily and unchanging objects,' yet we cannot bring ourselves to agree with him in thinking, that the most extensive, the most populous, and, for aught we know to the contrary, one of the most ancient empires on the face of the earth, can be wholly devoid of interest. With all the massive volumes

which have been written on China, we are still ignorant of the real state of domestic society, which the Catholic missionaries (and they only have had the means of observing it) have wholly overlooked: they have given us the theory of government, and the maxims of morality, which are supposed to regulate all conditions of men; but they have omitted to describe 'things as they are.' It was with the view of obtaining this species of information that induced Mr. Manning to pass ten years on the skirts of the empire with unavailing perseverance, in the hope of being able to domiciliate himself with this singular people, whom *he*, at least, must have considered to be 'interesting.'

We must now advert, more particularly, to the 'Narrative' of Mr. M'Leod, from which we have already borrowed one or two interesting anecdotes. It is a plain, unpretending, straight-forward account of an eventful voyage, just such as we should expect from one who, from an early period of life, had passed his time in a king's ship. If the style of the work be not that of a man accustomed to composition, the story is told in clear and intelligible language; and taking it altogether, the book is of a nature as to excite, unless we have formed a wrong estimate of the public taste, no little degree of curiosity. It forms an interesting episode to the main history of Lord Amherst's embassy, completing, from personal observation, what could only have been given at second hand by Mr. Ellis. Of the multitude of well-known places at which the *Alceste* touched, till her loss by shipwreck in the straits of Gaspar, the author has the good taste to say little more than was necessary to preserve the continuity of the narrative; we therefore find ourselves at the head of the Yellow Sea in the twentieth page. There is, however, a detailed account of their intercourse with a singularly interesting people, whose kindness of disposition and amiable manners, whose generous and friendly hospitality and singleness of heart, are not to be matched, we verily believe, in the whole world besides.

The *Alceste*, having landed the embassy, stood across the gulf of Leatong, and so near the coast as to afford a view of the great wall of China, rising from the sea, and mounting hill above hill, till it finally disappeared among the highest and most distant mountains. Proceeding easterly, they anchored in a fine bay on the coast of Chinese Tartary: the natives crowded down to the shore, and the crippled feet of the ladies at once announced them to be Chinese. No public officer, civil or military, made his appearance, nor did they see any person of rank; they were, however, less rude and uncivil than the Chinese usually are to strangers. Their houses and gardens were neat, and there was an air of comfort about their villages, not always to be found in the more civilized parts of Europe.

Europe. There was no want of cattle, but they could purchase none, the inhabitants being wholly ignorant of the value of the Spanish dollar, (a coin which we had thought to be of universal circulation,) and our people having no articles of exchange about them, which the natives would accept as an equivalent.

From this place they steered across the gulf of Pe-tche-lee to the Chinese promontory of Shan-tung, where the people were 'inhospitably rude, and even the children were encouraged to be insolent and to throw stones.' From the coast of Shan-tung they again crossed over to the eastward, and on the 1st September anchored amidst a group of islands on the coast of Corea. The natives manifested, by signs and gestures, the greatest aversion to the landing of a party from the ships, making cut-throat motions by drawing their hands across their necks, and pushing the boats away from the beach; but they offered no serious violence. They, therefore, stood on; and, on the 3d, observed the sea to be studded with islands as far as the eye could reach from the mast head. The main land lay to the eastward, with a fine bay, in which the ships anchored. Here they were soon visited by a person in authority; he appeared to be about seventy years of age, of a venerable and majestic mien, his hair and beard were of a hoary whiteness. The Chinese interpreter whom they had on board could neither read nor write, and the people of the Corean archipelago could only write, and not speak a word of the Chinese language. A few characters which the old gentleman wrote on a slip of paper, being afterwards translated at Canton, were to this effect, 'I don't know who ye are—what business have ye here?' questions very natural for him to ask, and it is to be regretted that there was nobody who could answer them.

A party which landed on the beach were immediately surrounded by a concourse of people. The old chief was evidently distressed at their landing; he hung down his head, and clasped his hands in mournful silence: at length he burst into a fit of crying, and was supported by his attendants to a large stone, on which he sat down, looking back at the officers with the most melancholy aspect; his feelings appearing to be those of a man who imagined some great calamity was about to befall his country, and that he was the unhappy being under whose rule this misfortune had occurred. Captain Maxwell, perceiving the cause of his distress, recalled the people, who were proceeding towards the town, and endeavoured to explain to him that no injury was intended. The old gentleman then pointed to the sun, and describing, by signs, its revolving course four times, drew his hand across his throat, and dropping his chin upon his breast, shut his eyes as if dead: this was intelligible enough; and as the party had no inclination to force their way,

they re-embarked, the old man following them on board, apparently much dejected, and as if ashamed that he could not shew them more attention.

This bay, to which our people gave the name of Basil, would be situated, according to our charts, about 120 miles in the *interior* of Corea:—of so much in width, along the western coast, has the present expedition curtailed the dominions of his Corean majesty; but, in lieu thereof, they have ascertained that, along the southern part of that coast, there exists an archipelago of more than a thousand islands, forming bays and harbours, in which all the navies of the world might ride in perfect security. His title therefore of 'King of ten thousand Isles' is not altogether an empty one. They are all apparently inhabited, generally high, rising like so many detached mountains each on its own basis out of the sea, and cultivated where practicable; the inhabitants crowded to the tops of the highest eminences to gaze at the ships as they sailed through them.

From the summit of one of these islands one hundred and thirty-five other islands were distinctly counted. Few of them exceeded in length three or four miles, and the spaces between them were from one to four miles. The women, on perceiving boats approach the land, fled with their infant children, and hid themselves in recesses among the rocks; whilst the men, in a body, but unarmed, hallooed to the strangers not to advance, making the same signal as the old chief had done, of drawing their hands across the throat. They afterwards became somewhat friendly, brought them water to drink, and offered them a part of their humble fare—then, as if suddenly recollecting that they were doing wrong in holding intercourse with barbarians, they would lay hold of some of the gentlemen by the shoulders, and push them away, pointing to the ship.—This is a very curious and unexpected discovery; and the surveys of Captain Maxwell, and Captain Hall of the *Lyra*, the latter of whom is particularly distinguished not only for nautical but general science, will form a very valuable addition to the geography and hydrography of the Yellow Sea.\* The error in longitude of that part of the main land at which they touched was not less than  $2^{\circ} 14'$ .

In proceeding to the southward they passed close to a volcanic island, apparently not more than four or five miles in circumference, rising precipitously from the sea to the height of 1,200 feet. The surf broke with such tremendous violence that it was impossible to land, and the sulphurous smell was very strong, even at the dis-

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\* We rejoice to learn that Captain Hall is preparing for the press a narrative of these interesting discoveries, and particularly of the *Lewchew* islands, with nautical, hydrographical, and geological observations on a track which for the first time has been navigated by Europeans.

tance of two or three miles. They gave it the name of Sulphur island. Farther south they descried a large island, and, as the weather cleared up, a rich extent of cultivated scenery burst upon their view. 'Rising in gentle ascent from the sea, the grounds were disposed more like the finest country-seats in England than those of an island so remote from the civilized world.' It was the principal island of the Lewchew group, hitherto unvisited by any Europeans. They anchored in front of a town, where a number of vessels were seen lying in a harbour, the mouth of which was formed by two pier heads.

Thousands of the astonished natives, perched on the surrounding rocks and heights, gazed on the vessels as they entered. Several canoes, with official men in them, came along side, wishing to know who they were, and what was the purport of their visit. By means of the Chinese interpreter, whose language some of them understood, it was explained to them that the ships had sustained some damage in the late gales, on the opposite coast: and, to give a colour to this story, the sea water was let into the well, and the chain-pumps set to work, to the great amazement of these unsuspecting people, who appeared to sympathize with their misfortunes. The following morning a number of carpenters came on board, with the rude implements of their art, to give all possible assistance. It was signified to them that they had carpenters enough of their own, and that all they wished for was an asylum while the repairs were carrying on, and permission to purchase provisions and take on board fresh water.

An immediate supply of bullocks, hogs, goats, fowls, eggs, excellent sweet potatoes, fruit, vegetables, fire-wood, and even candles, followed this intimation; and these supplies, with plenty of excellent water, were regularly sent on board, when wanted, for six weeks; the chief authorities obstinately persisting to refuse any payment or remuneration whatever—a disinterested generosity, which was soon found to correspond with every part of the conduct of this admirable people.

In the course of a few days an intimation was received that a great personage intended to pay a visit on board the *Alceste*. He embarked at the mouth of the harbour amidst a vast concourse of people. He was about sixty years of age, with a venerable beard; his dress was a purple robe with loose sleeves, and a sash of red silk round his waist; he had sandals and white gaiters; and wore a cap neatly twisted into folds and covered with a light purple-coloured silk. A numerous suite of men in office and personal attendants accompanied him. The pumps were again set agoing, and every assistance was again promised.

After partaking of some refreshment, he took his leave, the cap-



tain having promised to return his visit the following day. Accordingly Captains Maxwell and Hall, with the officers, rowed up the harbour in state, and were met at the landing-place by the principal men of the town, each of whom, taking one of the officers by the hand, led him through the crowd of spectators to the gate of a public building, where the old gentleman attended to welcome them into the house. They sat down to a sumptuous entertainment, at which the utmost good humour prevailed, and many loyal and friendly toasts were given in a liquor called *chazzi*, which Mr. M'Leod says resembled rosolio.

The regularity and decorum which prevailed among so many thousands as were collected together was very remarkable; they formed a lane; those in front being generally boys, mostly kneeling; behind these the second row squatted down; then the men, those who were nearest stooping; behind these again, and outside of all, were others, mounted on stones, or any thing which they could find to elevate them; so that all, without bustle or confusion, might have a view of the strangers: a dead silence prevailed, not even a whisper being heard. The women, it was supposed, had been sent out of the way; they contrived, however, to get to the opposite pier-head, and thus snatched an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity as the boats passed towards the ships.

From this moment the most perfect confidence was established between the two nations; the garden of a temple was given up for the accomodation of the ships' crews; the dwellings of the priests were surrendered for an hospital for the sick; temporary buildings were erected for the reception of the powder and stores; and the artificers were established on a convenient spot on the beach. Some spars being wanted, the natives immediately set about felling fir-trees, which they floated down the river and towed to the ships, chanting, as they rowed along, a plaintive air, which nevertheless had a pleasing effect.

Every day these interesting people gained ground in the estimation of their English visitors. They seemed to be gifted with a sort of natural politeness, so unrestrained, and so unstudied, that there was not a man in the ships that did not consider the people of Lewchew as his friends. A stronger proof of their conciliating manners and kindly dispositions could not possibly be given than is afforded by the following observation of Mr. M'Leod.

'That proud and haughty feeling of national superiority, so strongly existing among the common class of British seamen, which induces them to hold all foreigners cheap, and to treat them with contempt, often calling them outlandish lubbers, in *their own country*, was, on this island, completely subdued and tamed, by the gentle manners and kind behaviour of the most pacific people upon earth. Although completely inter-

intermixed, and often working together, both on shore and on board, not a single quarrel or complaint took place on either side during the whole of our stay; on the contrary, each succeeding day added to friendship and cordiality.—p. 98.

On the arrival of the ships at Lewchew they had many cases of severe sickness; and to the kindness of the natives Mr. M'Leod thinks may be attributed, in a great measure, their recovery. The invalids were not only comfortably lodged, but the higher class of people daily attended the hospital, inquiring into their wants, bringing eggs and delicacies to those whose cases more particularly required them, and paying a cheerful attention to the whole: 'theirs,' says Mr. M'Leod, 'was a substantial, not a cold or ostentatious charity.'

A young seaman, whose case had long been hopeless, died in the hospital. While his coffin was making, the natives dug a grave in a small burial ground under some trees near the landing place. To the astonishment of our people they found, next morning, a number of the principal inhabitants clad in deep mourning, (white robes with black or blue sashes,) waiting to attend the funeral. As the ship's company arranged themselves, two and two, immediately after the coffin, next the midshipmen, then the superior officers, and last of all the captains, as is usual in military ceremonies of this kind, these friendly creatures, who had been watching attentively this arrangement, observing the order of precedence to be inverted, with that unassuming modesty and delicacy which characterized all their actions, without the least hint being given, placed themselves in front of the coffin when the procession began to move, and in the same order marched slowly to the grave. They immediately began to erect a tomb over it; and on a stone, placed at the head, they cut, with great neatness, the following epitaph, which was drawn out with Indian ink, and explained to them, and with which they seemed to be highly gratified.

Here lies buried,  
Aged twenty-one years, William Hares, Seaman,  
Of His Britannic Majesty's Ship *Alceste*.  
Died Oct. 15, 1816.

This Monument was erected

By the King  
And Inhabitants

Of this most hospitable Island.

But their friendly attentions did not end here. The day after the interment they repaired to the tomb with their priests, and performed the funeral service according to the rites of their own religion.

‘ There

‘There is not,’ says Mr. M’Leod, ‘an act of these excellent and interesting people which the mind has not pleasure in contemplating and recollecting. Not satisfied with having smoothed the path of death, they carried their kind regards even beyond the grave.’

They had no warlike instruments of any description; no weapons, offensive or defensive; and when they saw the effect of the English fowling pieces, they entreated that they would not kill the birds, which, they said, they were pleased with seeing about their houses; adding that if they wished to get them merely for the purpose of eating, they would supply them with plenty of fowls: of course, an order was immediately given to desist.

Towards the end of their sojourn on the island, it was intimated that a great man, the presumptive heir to the crown, intended to visit the ship. He embarked, in great state, amidst an immense concourse of people. Every possible honour was paid him by saluting, and manning the yards and rigging. He was richly dressed in silk, and in his deportment there was much dignified simplicity; his own people saluted him by kneeling, clapping the hands before the breast, and bowing the head. He examined every thing on board with minute attention, and, on taking leave, invited the captain and officers to an entertainment on shore. The day appointed happened to be the anniversary of our Sovereign’s accession to the throne. A royal salute was fired, and the ships were dressed in colours. On landing, the prince received them at the gate and conducted them into the hall. There were three tables; one for the prince and two captains; one for the superior officers, and the third for the young gentlemen. It was a day of jubilee at Napafoo. The mutual healths of the two sovereigns were toasted, and the Lewchews, ‘never,’ says Mr. M’Leod, ‘deficient in politeness, toasted the wives and children of the *Engelees*.’

The prince reconducted them to the landing place: on their reaching the vessel, they found that a great number of coloured paper lanterns had been sent on board to illuminate the ship at night, in honour of the King of England. Being placed in various parts of the rigging, they produced a beautiful and brilliant effect; and thousands of the natives collected along the shore to view the scene.

At length the period of their departure arrived. On the morning of that day the Lewchews, arrayed in their best apparel, proceeded to the temple, where a solemn sacrifice was offered to their gods, invoking them to protect the *Engelees*, to avert every danger, and to restore them in safety to their native land.

‘In the manner of this adieu,’ observes our author, ‘there was an air of sublimity and benevolence combined, by far more touching to the heart

heart than the most refined compliment of a more civilized people. It was the genuine benignity of artless nature, and of primitive innocence.'

After this, those who had been most intimate with them crowded on board to shake hands and say 'Farewell,' whilst the tears which many of them shed evinced the sincerity of their attachment; as the ships got under weigh they lingered alongside in their canoes, displaying every sign of affectionate regard.

'We stood out to seaward, and, the breeze being favourable, this happy island soon sunk from the view; but it will long be remembered by all the officers and men of the *Alceste* and *Lyra*; for the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants have fixed, upon every mind, a deep and lasting impression of gratitude and esteem.'

We could have dwelt with pleasure much longer on these interesting islanders if our limits would permit; but we must content ourselves with referring the reader to Mr. M'Leod; he will not be disappointed of his amusement; and, we are confident, will join with us in thanking the writer for making known an amiable people, of whom the only information we previously had was from Chinese authority, very rarely to be trusted.\* According to this, the Lewchews date their fabulous history many thousand years before the creation; and their probable one, a few centuries before the Christian era: they became known to the Chinese about the year 600, received their written character and literature in 1187, and were made tributary to them in 1378. They send ambassadors every two years to the court of Peking.

The great island is about 50 miles long and 12 broad; not, as Mr. M'Leod says, 60 by 20; it is the principal one of a group of thirty-six, all subject to the same sovereign. The part visited by the ships is called Napa-kiang or Napafoo, and is only five miles from Kin-tching, the capital and residence of the king. Towards the northern extremity of the island is one of the finest harbours in the world, somewhat similar, but far superior, to Port Mahon. It was surveyed by Captain Hall, and named by him Port Melville. Captain Maxwell, we believe, used every means that prudence would allow to obtain an interview with the king, but this could not be granted, as he did not come in any official character. The king however wrote a letter to the Prince Regent in the Chinese character, which was unfortunately lost when the *Alceste* was wrecked. It was written in a tone of great humility; hoping that the attentions which had been shewn to the ships—'the great ship and her little child'—would be satisfactory to the king of the *Engelees*.

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\* This account is given in the 24th volume of the *Lettres Edifiantes*, from the report of a Chinese ambassador, who was sent thither in 1719, and the substance of it is also to be found in Grozier.

The Lewchews are a small race of people, the average height of the men not exceeding five feet two inches; but though small, they are sturdy, well-built, and athletic. They are as fair as the southern Europeans, and have no trace either of Indian or Chinese features. All the animal race is diminutive, but all excellent in their kind; the bullocks were plump and well conditioned, but they seldom exceeded in weight 350 pounds: goats and hogs were in the same proportion; the poultry forming the only exception.

The visit of our ships it is to be hoped may not prove wholly useless to these worthy people. Captain Hall had fortunately some English potatoes, which they were instructed how to plant; and Captain Maxwell left them a young bull and a cow of English breed; to these was added some wheat, which they promised to cultivate. Their fields were ploughed with much neatness and regularity, and their rice grounds irrigated with great ingenuity. The climate is so delightful, that productions of the vegetable kingdom, distinct in their nature and generally found in regions far distant from each other, grow here side by side. 'It is not merely,' says M'Leod, 'the country of the orange and the lime; but the banyan of India and the Norwegian fir, the tea-plant and the sugar-cane, all flourish together.'

The ships standing across to the south westward, soon reached Canton, and the *Alceste* having received on board the ambassador and suite, proceeded to Manilla; and thence homewards: but, in passing through the straits of Gaspar, she struck on a sunken rock, and was totally wrecked; fortunately however all on board escaped to an uninhabited island in the middle of the strait. Very little provisions and scarcely any part of the baggage were saved. The good humour, the calm and manly fortitude, which marked the conduct of Lord Amherst on this trying occasion, afforded an example which never fails, in such cases, to have a powerful and beneficial effect. When Captain Maxwell, who was the last person that left the ship, got on shore, it was settled that Lord Amherst, with about forty of his suite, should go, in the barge and cutter, to Batavia, as the most probable way of ensuring their own safety, and that of their companions on the desolate island, by sending shipping from thence to take them off.

Mr. M'Leod gives a circumstantial and interesting narrative of the dangers, the anxieties, and privations of the party left behind. The blockade of the island, by the Malay pirates, whose proas ultimately accumulated to the number of sixty, added not a little to their distressed situation. These ferocious beings, Mr. M'Leod describes as a people of a most unprepossessing aspect: 'their bodies of a deep bronze colour, their black teeth and reddened lips, their gaping nostrils, and lank clotted hair hanging about their shoulders,

shoulders, and over their scowling countenances, gave them altogether a most fiend-like and murderous look. They are (he adds) an unjoyous race, and seldom smile.'

Sixteen days having elapsed and no relief from Batavia, absolute want staring them in the face on one hand, and destruction from the savages (who, to the number of six hundred, were closely pressing them) on the other, some desperate effort was to be made. The example of their leader kept up their spirits: no symptoms of depression had for a moment intruded themselves, and all was vigour and preparation either for attack or defence; the pirates but once gave an opportunity for the former, when Lieutenant Hay, 'a straight-forward sort of fellow,' overtook with his barge two proas, one of which was grappled by his crew, who killed three of the savages, while five more, evidently disdaining quarter, jumped overboard and drowned themselves: two were taken prisoners; but, such was the desperate ferocity of these people, that one of them, who had been shot through the body, on being removed into the barge with the view of saving him, furiously grasped a cutlass, which was with difficulty wrenched from his hand while in the very act of dying.

On the last evening of their abode on the island, they had every reason to suppose the savages meditated a combined attack. On this occasion, when the officers and men were assembled under arms to settle the watches, Captain Maxwell, with great animation, thus addressed them.

'My lads, you must all have observed this day, as well as myself, the great increase of the enemy's force, for enemies we must now consider them, and the threatening posture they have assumed. I have, on various grounds, strong reason to believe that they will attack us this night. I do not wish to conceal our real state, because I think there is not a man here who is afraid to face any sort of danger. We are now strongly fenced in, and our position in all respects so good, that, armed as we are, we ought to make a formidable defence against even regular troops: what then would be thought of us, if we allowed ourselves to be surprized by a set of naked savages, with their spears and creeses? It is true they have swivels in their boats, but they cannot act here. I have not observed that they have any matchlocks or muskets; but, if they have, so have we. I do not wish to deceive you as to the means of resistance in our power. When we were first thrown together on shore, we were almost defenceless; seventy-five ball-cartridges only could be mustered: we have now sixteen hundred! They cannot, I believe, send up more than five hundred men: but with two hundred such as now stand around me, I do not fear a thousand, nay, fifteen hundred of them! I have the fullest confidence that we shall beat them: the pikemen standing firm, we can give them such a volley of musketry as they will be little prepared for; and, when we find they are thrown into confusion, we'll sally out among them, chase them into the water, and ten to one but we secure their vessels. Let every man there-

therefore be on the alert with his arms in his hands; and, should these barbarians this night attempt our hill, I trust we shall convince them that they are dealing with Britons.'—p. 214.

This animated and truly characteristic speech was received, as might be expected, from a body of British seamen,—'perhaps,' says Mr. M'Leod, 'three jollier hurras were never given than at the conclusion of this short, but well-timed address.' The attack, however, did not take place; and the next day the long-expected relief from Batavia made its appearance, in the East India Company's cruizer, the Ternate, dispatched by Lord Amherst, who, after passing three days and four nights in an open boat, had reached that city.

The conduct of Captain Maxwell, on this trying occasion, justly endeared him to all on board the *Alceste*, from the ambassador to the lowest seaman. 'By his judicious arrangements,' says Mr. M'Leod, 'we were preserved from all the horrors of anarchy and confusion. His measures inspired confidence and hope; whilst his personal example, in the hour of danger, gave courage and animation to all around him.'

The *Cæsar*, a private ship, was hired at Batavia to bring home the embassy, and the officers and crew of the *Alceste*: besides them, it seems, she had two passengers of no ordinary description—the one an Ourang-Outang; the other a Boa snake, of the species known by the name of *Constrictor*. The former arrived safely in England, and sees company 'at home' every day at his mansion in the Strand; the other died of a diseased stomach, between the Cape and St. Helena, having taken but two meals from the time of his embarkation. The first of these meals was witnessed by more than two hundred people; but there was something so horrid in the exhibition that very few felt any inclination to attend the second. The snake was about sixteen feet long and eighteen inches in circumference; he was confined in a large crib, or cage,—but we must give the dreadful relation in Mr. M'Leod's own words.

'The sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door of the cage shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively, at the same time, with its head towards the serpent, in self-defence.

'The snake, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and, turning his head in the direction of the goat, it at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase; for, previous to the snake seizing its prey, it shook in every limb, but still continuing its unavailing show of attack, by butting at the serpent, who now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the banquet. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, and at the same time rearing a little his head; then suddenly seizing the goat by the fore leg with his  
mouth,

mouth, and throwing him down, he was encircled in an instant in his horrid folds. So quick, indeed, and so instantaneous was the act, that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convolution of his elongated body. It was not a regular *screw-like* turn that was formed, but resembling rather a knot, one part of the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush his object. During this time he continued to grasp with his mouth, though it appeared an unnecessary precaution, that part of the animal which he had first seized. The poor goat, in the mean time, continued its feeble and *half-stifled* cries for some minutes, but they soon became more and more faint, and at last it expired. The snake, however, retained it for a considerable time in its grasp, after it was apparently motionless. He then began slowly and cautiously to unfold himself, till the goat fell dead from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth in the front of the head of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat; and then taking its muzzle into his mouth, which had, and indeed always has, the appearance of a raw lacerated wound, he *sucked it in*, as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some little difficulty, not so much from their extent as from their points; however, they also, in a very short time, disappeared; that is to say, externally; but their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent—an extent which must have utterly destroyed all muscular power in any animal that was not, like itself, endowed with very peculiar faculties of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin, stuffed almost to bursting, still the workings of the muscles were evident; and his power of suction, as it is erroneously called, unabated; it was, in fact, the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this he must be so formed as to be able to suspend, for a time, his respiration, for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could be carried on while the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat, and the lungs themselves (admitting the trachea to be ever so hard) compressed, as they must have been, by its passage downwards.

'The whole operation of completely gorging the goat occupied about two hours and twenty minutes: at the end of which time, the tumefaction was confined to the middle part of the body, or stomach, the superior parts, which had been so much distended, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled himself up again, and lay quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when, his last meal appearing to be completely digested and dissolved, he was presented with another goat, (not alive, we hope,) 'which he devoured with equal facility.'—pp. 257—261.

The Cæsar took fire, and had nearly been burnt on her passage, a fate which she escaped only by the exertions of Captain Maxwell and



and his officers. She touched at the Cape of Good Hope, for refreshments and water;—and at St. Helena; where the ambassador and his suite, impelled by that laudable curiosity natural to inquisitive travellers, witnessed the exhibition of another *Constrictor* of a different species, of larger dimensions, and with a stomach far more capacious and destructive than that of the Boa which had just died on board the *Cæsar*;—for the particulars of the exhibition, however, which are by no means devoid of interest, we must refer our readers to Mr. Ellis and Mr. M'Leod, who were both present. Finally, the *Cæsar* reached England, and landed all her passengers in safety; after escaping the dangers of fire and water, of savage warfare, and imperial indignation.

Mr. M'Leod's little volume has a few plates as unpretending as the book which they are meant to illustrate; Mr. Ellis's more elaborate work is also furnished—we cannot say embellished—with a map, and a few plates. The former is a copy, and on too small a scale; and the latter are a sad falling off, both in accuracy and spirit, from those beautiful delineations of similar objects by the late Mr. Alexander. The mention of this most ingenious and amiable man tempts us to ask what is become of those characteristic drawings of Chinese costume which he is known to have prepared, previously to his last illness, for publication? They would have admirably served to illustrate the volume of Mr. Ellis, which is very deficient in this respect, and have consoled us in some measure for the reserve of Mr. Havell, who, it appears, was sent out in the character of 'Artist,' and who, with a degree of modesty for which we find it difficult to account, has withheld every specimen of his taste and skill from what may be termed the 'official account of the embassy.'

ART. IX. *Letters from the Cape of Good Hope, in Reply to Mr. Warden; with Extracts from the Great Work now compiling for publication under the inspection of Napoleon.* 8vo. pp. 206. London. 1817.

IT is just as we expected—and our readers will have been prepared by the Ninth Article of our Thirty-second Number for this publication. We have here another of the series of tricks with which Buonaparte endeavours to keep himself alive in the recollection of Europe. It is, like all the rest, fraudulent in its title, shape, and pretensions; false in its facts; and jacobinical in its object. But it has this claim to consideration beyond its predecessors, that it comes from a source so nearly connected with Buonaparte, as to give it in some degree the authority of being *his own apology made by himself*. It tells us, indeed, little or nothing in the way of fact that is not familiar to our readers, but it speaks

speaks in a more decisive tone—it shews by the subjects on which it attempts its apologies, whereabouts (to use a vulgar phrase) the *shoe pinches*; and it proves by the futility of them, that Buonaparte is just the miscreant which all the world has long believed him to be.

We have said, that the very form of this publication is fraudulent—the author has, in this particular, closely imitated Mr. Warden—It pretends to be a series of *Letters*: no such letters were ever written—it is addressed to a Dear Lady C——: the Dear Lady C—— is not in existence. It affects to have been originally written in *English*: it was written in *French*, and the pretended original is only a translation—and to crown the whole, the author assumes the character of an Englishman, while in fact he is a Frenchman; and no other, we are satisfied, than the notorious Count de las Cases, of whose veracity and honour our readers have already had some tolerable specimens.

We shall not waste much time in explaining the *ear-marks* by which (in addition to their own solemn and repeated assertions to the contrary) we recognize these Letters to be a translation from the French:—the most careful and adroit translator cannot always escape the intrusive treachery of gallicisms: but every page of this work abounds with them; half a dozen out of as many hundreds will more than suffice to convince our readers.

‘The civil ceremony (of the marriage) was performed at St. Cloud, and the spiritual in the *Hall* of the Museum Napoleon.’—p. 71.

*La Salle du Musée*, of which the above is a mis-translation, means the great gallery of the Louvre, the *Museum itself*. The *Hall* of the Museum is what the French would call the vestibule, and would be about as worthy of being the scene of such a ceremony as Buonaparte was of being the chief actor in it. The same mistake occurs as to the temporary *salle*, or ball-room, erected for Prince Schwartzburg’s famous and fatal fête;—the translator calls it a *hall*—he might as well have called it a kitchen.

Again, it is stated that M. de Talleyrand ‘*incurred Napoleon’s disgrace*.’—This, in English, would mean, if it meant any thing, that Talleyrand had shared the fallen fortunes of Buonaparte. The French phrase, *la disgrâce de Napoléon*, means, on the contrary, that he was *in disgrace with Napoleon*.—(p. 18.)—In the same kind of idiom *Napoleon’s alliance* is substituted for Maria Louisa’s alliance or marriage with Napoleon.—p. 71.

The French author had stated that an individual was *reconnu*, *admitted*, to be the contriver of a plot; it is translated, that he was *recognized* as the contriver of the plot; a very different thing.—(p. 146.)—When the translator wishes to say that the French intended to march into the heart of England, it is rendered with

an *affectation* of English phraseology which betrays itself; 'Buonaparte manifested an intention to carry the scene of action into the *bosom* of old England.'—p. 88. But every page abounds with expressions and sentiments which no English man or woman, however ignorant of their own language, or corrupted in their principles, could have written; we have therefore no doubt that the work was originally composed in French, and nearly as little that the composer is Monsieur de las Cases.

Our only difficulty arises from the Letters being dated from the Cape of Good Hope—Las Cases is at the Cape, and we can hardly account for this solitary scintilla of truth finding its way into the production: but on the other hand, the view which is taken of particular events, nay the words in which they are related, are, to our own knowledge, the same in which Buonaparte has in conversation treated the transactions; and we think there is abundant reason to believe that the passages purporting to be Extracts from Buonaparte's History, written under his own direction by Las Cases, are genuine; for, not to insist on their agreement with Buonaparte's known sentiments, it is well understood that such a work was in progress, and that Las Cases was in possession of a considerable part of it. Besides, we knew, and informed our readers several months ago, that he was preparing a work for publication, and we very explicitly foretold the materials of which it would be composed. The facts, or rather the falsehoods, might indeed have been put together by Montholon, or any other of the clique; but the style of the pamphlet, and several circumstances connected with Las Cases, leave, as we have said, little doubt in our minds that he is, immediately or remotely, the author of it. But, whoever be the writer, it must be considered as coming from Buonaparte himself; and assured, as we are, that it is derived from him, and published, if not with his knowledge, at least in concurrence with his wishes, we shall persist in considering it as the *apology* of the ex-emperor dictated by himself.

Our readers will have observed, that the work is entitled '*a Reply to Mr. Warden.*' We find in the outset a complete substantiation of our charges against that person.

'Not understanding the only two modern languages which Buonaparte speaks, he had no other opportunity of learning what he relates, but through the interpretation of Count Las Casas,\* who speaks English very incorrectly, and with considerable hesitation—or of General Bertrand, who possesses the faculty of speaking it in a lesser degree than even the other.—This simple observation would, of itself, be sufficient to enable you to form a correct judgment as to the accuracy of Mr. Warden's relations.'—p. 2.

\* The translator frequently makes the mistake of calling Las Cases, Las Casas.

Our readers may ask how this denial of Mr. Warden's accuracy, and this pompous *reply* to his assertions, are reconcileable with our opinion that Warden's publication was prompted by Las Cases?—the answer is, that these circumstances are not merely reconcileable with our statement, but furnish full evidence of its justice, and afford a striking proof of the course of trickery with which Buonaparte now conducts his literary operations.

None of these worthies understood enough of English to appreciate Mr. Warden. 'His ardent curiosity for every thing concerning Napoleon,' (p. 2.) convinced them that he was 'a man of talent.' They therefore confided to him all those fictions which they wished to disseminate in England;—but they mistook their man;—Mr. Warden, though weak, was vain, and contrived to mix up so many blunders of his own with their elaborate falsehoods, that they found they had failed in their purpose of creating any useful impression through his means. Besides which, even in cases where he had accurately reported their apologies for Buonaparte, (as the defence of the massacre of Jaffa, and the denial of the poisoning of the sick, and of the murder of Captain Wright,) the refutation so quickly, so publicly given (and no where, we say it with satisfaction, more fully than in this Journal) of those miserable pretences, have induced them to try a new version. It is the practice of Buonaparte and his followers to use implements of this sort, and when the public indignation or derision has blasted their reputation, to accuse them of inaccuracy, and disavow them.

But though this work is thus announced as a *reply* to Mr. Warden, our readers will smile to hear that there is hardly one *substantial* contradiction of his statements; in fact, the book is merely a postscript to Warden's, repeating all his apologies for Buonaparte, but with greater care and skill—softening down passages which had excited indignation—strengthening points which had been found weak—reconciling contradictions which had been detected—supplying eulogies and panegyrics upon themselves which had been omitted—and, in short, publishing Mr. Warden's letters as Buonaparte and Las Cases originally intended that they should have been published by him.

The following extract will at once shew the style and intentions of the author, and amuse those of our readers who may like to look at the *tiger in his cage*.

'When walking on the deck, he generally spoke to the officer of the watch, the master, or the parson. He appeared sometimes desirous of being present while the master was making his observations; he frequently asked questions of Messrs. Warden and O'Meara, respecting the health of the crew, or upon some medical points, upon which he

likes to converse, as being a science of nature. With the parson he discoursed upon the dogmas and regulations of the different religious sects in England; and frequently he spoke to the captain of marines, who had been under the orders of Sir Sydney Smith, at Acre, at the siege of that place. So far, the picture which Mr. Warden has drawn of him, is generally correct. From the catastrophe which befel his army at Waterloo, to the period of his arrival off St. Helena, his officers assert that he did not betray the **least** ill-humour, impatience, or depression of spirits; and I think that his appearance and habits have been very accurately pourtrayed by our countryman. When he speaks, he interrogates, and is much fonder of asking questions than of answering. In consequence of having been so long in the habit of receiving a great number of people of different professions, he is accustomed to talk to every one of that particular profession to which he belongs. I saw him once in St. Helena speak for upwards of half an hour to an old Siamese slave, in whose conversation he even appeared to experience some gratification. His marked attention to return the salute of the lowest classes, and even of the slaves, appeared to me, at first, to be a piece of affectation: but I was informed that such had been invariably his custom, that he had declared it was the duty of a Sovereign to return alike the salute to all men, because, in *his* eyes, all men had equal rights.—pp. 12—15.

This is excellent; all Mr. Warden's account is true till he says that Buonaparte seemed to have some of those feelings which belong to ordinary humanity; then the modern Charlemagne rises above this world: not even Waterloo occasions a moment of impatience; and he returns the salute of all men alike, because, in *his* eyes, (as if he were a Jupiter without the Scapin,) all men have equal rights!

We shall extract the following account of Marshal Ney's defection, which puts out of all doubt—if indeed any one is still incredulous on those points—first, Ney's base treachery;—and, secondly, the hypocrisy of Buonaparte, who condescended to flatter Ney when his infamy rendered him contemptible, and who now sneers at him, when his death would have rendered him interesting in the eyes of any other man so situated.

'It is stated, that Ney was sincere in his protestations to the King on the 8th of March, 1815, and that he was entirely ignorant of what was going on at Elba; and that even until the 13th of March, he was faithful to the King. After that, Ney began to waver, was led away, and his old principles prevailed; so that he gave himself up to his former affections.

'On the 13th of March he received from General Bertrand (who then performed the duties of Major-general) an order to put his troops in motion, with a letter from Napoleon himself, composed of the following lines, viz. "My cousin Bertrand sends you orders to put yourself in motion. I have not the least doubt, but that the moment you heard of my arrival at Lyons, you caused the tri-color flag to be mounted by  
my

my troops. Obey his orders, and meet me at Chalons! I will receive you as I did the day after Elchingen and Moskwa."

'Ney could hold out no longer against all these circumstances! On the morning of the 14th, he assembled his four regiments, and read to them the well-known proclamation, which, at the same time, was posted up and sent to every place under his orders. The *proclamation was composed entirely by himself*, and contained his own sentiments. *It appears, that, conceiving matters to be decided, he wanted to assume some merit to himself.* The opinion prevalent amongst the French at Longwood is, that if Ney had declared himself *five days sooner*, and whilst the French Princes were still at Lyons, his conduct must have been regarded in the same light as that of Labedoyère; but that at the moment the proclamation was made, Ney had in fact no longer any control, and consequently *violated all ideas of public decency needlessly.* It would have been much better for him to have left the four regiments at Lons le Saulnier, to their own impulse, and to have returned himself to Paris; to declare what was strictly true, "that he could not resist the will of the people and the troops!" At the time that he sent his proclamation to Bertrand, he accompanied it with a letter to Napoleon, in which he said, "that if the conduct which he had pursued the year before, had tended to deprive him of his confidence, he was ready to retire to his estate." Napoleon, not over-well inclined towards him, and *disgusted by the terms of the proclamation*, had, as I have been informed, dictated a letter accepting his resignation; but political considerations, not very difficult to be comprehended, overruled his first intention, and an order was sent him to join at Auxerre. Ney, on his arrival, is stated to have been extremely embarrassed, and not in a state of mind to hold such language as has been attributed to him; but Napoleon treated him in the manner he had been always accustomed to do, and even called him frequently the "*bravest of the brave.*" After this, he was commissioned to inspect all the strong places upon the frontiers, which he did, from Dunkirk to Strasbourg, and then assisted at the Champ de Mai.—pp. 26—29.

We shall not stop to notice several little stories, tending to depreciate the royal family and the royalists, because they are merely secondary objects of the work; but proceed to examine some of those more important passages in which—poor Mr. Warden not having sufficiently gilded his pill—Buonaparte comes forward in his own defence, and gives us a few specimens of the candour and veracity in which this modern Julius Cæsar (as he modestly styled himself) is composing *his Commentaries.*

The first, is that which denies the PROFESSION OF MAHOMETANISM by Buonaparte and his army in Egypt.

'Several errors have crept into the third Letter of Mr. Warden. It is there stated, that Napoleon had *professed* Mahometanism in Egypt through policy; this he denies ever to have done, and says that Menou was the only French officer of any distinction who *embraced* that religion. I have read in the Campaigns of Egypt, two very interesting

chapters, one relative to the Christian religion and Mahometanism, full of novel ideas; and the other relative to the "*Fetham*" issued by the great Cheicks of Semil-Azar, concerning the oath of obedience, and in which are detailed the means by which he obtained this *Fetham* from the ministers of the grand mosque at Cairo; from both of which it appears, that Napoleon maintained as a principle, that in all matters above human comprehension, *every one ought to continue in the religion of his forefathers*, and in the bosom of which he was born.'—pp. 48, 49.

To this atrocious falsehood ALI BUONAPARTE himself shall furnish a reply. His Arabic proclamation, dated on board L'Orient, and distributed the day of his landing in Egypt, commences thus. We beg our readers to excuse the impiety which we shall be obliged to quote—we quote it only to confound the impious.

'In the name of God, gracious and merciful,—There is no God but God—He has no SON nor *associate* in his kingdom!'

'The French adore the Supreme Being, and honour the *Prophet* and his *holy Koran*.'

'THE FRENCH ARE FAITHFUL MUSSULMEN! not long since they marched to Rome and overthrew the throne of the Pope, who excited the Christians against the professors of Islamism (Mahometanism). Afterwards they directed their course to Malta and drove out the *unbelievers* (the Christians), who imagined they were appointed by God to make war on the Mussulmen.'—*Intercept. Corr.* p. 169. *Ed.* 1801.

In a second proclamation, published in Alexandria a few days after, he says,

'I reverence more than the *Mamelouks* themselves, God, *his Prophet Mahomet*, and the *Koran*.'—*Histoire de l'Exp. d'Egypte*, vol. i. p. 173.

He holds the same language to the inhabitants of Cairo.

'Cheriffs, Ulemas, and Preachers, acquaint the people that since the beginning of the world it was written, that after destroying all the enemies of Mahomet, after having OVERTHROWN THE CROSS, I should come from the depths of the west to complete my destiny—explain to the people that *my coming* has been *prophesied*, and its circumstances foretold in twenty passages of that *holy book* the *Koran*.'—*Histoire de l'Exp. d'Egypte*, vol. i. p. 267.

If Buonaparte had said that he had not *embraced* Mahometanism, we should not have thrown away our time in combating his assertion: we admit that he never embraced *any* religion; but to deny that he and his army *professed* that they were *not Christians*, and that they *were* Mussulmen, requires the united audacity of the Emperor and his scribe.

On the subject of POISONING THE SICK at Jaffa, it will be recollected that Mr. Warden states, as coming from Buonaparte's own mouth, that when the Physician-General (Desgenettes) stated to him the situation of the sick, who, to the number of *seven*, could not be moved,

"I said,

“ I said, tell me what is to be done! He hesitated for some time, and then repeated, that these men, who were the objects of my very painful solicitude, could not survive forty-eight hours.—*I then suggested* (what appeared to be his opinion, though he might not chuse to declare it, but wait with the trembling hope to receive it from me) the propriety, because I felt it would be humanity, *of shortening the sufferings of those SEVEN men by administering opium.* Such a relief, I added, in a similar situation, I should anxiously solicit for myself. But, *rather contrary to my expectations*, the proposition was opposed, and consequently abandoned.”—pp. 156. 159.

Upon this we observed:—

“ It is thus put out of all doubt that, of this crime, as far as first *suggesting*, and being *anxious to execute it*—which, in fact, are the real constituents of a crime—Buonaparte is guilty. If the men were not poisoned, or, as he and Mr. Warden gently express it, if *opium was not administered*, it was no merit of his. With respect to Buonaparte's cowardly insinuation that the mind of the chief physician anticipated his determination, and waited, with trembling hope, for orders to poison his fellow creatures—it is clear, from his own account, that he suggested, that he pressed, that he insisted on this abomination, and that it was only prevented (IF it was prevented) by the courageous and humane resistance of the medical staff of the army.”—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xvi. pp. 222. 223.

This observation was so much to the point, that it became evident to those excellent persons, Buonaparte and Las Cases, that they must try a new version of the story, and the following is what is offered as the last apology on the subject.

“ Napoleon gave orders for the army to depart on the 27th May, and on the 26th, according to his usual custom, sent one of his aides-de-camp to visit the hospitals and stores, in order to be perfectly satisfied that his orders had been strictly carried into execution. The aide-de-camp reported to him that the whole had been evacuated with the exception of *seven men*, of whose recovery the medical officers despaired, and who could not be moved; inasmuch, as they would infect with the plague whoever approached them; that some of those unfortunate wretches, on perceiving that they were abandoned to their fate in this manner, had loudly demanded death, with lamentable cries, representing, that the Turks, on their arrival, would practise unheard-of cruelties upon them. *The surgeons on duty at the hospital had demanded authority from the aide-de-camp to gratify their desires*, by giving them (at the last moment) opium; stating, that it was inhuman and horrible to abandon those men in such a manner, and that the maxim “do as you would that others should do unto you,” ought to be put in practice. Notwithstanding this, Napoleon ordered the chief physician Desgenettes, and the chief surgeon Laweg, (Larrey) to be called, in order to ascertain if there was not still some possibility of sending away the abovementioned unfortunate men, and recommended, that they should be put on horseback and the horses led—offering for that purpose,



pose, his own saddle horses; but the physician declared this to be impossible, and added, that the men had not twenty-four hours longer to live. They moreover stated, that in the course of their consultation, touching the possibility of sending them away, they had deliberated upon the propriety of giving them opium, but that Desgenettes had been of opinion, that as his profession was to cure, he could not possibly authorize such a measure. Upon this, Napoleon delayed the departure of the army for twenty-four hours. Nothing was urgent; he was master of all the country, and Djezzar Pacha had not stirred out of Acre. A rear-guard of three hundred cavalry did not leave the town until four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, forty-eight hours after the visit of the aide-de-camp to the hospital, and not until the seven sick men were reported to be all dead. This circumstance, which has been so much misrepresented, is in reality a proof of his humanity and care towards his troops, who, in return, are stated to have invariably considered him as their father: and, probably, no other general ever possessed in so eminent a degree the affections of his soldiers.' *Letters*, pp. 165—167.

Here, it will be observed, the proposition for administering the opium is made to originate with the surgeons, and to have been rejected by Buonaparte. Now we can say with authority, that Buonaparte himself distinctly admitted both to Lord Ebrington and Sir George Cockburn the facts of the case exactly as they are stated by Mr. Warden, and, with the same incredible assurance, claimed the praise of humanity for his conduct. In both cases, indeed, he thought it necessary to soften the facts by diminishing the number of patients to *seven*,—as if that altered the horror of the crime; and by asserting that the physician refused to adopt his advice—as if that were any excuse for having given it. But why was the number *seven* adopted?—Can he hope to persuade us that, in Jaffa, *where* Berthier, Martin, Miot, Assalini and all the French authorities state that the sick and wounded of the army were accumulated,—*where* Sir Sidney Smith calculates that at least 2000 *wounded* were sent from Acre,—*where* the plague which ravaged the French army was generated, and *where* it raged in its greatest force; can he, we say, hope to persuade us, that the *unmoveable* sick of an army of 20,000 men amounted only to *seven*?

No; but this number has been chosen artfully by Buonaparte, to be used by and bye, as a proof that *not one* man died in the hospitals, because Sir Sidney Smith, in his public letter of the 30th May, 1799, had said that '*seven* poor wretches were left *alive* in the hospital, where they are protected and taken care of: ' but Sir Sidney does not say how many hundred *dead* he found there. In this letter of Sir Sidney Smith's too, are found abundant proofs of the systematic and cold blooded treachery and cruelty of Buonaparte towards the sick and wounded of this army in other particulars,

ticulars, proofs which shew him to be fully capable of the atrocity here charged upon him.

M. Miot, of whose veracity we have little doubt, and of whose work we gave an account in the First Article of our Thirteenth Volume, states, that—

‘ though he cannot say that he had any other positive proofs of the poisoning of the sick, except the innumerable conversations he heard in the army, (how indeed should he—he was not one of those who administered the poison,) ‘ yet, if the public voice can be believed, it is a fact that some of the wounded at Mount Carmel, and a great part of the sick at Jaffa, perished by means of the medicines which were administered to them.’—*Miot*, p. 206.

We have also the evidence of another Frenchman, M. Martin, *Membre de la Commission des Sciences des Arts d’Egypte, et l’un des co-opérateurs de la description de ce pays publiée par les ordres du gouvernement Français*, who distinctly says, that

‘ Buonaparte, unable to remove the immense numbers of sick and wounded which a bloody siege and a dreadful disease had accumulated in Jaffa, proposed to Desgenettes, chief physician of the army, to administer to these wretches poison in the shape of medicine. Desgenettes shrunk with horror from this proposition, but Buonaparte afterwards addressed himself to an inferior officer of that department, and by his means perpetrated this crime.’—*Martin, Hist. de l’Exp. d’Egypte*, Vol. I. p. 315.

On the whole then, these testimonies, combined with such miserable attempts at palliation, serve to strengthen our conviction that the original account of this affair, as given by Sir Robert Wilson from confidential sources of information, is the true one, and we shall therefore recal it to the recollection of our readers.

‘ Buonaparte, finding that his hospitals at Jaffa were crowded with sick, sent for a physician, whose name should be inscribed in letters of gold, but which from important reasons cannot be here inserted; on his arrival he entered into a long conversation with him respecting the danger of contagion, concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick at present in the hospital was the only measure which could be adopted. The physician, alarmed at the proposal, bold in the confidence of virtue and the cause of humanity, remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty as well as the atrocity of such a murder; but finding that Buonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent, with this memorable observation: “ Neither my principles, nor the character of my profession, will allow me to become a murderer; and, General, if such qualities as you insinuate are necessary to form a great man, I thank my God I do not possess them.”

‘ Buonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations; he persevered, and found an apothecary who (dreading the weight of power, but who since has made an atonement to his mind by  
unequi-

unequivocally confessing the fact) consented to become his agent, and to administer poison to the sick. Opium at night was distributed in gratifying food, the wretched unsuspecting victims banqueted, and in a few hours five hundred and eighty soldiers, who had suffered so much for their country, perished thus miserably by the order of its idol.—*Wilson*, pp. 76, 77.

On the subject of THE MASSACRE at JAFFA, it seems that Mr. Warden's apology was not considered sufficiently strong; and indeed the observations which we ourselves made upon that point, must have convinced Buonaparte that he had something more to do, before he could be cleared from this stain. We have now his solemn defence against this accusation, and as it is a matter of great interest, and we may say importance, (for the blood shed on that dreadful day still cries for vengeance,) we shall insert his account, and then subjoin such a mass of evidence in contradiction of it as will, we believe, overwhelm the impudence of even the general and his apologist.

'The fort was surrendered at day-light, the garrison marched out with the honours of war, laid down their colours and arms, and became prisoners—agreeing not to carry arms against the French, but to proceed by the desert to Bagdat, and not to enter Syria again for two years. Three hundred of them (Maugrebins) volunteered into the French army, five hundred had been killed or wounded, and twelve hundred were escorted by a detachment of dromedaries, for two days march in the desert, in the direction of Bagdat.'—*Letters*, p. 156.

'Napoleon marched against Jaffa on the 4th, which was invested, and several batteries of twelve pounders directed against it. It was fortified only by a single wall, but there was a garrison of six or seven hundred men, amongst whom was a corps of artillery from Constantinople, which had been instructed by French officers. When the batteries were ready to open, a flag of truce was sent to summon the place; a quarter of an hour afterwards, the head of the unfortunate man, who had borne it, was seen stuck upon the end of a pike, and his mutilated carcase thrown over the walls. This was the signal to begin: in three hours a breach was made in one of the towers; forty or fifty grenadiers and a dozen of sappers made a lodgment in it; the column followed; the place was taken by assault; nothing could stop the fury of the soldiery; almost every body they encountered was shot, and the place delivered up to pillage. During the night the disorder was terrible, and no sort of order could be established until day. As many as had been saved of the unfortunate garrison were sent prisoners to Egypt, with the exception of about *eight hundred men who were shot!* They were the remainder of the twelve hundred of the garrison of El-Arish, who after having marched three days in the direction of Bagdat, had changed their route, violated their capitulation, and thrown themselves into Jaffa. Prudence would not admit of their being sent to Cairo. Accustomed to the Desert, they would have all escaped in their march, and they would have been found again in Acre. About four thousand  
Turks

Turks perished in Jaffa, and about three thousand were saved, namely, twelve hundred sent prisoners to Egypt; thirteen hundred soldiers and servants, natives of Egypt, who were set at liberty as fellow countrymen; and five hundred were sent to carry the news of the French victory to Damascus, Jerusalem, Aleppo, &c. &c.—*Letters*, p. 161—164.

Such is Napoleon's admission, and such his apology!—the good feeling of our readers will, we trust, have already decided, that if even this account were true, Buonaparte was guilty of the massacre; but they will see by the following extracts, selected from writers of different political opinions, but all with means of complete information, that his excuse is false, and that the murder (*according to his own account*) of eight hundred of his fellow creatures was a naked atrocity for which no cause existed, but the convenience (the *prudence!*) of the blood-thirsty wretch who ordered it.

‘General Hutchinson was very angry with the Turks for still continuing the practice of mangling and cutting off the heads of the prisoners; and the Captain Pacha, at his remonstrance, again issued very severe orders against it; but the Turks justified themselves for the massacre of the French by the massacre at Jaffa. As this act and the poisoning of the sick have never been credited, because of such enormities being so incredibly atrocious, a digression to authenticate them may not be deemed intrusively tedious; and had not the influence of power interfered, the act of accusation would have been preferred in a more solemn manner, and the damning proofs produced by penitent agents of these murders; but neither menaces, recompense, nor promises, can altogether stifle the cries of outraged humanity, and *the day for retribution of justice is only delayed.*

‘Three days after the taking of Jaffa, Buonaparte, who had expressed much resentment at the compassion manifested by his troops, and determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of three thousand eight hundred prisoners, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near Jaffa; where a division of French infantry formed against them. When the Turks had entered into their fatal alignment, and the mournful preparations were completed, the signal gun fired. Volleys of musquetry and grape instantly played against them; and Buonaparte, who had been regarding the scene throughout with a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not restrain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval.

‘Their bones still lie in heaps, and are shewn to every traveller who arrives; nor can they be confounded with those who perished in the assault, since this field of butchery lies a mile from the town.’—*Wilson*, pp. 73, 74, 75.

These facts, Sir Robert Wilson says, he had from French officers; and there is not a pretence urged that the bad faith of the garrison of El Arish led to this catastrophe, or that it was confined

fined to them.—But Sir Robert Wilson is an Englishman, and his testimony perhaps liable to suspicion; besides, he does not expressly deny that these men or some of them had formed part of the garrison of El Arish;—let us hear then what a Frenchman says.—M. Martin, at least, is not liable to the suspicion of national prejudices, and his accurate detail puts us in possession of the whole transaction.

‘On the third Ventose’ (22d of February,—observe, 22d of February,) ‘El Arish offered to capitulate, and on condition of being permitted to return to Bagdat, through the desert, with arms and baggage, they promised not to serve again in the army of Djezzar. This capitulation was eagerly anticipated, for the prolonged resistance of the Turks would probably have endangered the safety of the whole army. In fact the garrison consisted of thirty Mamelouks, six Kachefs, four hundred Mogrebins, and eight hundred men who had come from Bagdat and the banks of the Euphrates. The Mamelouks were sent to Cairo—the Mogrebins were incorporated in the skeleton regiments of the army, and ON FIT marcher *les paysans* de Bagdat jusqu’à Jaffa—and the peasants of Bagdat were marched to Jaffa.’—*Histoire de l’Expédition d’Egypte*, vol. i. p. 283.

Here we must pause a moment to observe, that in the previous points relative to the capitulation and its conditions, M. Martin and Las Cases agree, and indeed the public documents of the time show them to be correctly stated.—But how does Buonaparte execute this condition? instead of permitting them to march as was stipulated, he sends the Mamelouks back to Egypt, makes conscripts of the Mogrebins, and *oblige* the peasants—the *peasants* of the banks of the Euphrates, to march to Jaffa. Let us now hear M. Martin.

After describing in animated colours the capture of Jaffa and the scenes of ‘blood and fire’ which it exhibited, he goes on to say, that a day or two after the storm,—

‘The *peasants* of Bagdat taken at El Arish were still, with some prisoners made at Jaffa, disposed on the plain near the town—they *complained that the French had not fulfilled the capitulation which had been made for sending them home*. Buonaparte became alarmed lest they might go and join the armies of the Napouleze or of the Pachas, which were now beginning to acquire some consistency; or at least that they would give intelligence of his critical situation—besides, the want of provisions began again to be pressing—under these circumstances he resolved to *get rid* (se *défaire*) of ALL his prisoners, and on the 10th of March they were all shot or bayonnetted, to the number of above *two thousand*.’—*Hist. de l’Ex. d’Eg.* vol. i. p. 289.

Thus then, as we said in a former Number, these poor peasants were (even supposing them to have been voluntarily at Jaffa) on their direct way home, and had not time to have gone farther between the 23d February, the day they left El Arish, and the 3d March

March when Jaffa was invested; but it also appears that Buonaparte had not only sanctioned their taking this line of march, but had actually *obliged* them to do it; and it seems exceedingly doubtful whether they ever got *into* Jaffa at all; at least they could have taken no part in the defence, for the great majority of the garrison was put to the sword, and it is not credible that these eight hundred unarmed peasants should alone have been saved, and in a body. But—putting their case out of the question for a moment—it is clear that the whole remains of the garrison of Jaffa, against whom nothing is alleged, to the number of above 1200, were brutally massacred in cold blood, three days after the capture of the place.

If M. Martin's evidence be not sufficient, we have that also of M. Miot, with whose character our readers are already acquainted. He was an eye-witness of the massacre which he describes, and his account (quoted in a former Number) proves that Sir Robert Wilson and M. Martin, instead of aggravating, have really softened the horrors of that tremendous scene.\*

The MURDER OF CAPTAIN WRIGHT is slurred over by asking, “*What interest could the monarch of a great empire have in putting to death a poor English captain, whom he had never seen, and scarcely knew any thing about? When Wright, in October, 1805, committed suicide, Napoleon, at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men, had just forced the Austrian army to capitulate at Ulm, was marching upon Vienna, and was three hundred leagues distant from Paris. The prisoners,*” added he, “*detained at Verdun, were treated with great attention.*” —*Letters*, p. 167.

To this we repeat our answer out of his own confessions, that he thought the massacre of Jaffa warranted by *prudence*—the sentence and murder of the Duke d’Enghien ‘justified by the *urgency* of the case’; and that ‘it was necessary for him to roll the thunder back on the metropolis of England.’—*Warden*, p. 149. And in this new apology he repeats the same atrocious doctrine, and asserts that it is lawful to violate the laws of nations, to seize and assassinate, by fraud or by force, a person whom you cannot otherwise reach, in order to intimidate *certain* others whom you cannot reach by any means.

Now if Buonaparte admits that these doctrines had any influence on his mind in the cases referred to, will it be said that they do not afford an equal motive for the murder of Captain Wright?—That Buonaparte, notwithstanding his 150,000 men, *did* take some notice of a ‘poor English captain,’ is proved by the fact, that he was not treated like an ordinary prisoner of war—he was not sent to *Verdun* to be ‘*treated with great attention*’;—he was separated

from his companions—he was given over to the police—he was confined in the state-prison of Paris—he was put into solitary confinement;—all this is admitted, it is undeniable! If then Buonaparte felt a sufficient degree of ‘*interest*’ to induce him to go these lengths, what was to stop him?—did the *interest* become less lively as the plot grew thicker, and as his own danger became greater?

The new apology states, that Captain Wright ‘made’ (to use the translator’s phrase) ‘three several disembarkations’ of Georges and the other persons for whose plot the Duke d’Enghien innocently suffered. The disposition of the French people, which this book represents as so enthusiastically favourable to Buonaparte, will be best judged of by the fact, that numerous as the conspirators are stated to have been, and tremendous as Buonaparte’s police was, they were neither betrayed nor discovered;—this he finds it necessary to account for.

‘After the disembarkation, Georges and his companions passed the day in the farm-house, and set off in the night for Paris, through by-paths, giving themselves out for smugglers. By means of paying well, they interested every body in keeping their secret. Arrived at Paris they found hiding-places provided for them by means of all-powerful gold, which was not spared upon the occasion.’—*Ibid.* p. 104.

As if he could hope to persuade us that a few poor emigrants, the emissaries of princes poorer than themselves, could *out-bid* the monarch of a great empire, and *out-purchase* the *Police*, which had an unlimited power over the treasury of France!

Still, however, nothing was discovered, and all was anxiety and alarm at the Consular court;—‘at last,’ said Buonaparte to Warden, ‘some light was thrown upon the subject, by the examination of one of the crew of Captain Wright’s vessel.’—*Warden*, p. 140

He then went on to say—

“Thus a clue was found that led to the discovery of a plot, which, had it succeeded, would have thrown the French nation, a second time, into a state of revolution.—Captain Wright was accordingly conveyed to Paris, and confined in the Temple; there to remain till it was found convenient to bring the formidable accessories of this treasonable design to trial. The law of France would have subjected Wright to the punishment of death: but he was of minor consideration. My grand object was to secure the principals, and I considered the English Captain’s evidence of the utmost consequence towards completing my object.”—p. 139. 141.

Here then it seems that the great monarch *did* take some *interest* about the English Captain, and that, as the ‘laws of *nature* and *policy*’ would have justified (as we have seen) the *assassination* of the Duke d’Enghien, so the law of *France* would have justified the

the murder of Captain Wright. Our readers are aware that M. Savary, the *ci-devant* Duke of Rovigo, has been publicly accused of being the perpetrator of the murder of Wright, but they may not, perhaps, be apprised that he has published a denial of having had any share in that dark transaction—dark, indeed, he admits it to have been—he confesses that it was highly mysterious and liable to heavy suspicion, but he insists that the suspicion should fall on Fouché and not on him; and he even says that if Fouché was not guilty of this murder, it behoves him to show that he was not—an *onus probandi* which would lie rather heavily, we suspect, on M. Fouché. But whether Savary or Fouché was the *agent*, it is clear that Buonaparte was the real perpetrator of this as well as of the other crimes which we have been discussing.

We need not repeat the observations which we made in a former Number, to shew that Captain Wright had been probably tortured in the Temple, and afterwards put to death to conceal the atrocity; we shall close our observations on this painful subject, with the concluding paragraph of an official letter of Captain Wright, dated May 14, 1804, which is conceived in the following striking and mysterious words:—

‘Pointed out by my public services as a *peculiar* object of the *gothic* resentment of an ungenerous enemy, I must beg leave to recommend to your humanity the trouble of laying the claim of the survivors of my unfortunate crew before the Committee of the Patriotic Fund.’

He saw that he himself could never hope to be able to make a personal effort in their behalf; and the terms ‘*gothic* resentment of an ungenerous enemy’ sufficiently show that even *so soon* after his capture, he had been made to feel the tender mercies of Buonaparte.

We now come to that act which, though perpetrated on the person of an individual, united, in its circumstances, more points of atrocity than perhaps any of the others; we mean the MURDER OF THE DUKE d’ENGHIEN: which, since it cannot be denied, is attempted to be palliated by such reasons as the following:

“‘The *affair* (the *AFFAIR*!) of the Duc d’Enghien,” says Napoleon, “ought to be judged by the law of nature and policy.” “By the law of nature,” he maintains, “that he was not only authorised to cause him to be tried, but even to *procure* his being put to death. What,” said he, “can be alleged in favour of the princes of a house, who were publicly convicted of being the contrivers of the infernal machine, and who had actually disgorged sixty brigands upon Paris, for the purpose of causing me to be assassinated? Was not I, by the laws of nature, authorised to cause the Count d’Artois to be assassinated in London? By the law of policy, the whole republic tottered upon the brink of a precipice, and the Duc d’Enghien was one of the chiefs who conspired its fall; and besides, it was necessary to check the audacity of the Bourbons, who had  
sent



sent to Paris sixty of their adherents, amongst whom were the Rivières, the Polignacs, Bouvets and others; people of no ordinary stamp, and not brigands or murderers accustomed to assassinations and robberies like the Chouans. The republican government could not, *consistent with its dignity*, do less, when the assassination of its chief was publicly plotted—than cause its thunder to strike the family which dared to engage in such attempt.”—pp. 144, 145.

We think we shall give an overwhelming answer to all this bloody sophistry by a simple relation of this most interesting case, which we shall borrow, not only from authentic documents published at the time, but from private information of the most unquestionable kind, which has since reached us.

Louis-Antoine-Henry, Duke d'Enghien, was born in the year 1772. He was the son of the Duke of Bourbon, and grandson of the Prince de Condé, of whom Doctor Johnson remarked in his tour to Paris, (Boswell, vol. ii. p. 402) that he was a grandsire at 39,—the fact was, however, still more extraordinary, for (as he was born in 1736) he was a grandfather at 36.

The young prince emigrated with his amiable and respectable father in 1789, after the capture of the Bastille, when he was hardly 17 years of age; and he served in the army of Condé with the most brilliant reputation, adored by his own soldiers, and respected for his courage, his courtesy, and his conduct, even by the republicans.

This army exhibited the singular and interesting spectacle of three generations of heroes, fighting with equal courage and almost equal activity in the same field. After seven campaigns the treaty of Luneville put a period to its services.—It was disbanded, and in 1801—when his father and grandfather came to England—the Duke d'Enghien retired to the château of Ettenheim, a country residence situated close to the town of that name in Swabia.

It is well known that an ardent and romantic passion for the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort, to whom it is supposed he was secretly married, induced the duke to reside at Ettenheim;\* where, in a happy obscurity, his only occupations were the sports of the field, the embellishment of his little domain, and the occasional society of her who shared and sweetened his exile. So domesticated was this young prince, and so attached to his retirement, that till the fatal night in which he was dragged from it to assassination, he never quitted it but once, when he made an excursion to visit some of the beautiful scenes of Switzerland; but home was still more beautiful to him, and after a short tour he hastened back to Ettenheim.

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\* Ettenheim belonged to the Cardinal de Rohan in right of his archbishopric, and he had given his niece, the Princess Charlotte, a residence there.

On the night of the 15th March, 1804, about 12,000 French troops, under the direction of Caulaincourt and the immediate command of Generals Ordener and Fririon, crossed the Rhine in two or three divisions, and surrounded the town of Ettenheim and the residence of the Prince.

The duke had been apprised a day or two before that some design against him was on foot in France. He could not believe it—he was living, in a friendly country, a most peaceable and inoffensive life, under the security of his own innocence, and under the protection of the laws of nature and of nations: he could not believe it,—and the assassins found that no kind of precaution had been taken against them.

When the duke heard them surrounding the house, and breaking down the outward gates, he jumped from bed, and he and a footman named Joseph immediately armed themselves with fowling pieces.—The officers and other parts of his family soon joined him.—The stairs of the castle were straight and narrow, so that from the first landing-place an obstinate defence might be made against the assailants. The duke, notwithstanding the time of the night, and the suddenness of the attack, preserved the most perfect coolness, and made the ablest dispositions for resistance,—his officers and servants were to load the fowling pieces under cover, while he, alone, at the head of the stairs, successively discharged them, with an effect the more to be relied upon from his being an excellent shot.

The house was soon surrounded; the assailants broke the lower door, and seemed to be about to ascend the stairs, where some of them would have received the reward of their temerity, when the duke's first gentleman, a baron Grinstein, threw himself upon him, caught him in his arms, and, exclaiming, that all resistance was vain, dragged him into a room which opened upon the head of the stairs. The assailants seized the opportunity; they rushed forward, and the duke, still palsied by the *prudent care* of Grinstein, was, with all the other persons in the room, made prisoner.

It has never, to this hour, been ascertained whether the baron was actuated by a criminal motive,—the fact of his interference is all we can vouch for,—the duke would certainly have been finally overpowered, and one cannot help wishing, on the first impression, that he had had the satisfaction of dying amidst his dying enemies with his arms in his hand; but Providence ordained for him a still nobler fate, and fraught with a nobler lesson.—Had he died in that midnight scuffle, the atrocity of Buonaparte might have been doubted; the cool heroic devotion of the young and gallant victim would not have been tried and proved; the deep and lasting

indignation of Europe would not have been excited; and the retributive justice of heaven in the fate of Murat and Buonaparte, would have wanted its highest effect, its most exemplary vindication.

When the French entered the room, their first question was, Which of you is the Duke d'Enghien? no answer was made; none of the prisoners were more than half dressed, except Grinstein, who it seems had gone to bed that night without taking off his clothes.—Seeing *him* completely dressed, while the others were nearly as they had sprung out of bed, the French fancied, or pretended to fancy, that he was the duke.—If he had had the honesty and presence of mind to say, I am the duke, he would have been carried to Strasburgh:—probably no harm would have happened to him, and the Prince might have been saved. Grinstein, however, though he received a hint to this effect, was silent; and the French marched the whole party out of Ettenheim. The town was by this time in a state of consternation, and the princess Charlotte de Rohan who, alarmed at the noise, had risen and run to a window, saw, but it is supposed without recognizing him, the duke dragged past her house, with no other covering but a waistcoat and loose trowsers, and a pair of slippers.

At a little distance from Ettenheim, they halted at a mill where was the burgomaster of the town,—whether it was he or the duke's secretary (who had followed his master and begged to be allowed to share his fate) who pointed out the duke to his guards, is doubtful, but he was now known.—He asked to be allowed to send his valet back for linen, clothes and money,—it was granted,—on the servant's return, he dressed himself, and they proceeded.—They passed the Rhine between Cappell and Reinau, at which latter place there were carriages waiting for them. The French wanted to place Grinstein in the duke's carriage, but he refused to be so accompanied; and insisted upon having the brave and faithful servant who had endeavoured to assist him in the defence of the house.

On their arrival at Strasburg, the prisoners were confined in the citadel, and it would seem that the jailers had not yet final orders as to the disposal of the Duke; probably Caulaincourt had not returned from Offenbourg, whence he had directed the operation.\* The prince was, however, respectfully treated that day; but in the middle of the night his bed was surrounded by gendarmes, who forced him to rise and dress himself with all haste, *as he was about to go a journey*. He asked for the attend-

\* Caulaincourt says, in his apology, that the order for sending the Duke to Paris came by the telegraph—as if so important a point should have been omitted in the original orders.

ance of the faithful Joseph : he was told he would not need it. He asked to take some linen : he was answered that *two shirts would suffice*. This sufficiently explained to him his intended fate. He distributed to his attendants, who had now assembled round him, all the money he had, except one rouleau, and a few loose pieces of gold and silver ; and, after he had affectionately taken leave of them, they were excluded from the apartment ; but they heard for some minutes the noise of the preparation for departure, and amongst the rest the clank of the chains with which they had the needless barbarity and insolence to confine his arms.

He was five days and five nights on the road, during the whole of which time he was confined to his carriage, and almost without food. At the ordinary rate of travelling he might have reached Paris in seventy hours ; so that some precautions must have been taken that he should arrive in the *evening*. It was about half past five in the evening of the 20th of March that the young Prince arrived at the castle of Vincennes, when he was delivered into the hands of the governor, who, at first, as well as the other persons, was ignorant who he was. By one of those slight incidents, which sometimes add an interest to a scene already deeply important, it happened that the wife of the governor was the daughter of the Duke's nurse, and she recognised her foster-brother ; overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation, she had yet the presence of mind not to betray herself, and retired—unobserved, except by her husband—to give vent to the emotions of terror and grief, and to endeavour to consider how she could be of use to the unhappy prince.

The name of the royal prisoner was however soon whispered, and as he complained of hunger and fatigue, all the inhabitants of the castle, even the officers and men of the regiment in garrison there, (*s'empressèrent*) vied with each other in showing him attention. This alarmed the persons to whom the direction of the crime was committed ; the regiment was immediately ordered under arms, and marched off to the heights of Belle Ville, where it bivouaqued for that night.

In the meanwhile, a mock tribunal assembled in cue of the rooms of the castle. We devote to the scorn and detestation of posterity these bloody and cowardly assassins. They were

|                              |                |                   |
|------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|
| Hulin, General ;             | President ;    | Guiton, Colonel ; |
| Bazancourt, Colonel ;        |                | Ravier, Colonel ; |
| Barrois, Colonel ;           |                | Rabbe, Colonel ;  |
| D'Autancourt, Captain, Judge | Molin, Captain | Secretary.        |

Advocate.

' All,' says the sentence, '*named by the General in Chief MURAT, Governor of Paris.*'

The members of this court had received the notice to attend not more than an hour before the appointed time, and they did not, with the exception of the president, know for what purpose they were summoned. Nor was it necessary they should; the *sentence* was ready drawn before they arrived, and the *grave was actually dug before the court was assembled!*

Worn out with fatigue, the victim was asleep on a soldier's bed on the floor of his dungeon, when he was called to attend the court. He was awakened with great difficulty, and he entreated to be allowed to sleep again; but as soon as he was made to understand that *his hour was come*, he shook off his fatigue, and prepared with a dignified alacrity for the last scene of his agony. He was introduced into the room where the court was sitting. He was asked his name: he told it. He was asked whether he had not borne arms against France: he answered that he had served the KING; but when they were about to propose some other questions, he said he supposed he had told enough for their purpose, and that he would answer no more. He was then led away, and Hulin produced the sentence ready drawn up, and laid it before the astonished members for their signature. The whole scene had been so sudden—their ignorance of what they came for—of whom they were to try—the name of the young victim, which fell like a thunderbolt amongst them; all contributed to disorder their minds, and the ferocious threats of Hulin, the organ of Buonaparte and Murat, the latter of whom was present in the castle to execute them, overwhelmed their consciences, and they signed the fatal paper. We do not pretend to excuse their meanness, but we know that some of them set no bounds to their self-reproaches, and to the remorse with which they recollected that terrible scene. The bloody Hulin said, with atrocious sangfroid, 'if the Prince had not told us his name we should have been prettily puzzled what to do, as there was no one who could identify him.' This wretch was soon after, as the price of blood, rewarded with the office of governor of Paris, vacated by Murat's promotion to an imperial principality.

In this pretended trial, no witnesses were produced, nor any evidence but some papers, which are stated in the sentence to have been secretly read to the court *before* the prisoner was introduced.

The moment the sentence was signed, the Duke was led down to death.

The night was pitch dark; the executioners could not see their victim, nor their own leaders, nor one another. The Duke asked for a priest, it was refused;—he then knelt down near a square stone which happened to be there, crossed his arms, bent his

his head, and was for a few moments absorbed in devotion. He then requested that a lock of his hair, which he had cut off and folded up, might be delivered to the Princess de Rohan—no answer being made, he exclaimed—‘Is there no French soldier who will perform this last office to a dying comrade?’ One of the guard cried, I will; he received the little parcel;—but neither that nor the generous soldier was ever heard of more!

During all this time, two persons stood on the rampart above the ditch, leaning over the parapet; to them the Duke’s demands were referred, and they, from time to time, directed the operations of the people below—these two persons are supposed to have been Murat and Savary—MURAT—the hour came when he must have remembered this dreadful scene with bitter sympathy!

At last, a little before midnight, the duke was placed in the ditch, with his back to the wall—he asked to give the fatal word of command—he was refused. At ten paces the soldiers could not see him; a lantern was therefore brought, which he himself tied to his button-hole. At the word fire, the duke rushed forward on the muzzles of the musquets, and fell dead at the feet of his executioners. The body was immediately taken up—unstripped and even unexamined—and flung carelessly into the grave, which had been dug before the trial. A stone was thrown into the grave near the prince’s head. It has been said that this was the cowardly vengeance of one of the executioners, whose cruelty was not assuaged even by the victim’s blood; but the person who filled the grave declared, that he had himself thrown in the stone as a mark to know the body hereafter. A little dog of the poodle kind had accompanied the duke; in the confusion of the trial and murder he was not thought of, but on the return of light he was found howling on the grave of his master. The poor creature was with difficulty removed from the spot; a gentleman purchased him from the man who had taken him, and protected him for many years out of affection to the memory of the unhappy Prince.

Our readers will excuse us for adding to this melancholy story a few words descriptive of the finding the remains of the duke.

On the 20th March, 1816,—the twelfth anniversary of the murder—a commission, appointed by the king of France, attended at Vincennes to search for the grave. The man who had been employed to dig and fill it up was still alive, and several persons who had visited it shortly after the event, recognized the spot. After digging about four feet deep, the boot of the right leg was discovered, and then the rest of the body successively, and lastly the head, and the stone which, before the grave was opened, the labourer stated that he had

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thrown in. All the bones were found. Their position shewed that the body had been carelessly thrown in. It was lying rather on the face, with the head downwards, the left leg and arm bent under the body, and the right leg extended and the right arm elevated. It had been stated, by the labourer, before the search began, that the body had not been rifled; and in consequence of this information, the Chevalier Jacques—(who had been aide-de-camp to the prince and accompanied him to Strasburg, but had been then separated from him and brought to Paris alone, where he suffered a long and rigorous imprisonment)—declared what the Duke had about him when they parted, and what of course ought to be found in the grave; and it is impossible to describe the deep interest, the solemn impatience in which the commissioners, who stood around the trench, awaited each successive report of the surgeons who stood in it, and who examined every thing as the earth was turned up.

They found about the middle of the skeleton a mass of metallic matter, of the size of a watch, but so decayed, that but for some small iron keys and a seal with the arms of Condé which adhered to it, it would have been hardly recognized;—the seal was perfect. A small red morocco purse with eleven pieces of gold and five pieces of silver. Seventy pieces of gold coin, the contents of a rouleau which M. Jacques had handed to him at the moment of their separation—the fragments of the seal of red wax on the ends of the rouleau were found, which bore the impression of the seal of M. Jacques. A ring and chain of gold, which M. Jacques declared the prince always wore about his neck, and which was found around the vertebral bones of the neck. In short, no doubt remained that the remains were those of the Duke d'Enghien—they were accordingly placed in a coffin, and deposited, with the usual ceremonies of religion, in the chapel of the castle of Vincennes.

Thus concludes the history of this bloody tragedy—the excuses for the perpetration of which only shew us that Buonaparte's impudence is equal to his cruelty. The whole charge against the Duke was, that he was in league with England in a conspiracy against Buonaparte;—if it had been true, Buonaparte had no right to violate treaties and the laws of nations to seize him—he had no right to try him before a packed court, chosen by Murat—to condemn him without a single witness being heard against him—and to execute him in the depth of night, with no other light to guide the executioners than a lantern fastened to his button-hole. But the alleged fact is altogether false. It is well known that England had no hand in the French conspiracies against him,—it is equally well known, that the Duke d'Enghien was wholly unconnected

nected with, and ignorant of, them; and Buonaparte even makes it a ground of imputation against the Count d'Artois, that when he was about to execute his plot he did *not apprize* his cousin the Duke d'Enghien, in order that he might have retired to a place of safety.

'Even those who wished to maintain that he was not privy to the conspiracy, have agreed, that his death was to be attributed to the Count d'Artois, (in fact the latter was frequently reproached by the unfortunate Prince's father, the Duc de Bourbon, as having been so,) who, at the moment whilst he was planning the overturning of the republic and the assassination of the first magistrate of the republic, left a prince of his blood in the power of that very magistrate.'—pp. 143, 144.

This admission is altogether at variance with the supposition that the Duke was aware of the plot—besides, the motives of the Duke's residence at Ettenheim on an estate given to him by the Cardinal de Rohan, repel the calumny of his having fixed himself there for political purposes; but again we say, if he had had political objects, Buonaparte's cruelty and violence, though apparently less wanton, would not have been less atrocious.

We have reserved for the last place, a circumstance which marks, in the most unanswerable manner, the infamy of this murder—Caulaincourt himself is ashamed of it, and has published a defence, in which, as it was impossible to deny that he had gone *at that particular moment* to Offenbourg, he strove to prove, poor innocent! that he was not entrusted with the secret.

We are heart-sick at the relation of such repeated horrors—and can write no more. We shall only say that we have this moment heard that the Pole Piontkowski and an Englishman well known in London have fabricated this work between them. Piontkowski may have been (though we do not believe it) the channel by which the materials were conveyed to England; but he is utterly incapable of furnishing them himself—he never spoke to Buonaparte more than once in his life, and that *once* is doubtful—he was not even admitted to the company of the attendants at St. Helena—while there is hardly a page of the Letters which does not convince us that they are made up from Buonaparte's own writings or conversations.

Who the translator or editor is can be of no importance—whether some person at the Cape, whom Las Cases may have had an opportunity of employing; or some one in England, to whom the manuscript may have been secretly transmitted; but we rather incline to the latter opinion.—Indeed we have heard one person named as editor, of whom, fallen as he is, we cannot credit such an imputation. We hope, nay, notwithstanding all



that has passed, *we believe*, that the person alluded to is incapable of lending himself to the palliation of crimes which he himself first and most forcibly denounced to Europe—and we cannot but concur with Sir Robert Wilson in the *hope* so emphatically expressed by him in his excellent work on Egypt, *that in no country will there be found another man of such Machiavelian principles as by SOPHISTRY to palliate these transactions—frightful crimes! which equal any that have blackened the page of history.* pp. 76. 78.

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- ART. X.—1. *Des Colonies et de l'Amérique.* Paris. 1816.  
Par M. de Pradt. 2 vol.  
2. *Des trois derniers Mois d'Amérique.* Par M. de Pradt.  
Ancien Archevêque de Malines, &c. &c. Paris. 1817.  
3. *Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America.* By a South  
American. London. 1817.

THE attention of this country for the last twenty years has been occupied by events so near in their interest, and so rapid in their succession, that objects at a distance from the sphere of immediate action appear to have lost their due magnitude and proportion. Every political change not directly affecting the contest in Europe passed away as an obscure underplot in the great drama, of which the catastrophe was still in suspense. The scanty portion of public discussion, which had, until recently, been bestowed on the events which have taken place in the Spanish American colonies, presents a striking illustration of this remark.

From the days of old Montaigne to those of Montesquieu, a revolution in South America had been the speculation of successive philosophers, the favourite vision of enthusiasts, the hope and object even of practical statesmen. To exaggerate its importance would be difficult, if we take as the measure of that importance its necessary influence on the condition and happiness of a large portion of mankind—still more, if we take into account its remoter consequences, and the close connection of the destiny of America with that of Europe, and more especially of England. No wonder then that this subject should have excited a greater degree of interest, since the return of peace, in this, as well as in other countries.

The publications of which the titles are prefixed to this Article, afford us the opportunity to contribute our humble endeavours to illustrate the nature of a revolution so interesting in its character, and so complicated in its operations; and to consider what may be the course of political conduct in respect to it, which it best suits the character and the fair interests of England to observe.

It

It seems quite evident that this revolution is not the effect of partial intrigue, or of a temporary and casual burst of discontent; but that, proceeding from causes, in their nature radical, and certain, though gradual in their operation, it has extended itself, without previous concert, over the whole of that vast continent, has survived the trials of defeat, and of civil dissensions, and, in all human probability, can terminate only in one of the following results: either in the independence of the colonists—or, in such an alteration in the system of the Spanish government, as may induce them to acquiesce in the future supremacy of the mother-country. That their absolute and unconditional subjugation is far beyond the power of Spain, can hardly be doubted by any one who considers the present condition of that country, and compares the strength, the resources and the conduct of the contending parties. Whatever may be the comparative probability of the two results which we have stated, it unquestionably becomes this country to adopt and to sustain a steady line of policy, consistent with national honour, and not to be warped either by sordid views of interest, or by any vague notions of indiscriminating philanthropy.

The mere recital of the names that distinguish the Spanish colonies in America, the vast extent of their mountains, their rivers and forests, and their real or fabulous riches have in all ages captivated the imaginations of men, and inflamed the spirit of adventure. This impression has been rendered more forcible by the consideration, that rich as these favoured regions are, in the productions of every climate, and possessing all the natural facilities of internal traffic, and of foreign commerce, they have been depressed by a system of government, not more harassing to the governed, than inefficient for its own narrow purposes. It would have been no creditable symptom of the state of public feeling in England if it had been altogether unmoved on a question forcibly applying itself to so many just sentiments and lofty prejudices, nay, if its tendency had not been rather favourable than otherwise to the cause of the Americans.—But on the other hand, when it is taken into account how prone to change is the genius of the present age, and how fearful are the untried chances of a struggle which shakes society to its foundations through a continent of unexplored extent, and involves millions of all ranks, habits, colours, and conditions, in a bloody, desultory, and apparently interminable warfare, we may well rejoice that the government of this country has not suffered itself to be so far infected by the feeling of the public as to foment a contest of such a character by any assistance or encouragement. In arguing, therefore, for the advantages of a strict neutrality, we must enter an early protest against any imputations of hostility to the cause of  
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genuine freedom, or of any passion for despotism and the Inquisition. We are no more the panegyrists of legitimate authority in all times, circumstances, and situations, than we are the advocates of revolution in the abstract. We should regret that the colonists were subdued before they have secured to themselves a change of system—the admission of the descendants of Spaniards, natives of America, into offices of the state and of judicature—the removal of absurd and oppressive restrictions on their industry, their trade, and their private enjoyments.—If these concessions had been spontaneously offered by the mother-country at an earlier period of the war, and guaranteed by England, they would probably have conciliated the colonies, exhausted, as they were, by the severe and to them unknown calamities of war, and disgusted and discouraged by the misconduct of their leaders. If these concessions should be extorted from Spain, as the price of future submission, to Spain herself they will be productive of equal or even of greater benefits, than to the colonies.

But the time for concession is rapidly passing away, and if it be allowed to pass, Spain may expect to solve the problem proposed by many of her most intelligent writers, whether the separation of the American continent from her dominion will ultimately impair or ensure her welfare.—It would be as rational for the Pope to issue his bull in the nineteenth century, granting certain degrees of the Pacific to the Republic of San Marino, as it is for Spain to attempt in the government of her colonies to adhere to the maxims of the sixteenth century. The system could not resist the force of public opinion, though a Charles were on her throne, and though her armies were commanded by a Pizarro or an Alva. To persevere in force, unaided, is to miscalculate her own resources, even to infatuation. To expect the aid of an ally in such a cause, would, if that ally were England, be to suppose this country as forgetful of its own past history as of its immediate interests and duties. Far better would it be for Spain, instead of calling for our aid, to profit by our experience; and to substitute, ere it be too late, for efforts like those by which the North American colonies were lost to this country, the conciliating measures by which they might have been retained.

But it must be confessed, perhaps, that there is no problem in politics more difficult than the treatment of colonies.—To watch and nurse their youth, and to mark the hour of their maturity;—to know on what occasions to enforce, and when to relax the strictness of parental superintendence—when to require unconditional obedience, and how to yield to supplication or remonstrance—*Ut premere, ut laxas sciret dare jussus habenas*—are among the  
most

most trying questions of legislative wisdom; and such as few legislators have ever consented to learn from any other experience than their own.

It must further be confessed, that no two cases in history are so precisely parallel, as the first view of some striking points of resemblance induces superficial observers to imagine; and that there are points of difference as well as of likeness between the contests of this country with her colonies, and that of Spain with hers in the present day, which, though they do not destroy the warning force of example, yet forbid too hasty an inference as to the ultimate issue of the contest. In both cases there is a mother-country struggling with her colonies, in both cases those colonies are in America. The general difficulties therefore of distant enterprise and uncertain communication, of armies to be transported, to be recruited, and maintained across the ocean, are in both cases the same in nature if not in degree; and the general principles of justice and moderation, of Christian forbearance, and of mutual and timely concession, are and ought to be in both cases, as in all other possible cases, the same. But when we have admitted these general similitudes, we have disposed of nearly all the points in which the two cases are really alike. The rest of their most remarkable characteristics are such as widely distinguish them from each other. Of these distinctions, while some are more favourable to the cause of the colonies, others to that of the mother-country, all conspire to make the case a more difficult and complicated one than that which is held out to them as a precedent. Spain, for instance, has greater military disadvantages in the struggle than this country had to contend against in that with the colonies of North America;—her greater distance from the most valuable of her colonies;—her own comparative weakness; and the original and inveterate sins of her colonial system. Politically considered, the question which she has to decide is a more difficult one. The Anglo-Americans, an active and enlightened people, animated by the spirit and information derived from the mother-country, contended, as they had done in the preceding century, with pertinacious zeal for a civil right, the grant of which, in the early part of the contest, might have restored their tranquillity, and preserved their allegiance. The South Americans, to use a legal phrase, plead the *general issue* against Spain; they are altogether at variance with the mother-country, not on some single insulated point, which grows out of their admitted relations, and might be adjusted on its own merits, leaving those relations unchanged and unimpaired, but upon the whole scheme and system of those relations themselves. On the one hand, therefore, Spain is less powerful to coerce, on the other

other hand she may reasonably be less willing to give up all that is required of her:—we say reasonably, not in the sense of approving of the oppressive and impolitic system of trade and of government of Spain over her colonies; not as putting out of sight the increased spirit of intelligence and information, which pervades not only the colonies but the world, and which renders the colonial system of Spain obsolete and inapplicable to the present state of things;—not as undervaluing the successful example of the United States, as a caution to Spain how much she hazards by a continuance of the contest:—we mean simply to say that it is natural—and it is so—for any country not to surrender without a struggle, or while it has yet the means of struggling for them, long established possessions of immense value, and long cherished prejudices connected with recollections of national power and glory. We state this—not as what Spain ought to feel, but as what it is natural that she should feel; not as a laudable motive for indefinite perseverance; but as a practical difficulty (such as did not exist in the case of this country) in the way of unlimited concession. If it took England some time and some teaching before she would consent to repeal a tax—it cannot be thought surprizing that Spain should hesitate to surrender an empire. Nor is it more wonderful that this struggle should be national in Spain, than that the American war should have been, in its origin and principle, (as it unquestionably was,) popular in England.

Independently of the evil influence of the Spanish colonial system, and of the general tendency of colonies to outgrow restraint, there has existed a peculiar and immediate cause, which might have severed the union between any colony and any mother-country, in the events of the war in the Peninsula, and the manner in which the interests of America were treated by the successive temporary governments of that kingdom. The authority of Spain was so relaxed, the intercourse so rare, during the first years of the war, that the colonies had subsided into a state of virtual independence, long before they had determined to assume it. They had received no intelligence from Europe, but the vague reports of timid or treacherous refugees; they were told that Spain was conquered and overrun by the French armies; they were distracted by the pretensions and squabbles of rival *Juntas*. At length the Cortes of Spain were assembled, and deluded the Americans with hopes of attention and relief; but when, instead of any substantial reforms, they were treated with dull dissertations on the *Rights of Man* and on the *dignity of human nature*;—when, instead of a proportionate share in the national representation, the number of deputies assigned to them was so scanty, and so ill-chosen, that their interests had obviously

viously no chance of a fair consideration in the numerous and partial assembly:—and when, as the last aggravation, Cadiz, the harbour of monopoly, the town whose prosperity had been the fruit of their grievances, became the residence of this assembly; and the merchants of Cadiz, the advisers and dictators both of the Cortes and the government; the most strenuous advocates for the sovereignty of the mother-country could not reasonably deny that the colonies derived from such treatment a powerful justification of their conduct; nor blame them if the superstitious loyalty with which they had hitherto united allegiance to Ferdinand VII. with the complaints of their grievances, was overborne, not only by the weight of ancient oppressions, but by the disappointment of new and rational hopes, and by the apprehension of becoming, against their will, subjects to the French empire.

Here again, however, our present concern is not so much with motives as with facts. By the process which we have described, the alienation of the colonies has been rendered so much the more complete; and by so much the more hopeless is the task of Spain to reconquer or reclaim them.

But if these circumstances enhance the difficulties of the mother-country and forbid the expectation of unconditional submission on the part of the colonies, there are other reasons for not anticipating with confidence the same unqualified success to the colonies in a struggle for absolute independence, which crowned the efforts of their brethren in the northern division of the new world. And these reasons grow mainly out of the essential dissimilarity in the history, habits, and composition of the society in the two countries.

The original settlers from England in North America were for the most part an austere, frugal, and industrious people; the hardships and privations of their early establishment were not endured with the inspiring feelings of military adventurers, but borne with the patience of religious submission; the purity of their morals, tinged with no small portion of the fanaticism which caused their emigration, kept them from promiscuous intercourse with the female Indians: and hence an unmixed race was continued, among whom there was no distinction of cast or complexion to introduce a difference in political rights, which, wherever it has occurred, has been the fruitful source of political contention. As no great inequality of property, the principal cause of political power, existed, there was no great inequality of education among those born in the country; and though none enjoyed what in Europe would be considered a liberal education, none were so destitute of knowledge as the mass of the labourers in most countries of Europe. The attention of the people was turned either to agriculture or commerce;  
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for as the profit to be derived from the liberal professions was but inconsiderable, in a country where no dignified clergy, no lucrative official vocations, and neither army nor navy existed, the inducement for youth to devote themselves to those employments was very inconsiderable; and the settlers having fortunately soon become convinced that no mines of gold or silver existed in the country, the speculative, or rather the gambling business of mining never withdrew their attention from the surer roads to independence. In agriculture, they were allowed the most perfect freedom; there were no lands either in mortmain or under entail; and they were at liberty to cultivate whatever productions the soil would yield, without taxes, without rent, and without tythes. The external commerce was indeed restricted to the British dominions; but their internal commerce, as well as that with all the other provinces under the government of their sovereign, was perfectly free, and the only imposts which they paid were for the mere purposes of their local government and police. The great manufactory, that of ship-building, and that important branch of industry the fisheries, were totally unfettered. They enjoyed a free press, and though most of their best books were imported from England, there was a sufficiency of elementary books and periodical journals printed in the colonies for the diffusion of a considerable portion of knowledge. The laws were generally understood, (their foundation being the common law of England, much simplified in practice,) and, though this understanding begot a spirit of litigation, were purely and fairly administered.

This population, situated in a climate not the most salubrious nor on a soil the most fertile, increased in numbers and in wealth with unexampled rapidity; and as the whole country is intersected with navigable rivers, and the sea-shore well furnished with commodious harbours, the inducements to commerce more than compensated for the ungenial properties of the climate and soil.

That a population originating in republican principles, and strengthened in them by all the institutions which were familiar to their observation, should wish to escape from the government of the mother-country rather than submit to taxation from it, is perhaps natural; and the considerations of justice, of right, and of gratitude are not here in question. The habits of the country, their laws, their judges, their religion, their customs, their manners and their property suffered so little change by the transition from a colonial to an independent existence, that the difference, had there been no war, would scarcely have been perceptible. Happily too for them, the change took place before the compendious catechism of the rights of man had been promulgated: their patriots were not atheists, nor their leaders robbers; their men of property, education  
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and morals took the lead, and the physical power of the poor and the profligate was not set up under the pretended character of the sovereign people, to plunder, to expatriate, or to murder their more respectable fellow citizens. The mobs of the Fauxbourgs of Paris, the Sans-culottes of Copenhagen house, or of Spa-fields, were not yet deemed the oracles of political science, nor appealed to as the voice of inspired wisdom.

In this picture of British American society many of the shades must be varied, as we extend it to the southward. From Pennsylvania to Georgia the number of slaves introduced from Africa produced a difference of character in the white population; but the different races were generally kept distinct, and when that was not the case, the mixed races, from the smallness of their number, were not distinguished by the laws if they were freemen, though their rank or station in society, more regulated by manners than by law, was always inferior to that of the white inhabitants. It is not material to mark the discriminative features of the different classes of the republicans in the northern and the southern parts of British America; in Boston they were democratic, in Charlestown rather aristocratic; but their aristocracy and their democracy were easily reconcilable in a common cause.

Comparing the population of Spanish with that of British America, we shall at every step be struck with the wonderful difference in origin, in progress, and in present situation. The conquerors from Spain, instead of the frugal, laborious and moral description of our English settlers, partook of the ferocity and superstition of an earlier and less enlightened period. The warriors who had exterminated the Mahomedanism of Granada were readily induced to propagate their own religion by the sword, and that religion not a moral and self-denying faith, but a ritual compatible with the grossest debauchery, the most ferocious cruelty, and the most insatiate thirst for gold. Their patient endurance of hunger, fatigue, and inclement weather was the hardihood of the soldier combined with the zeal of the religious missionary. As few or no women accompanied the first settlers, their intercourse with native females produced a race of successors of a most anomalous character, and these in a few generations mixing with the slaves imported from Africa, still further increased the different classes, who, in process of time, more by the rules of society than by the influence of the laws, assumed a variety of ranks according to their greater or less affinity to the white race. From this mixture of colours and castes arose a degree of inequality in property scarcely to be paralleled in any other country, which has continued to the present period. Some of the nobility of Mexico enjoy revenues derived from land and mines of more than £100,000 per ann. while thousands of the  
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native Indians are nearly destitute of clothing or habitations, and reduced to frequent want of even the coarsest food. So long as the white inhabitants, of all shades and descriptions taken together, were the smaller number, as compared with the native population, the distinction between those born in Spain and those born in America was scarcely noticed, both Europeans and Creoles uniting together from a regard to their common safety; but in proportion as the Creoles have increased in their numbers they have become objects of jealousy to the European Spaniards equally with the black, the Indian, and the mixed races, all of whom are animated moreover with unfriendly if not hostile feelings to each other.

The education of the lower orders has been totally neglected, and though instructed in some of the ritual observances of their religion, this instruction is seldom carried beyond the adoration of the Virgin, and the making of the sign of the cross, whilst in the Indian villages their ancient idolatry is frequently indulged to them by their Caciques.

The education of the higher classes has been somewhat better attended to, and in their universities are some professors not inferior to the learned of the peninsula. In Lima, the mathematics have been cultivated to a considerable extent: in Santa Fé de Bogota, astronomy and botany were studied by Mutis, the correspondent of Linnæus, and many of his pupils became distinguished for their attachment to those sciences. In Mexico, mineralogy and chemistry have made considerable progress. But these universities, though containing the rudiments of science, diffused them over a very limited surface; as learning led to no distinction where the simple circumstance of not being born in Spain was sufficient to exclude from promotion. In a country where the lucrative offices of the government were more abundant than in any other in the world, the exclusion of natives from those offices must have operated as a check to industrious talent and aspiring genius. Agriculture and commerce were placed under severe and unnatural restrictions. The soil and climate are well adapted for the cultivation of the vine, the olive, and the sugar-cane, but these plants were forbidden to be cultivated to the eastward of the Andes, for the purposes of making oil, wine, and rum, lest the trade of the mother-country should be disappointed of a market, or meet rivals in the colonies. Commerce was restricted to a few ports in America, and to a very few in Spain; the intercourse between the different American provinces was expressly forbidden, (with some few and trifling exceptions,) and the inhabitants even prohibited from passing from one to the other without special permission from the government, which was rarely granted.

Mining was an inviting subject for the speculative and enterprising spirits;

spirits, and consequently considerable numbers were attracted to that species of industry; by which sometimes enormous fortunes were acquired, but a much more numerous body of adventurers were reduced to ruin. Even in this branch of industry the most impolitic and ridiculous restrictions tended to check the spirit of enterprize. The mines of iron were forbidden to be worked, lest they should injure those of the peninsula; and quicksilver was not allowed to be obtained in Mexico, and only in a small quantity in Peru, though the quantity of silver which the mines would produce was only limited by the quantity of quicksilver which could be obtained for working them.

The freedom of the press was utterly unknown, and the press itself only permitted in a few of the larger cities, where, under the inspection of a rigid officer, a gazette, a few almanacks, and the *bandos* or proclamations of the government were printed. The laws in the compilation entitled '*La Recopilacion de las Indias*' were sufficiently just and simple, but the application of them by the courts of justice, called the Audiencias, was exceedingly corrupt, and the bribery of the judges so notorious, that it was scarcely affected to be concealed. The power of the viceroys, of the Audiencias, and even of the Subdelegados, was unlimited over the individuals under their authority, and imprisonment without inquiry and without trial could be inflicted at the arbitrary will of any of those officers, and prolonged till, by bribery or influence, the prisoner could obtain his release.

Nor are all the dominions of Spain in America by any means so circumstanced as to present great facilities for external commerce; their principal settlements, Mexico and Peru, are destitute of navigable rivers and secure harbours, and being very mountainous countries, with scarcely any roads, the obstacles to internal intercourse are with difficulty surmounted. But the want of the facilities for commerce is compensated to the inhabitants by the most prolific soil, yielding, with little labour, all that the wants or enjoyments of man require; and hence, under a most impolitic and unwise government, their population has increased, not indeed with the rapidity of the English settlements, but faster than in any other country with which we are acquainted.

This contrast between the two descriptions of American colonists is the more worthy of observation, because we are satisfied that nothing has led to so confused and inaccurate a view of the affairs in South America as the habit of arguing from the United States to the Spanish colonies.

The impotency of the mother-country to subdue may, as we have said, be in this, as in the former instance, established: because the effect of the shaft depends upon the strength of the

arm which draws the bow, and because distance naturally enfeebles the force, and distracts the aim : but that the Spanish colonies, if, like those of North America, they escape subjugation, must *therefore* necessarily like them start up into vigorous, steady, and mature states, is a proposition which no man will very confidently maintain, who recollects another more recent example of colonial revolution in St. Domingo. Far be it from us to anticipate such a consummation of the present struggle ; though there can be no doubt, we think, in which of the two prototypes, that of North America, or of St. Domingo, the elements of society were compounded in the manner more nearly resembling the South American colonies of Spain.

But we insist upon the uncertainty of the issue of this revolution (even after subjugation by Spain shall have been put out of the question) the more strongly, because we are persuaded that among the enthusiasts who would arm this country against Spain on behalf of her resisting colonies, the greater part do honestly and implicitly believe that, if the pressure of the Spanish monarchy were removed from South America, a new and beautiful order of things would instantaneously spring into existence : and the question as to the expediency (we will not say the justice or the right) of this country's interference in the quarrel cannot be fairly examined while coloured by such a delusion.

We have not been slow to admit the justifiableness of the course which the colonies have taken in refusing an unconditional return to the state in which they were placed under the colonial system of Spain. To the grievances arising from that system, we have mentioned that the progress of the peninsular war, and especially the decrees of the Cortes, added new causes of discontent.

The Cortes had never been assembled for active purposes since the peopling of Spanish America, which now contains more inhabitants than Spain. When the proposition was made of re-assembling that body, much difficulty occurred in determining the most constitutional mode of electing the members. Instead of adhering to the custom of Castile, of Arragon, or of Valencia, they were chosen upon a system too nearly copying the example of the Convention in France ; and as the distance of America precluded the possibility of any members arriving from thence in time, meetings were called of the natives of America, who had taken refuge in the isle of Leon, or the city of Cadiz ; and from them were chosen, by lot, individuals, who were to supply the places of representatives till an alteration in circumstances should enable them to elect regular members. Some of those representatives indeed protested against their own elections, though they were compelled

pelled to take their seats in the assembly which refused their protest. Almost the first business transacted by the Cortes was their famous declaration of the sovereignty of the people, a declaration which, like any other metaphysical sophism, is a mere nullity till it is applied to some practical purpose. The Cortes, after the abstract decree, assumed that they were the representatives of the people, and therefore the sovereigns for all purposes, both legislative and executive. The juntas formed in America, with equal or greater reason, affirmed that they were the people, and as such the sovereigns; sovereignty not confined to any class or colour; for all were equal, Indians and Negroes, Creoles and Spaniards, all had an equal right to be considered as the people of America.

The Cortes, like all theoretic statesmen, speedily found their doctrines irreconcilable with their interest. The decree of October, 1810, affirmed the equality of the Americans, and their right to be represented in the same proportions as the inhabitants of the Peninsula, (viz. one member for each fifty thousand souls.) A few months after it had been promulgated, the deputies for America brought before the assembly some propositions grounded on this decree, and calculated to reduce its principles to practice; but the *liberales*, the strenuous advocates for abstract rights and theoretic decrees, knew that America contained more inhabitants than Spain, and, reckoning by the head, she would have a majority of members in the Cortes. This party forming a small majority, were eager for the fabrication and adoption of a metaphysical republican constitution: what effect might be produced by the introduction of a majority of Americans they knew not, and they combated, in a discussion of several days, the application of their own principles, and succeeded in rejecting the propositions.

The adaptation of their principles to the case of America was deferred till the constitution could be manufactured. In that motley composition, by a strange departure from their own doctrine of equality, they enacted that no one, who was descended in the remotest degree from the African race, should become a citizen, so as to entitle him to represent or to be represented. By thus disfranchising all of African race they lessened the comparative population of America, and thus the majority in the future Cortes would be European Spaniards. The juntas in America could never understand any reason for restricting the rights of sovereignty to the European and Indian races, and for the exclusion of the Negroes and their descendants. The same caprice (for such it appeared) which excluded the free descendants of those mixed races, part of whose origin could be traced to Africa, might be extended to those of Indian origin, and thus nineteen-twentieths

of the inhabitants of America might have been deprived of the rights of man.

It would be difficult to describe, and disgusting to contemplate, the minutiae of those scenes of horror which Spanish America displayed during the period in which the metaphysical Cortes of Cadiz ruled the Peninsula. When that body was dissolved, and a new set of representatives chosen, the important events nearer their residence engaged their whole faculties, and prevented them from paying attention to that confusion and desolation which their predecessors had spread over the distant regions which were once subjected to the Spanish crown. The Cortes of Madrid were, upon the whole, a better composition than those who framed the chimerical constitution; they had less talent, but they had less presumption; and if the mob of Madrid had not overawed them during their ephemeral existence, it is probable some attempts might have been made to retrace the fatal steps of their predecessors; but the victories of the allied troops in Spain and the South of France, as well as in Germany, following in quick succession, induced Buonaparte to release Ferdinand.

The release of Ferdinand was unexpectedly announced in America. In most parts the different hostile bodies were acting in his name, (for only Caraccas and Buenos Ayres had declared for independence,) and professed to be contending for the preservation of his authority. His liberation therefore became the signal for the suspension of war, and hopes were entertained that the pause which took place in the western world would prevent further hostilities, and lead to peace and tranquillity. The cabinet of Madrid issued proclamations addressed to America, in the language of condolence and conciliation, declaring 'that the king, when rightly informed of the excesses committed by both parties, would become the mediator between his European and American children, in order to terminate those dissensions, which would never have occurred but for the absence and captivity of their common parent.' This slight prospect of tranquillity was, however, quickly dispelled. Whatever intelligence of the situation of affairs in America reached the Spanish cabinet, came through the medium of the viceroys and governors appointed by the Cortes at the instigation of the junta of Cadiz, who were zealous in securing to that city the monopoly of commerce, and who had carried on the war with such exterminating fury as to make them totally unfit for the mild office of pacificators. When Ferdinand abolished the constitution, the press, the posts, and many civil offices were left in the hands of those who had been the partisans of the Cortes and their regency; the reports transmitted to America by their means, were such as tended to prejudice  
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prejudice the character of the king and his ministers, and to kindle the languid flame of insurrection throughout that continent, and thus the hope of a termination to the war was speedily blasted.

At no period does there appear to have been any just ground for accusing the South Americans of partiality to France. That they were not desirous of obeying a French king on the throne of Spain, their conduct at that time indisputably proves; not a symptom of such a disposition appeared in the Caraccas, in Buenos-Ayres, in Mexico or in Chili. That they ever desired to be subjects of the French empire, independently of Spain, is inconsistent with their views and professions, and in itself perfectly unintelligible. It should be recorded to their honour that they disdained the intrigues and promises of Buonaparte, and his attempts to confound their cause with his own ambitious projects. The secret instructions given to Dumolard, which were taken, and are published in the 'Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America,'—prove the extent of Buonaparte's designs, and the exertions of his agents; and it is well known how completely those designs and exertions failed. It was reserved for the more refined intellects of European statesmen to decorate Napoleon with the attributes of freedom; to lament his fall as the extinction of liberty, and the triumph of despotic and illiberal principles.—But the less cultivated Americans treated his pretensions to this character with native rudeness, and seem to have concluded, that the invasion of Spain, the attempt to subjugate and enslave an unoffending people, and to force his brother on their throne, were not the best claims to the admiration and support of nations contending for their own independence.

It is not then without extreme astonishment, and an emotion of the ridiculous, that among the competitors who are expected to attempt to share in the tempting prizes, which these magnificent regions offer to ambition and to avarice, we have heard mention of the name of *Joseph Buonaparte*! That the military officers of France, driven by political events from their native country and unable to bear the inaction and insipidity of peace, that ambitious spirits of every nation should enlist themselves in a cause, which flatters the hopes of distinction and of interest, cannot be matter of surprize—but that king Joseph—the *bottle-king*—the laughing-stock of his own palace—who can scarcely have recovered his breath since the flight of Vittoria—that he should ever be the candidate for a second throne, will appear most singular even to this generation. But how infinitely will that wonder be increased, should we find him selecting South America for the second display of his regal and military virtues! By that country his pretensions were rejected with universal contempt.—His emissaries were no sooner detected, than they were cast into prison themselves, and  

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their papers and proclamations into the fire ; or they were sent to Europe by his loyal subjects for the information of his enemies.

We have said enough to shew that it is from no ill will to the Spanish colonies that we are doubtful as to the probability of their immediate erection into empires, and decided as to the policy of encouraging and aiding them in that enterprize. This latter opinion is not in any degree strengthened, in our minds, by the view which is taken by the Abbé de Pradt of the effect to be produced by American success on British power and prosperity.

As the Abbé de Sièyes produced a constitution for any country on demand, the Abbé de Pradt appears to have a book prepared for every political subject: no wonder therefore that he has written and is writing most copiously on the important subject of the American colonies, which, he has well remarked, will now become the principal object of attention to the European states.

The same vivacity of style, the same vein of acute observation, and the same ambitious pursuit of effect and of '*white bears*' in writing, as they were termed by Lord Chatham, will be found in this, as in all the Abbé's former works. But we must confess that his talents appear to us better adapted to the lively description of characters, and to the invention of an excellent *sobriquet*, than to the discussion of great political questions, and the settlement of political difficulties. His passion for *generalization* often obscures the subject which he is anxious to illustrate; and at other times induces him to express, in stately and solemn diction, trite matters of fact, and truisms as new as they are profound. There is a chapter in the first volume, '*Des Colonies*,' on the '*Constituent Principles of the Colonial Order*.' These he has by great labour reduced to the small number of *ninety-four*; but when the importance and novelty of those which he has introduced are maturely considered, the only cause of surprize will be, how he has been able to refrain from adding several hundred more to this list.

' 45. The independence of colonies is nothing more than the declaration of the majority.'

' 84. Money does not return from India.'

' 71. The separation of colonies leads to the establishment of a great number of states.'

' 86. The nation which is sovereign in India is superior to those which are not so.'

These and such as these, are the Abbé's profound maxims of state policy, and afford a striking proof of that simplicity which is the characteristic of great discoveries.

The Abbé desires the independence of the South American colonies, because it must lead to the general independence of America, and, by certain consequence, to the emancipation of Europe from the

the intolerable yoke of England, which he represents to be as severe as the oppression of Buonaparte. He foresees the formation of independent and naval powers in America, who, with their combined fleets, shall in the fullness of time come to the relief of oppressed Europe. He predicts the birth of the admiral who is destined to capture the bridge of London; but the English reader will be somewhat consoled by hearing, that the production of this tremendous infant will not follow for many ages the death of the general, who attempted to blow up the bridge of *Jena*. We cannot be too grateful for this long respite. But let the ci-devant archbishop offer a few words for himself.

‘The Revolution,’ he says, (p. 414.) ‘has given up the ocean to England, and with it all the colonies and all the navies of Europe. By its position in the centre of the European ocean, England stops all communication between the north and the south. Where can they have any intercourse? Every thing that would pass through the Sound would be stopped at Heligoland and Ferö; it would have to pass under that long battery which extends from Yarmouth to Plymouth; the Channel is a sea enclosed by the English ports, and is completely an English roadstead, through which the squadrons of France and Holland would not dare to pass. At the first signal, Brest, Cadiz, and Toulon, would be blockaded. Gibraltar commands the entrance to the Mediterranean, Malta occupies the centre of it, and Corfu rules the Adriatic: where can we unite, or through where can we pass? It is just the same in every other part of the world. England has possessed herself of situations which deprive other nations of any hope of success; so that a coalition between all the maritime powers of Europe against England is a creature of the imagination. Some of the parties to this coalition are too much exposed both in their commerce and in their colonies not to prefer their present sufferings to any aggravation of them, which would be the inevitable consequence of a rupture with England. She has just left them colonies and commerce enough to form a bond composed of fear, and of an attention to that conduct which she is always dictating.—*An everlasting status quo is the only calculation of those powers*; provided that lasts they are satisfied. At the Cape of Good Hope, at Ceylon, at Trinidad, at Barbadoes, and at Halifax, the English are in the same position with regard to the colonies as they are at Heligoland, Gibraltar, and Malta, with regard to Europe. Every thing is in subjection to them there as it is here. Whilst things are in this state, all the naval force of Europe is a useless expense—a subject of triumph prepared for England, and, since we must speak out, a complete absurdity. Europe must not look at home for the means of obtaining maritime freedom; she cannot rest the lever firmly here, which will raise the burden that is crushing her—it must be rested in America. From henceforth her liberation must originate there. We have just had a proof of this in the war which the United States have been waging against England: they have tormented England more than all the navies of Europe united together have done. The reason of this is very



simple: it is the distance of America. England at such a distance from the seat of empire lost part of the advantages which render her so formidable in Europe; consequently the greater number of states there are in America similar to the United States, the greater number of allies will there be for Europe: for all these states being, like the United States, in their nature maritime, and possessing an infinite number of ports and rivers inviting navigation and commerce, will have the greatest interest in the liberty of the seas, and in forming an alliance between the weaker maritime powers against the stronger, who are the natural oppressors of the former; consequently every standard of liberty planted in America will cover the seas of Europe with a tutelary shade. Let us suppose some free states in America, like those of Brazil, the United States, and Mexico; and on the other side of the continent, Peru and Chili, to be in that state of freedom which they must arrive at sooner or later—Is it not plain that in them are raised up as many rivals to England, and as many fleets and as many arsenals as there are in the United States, and all of them at the service of Europe, against the common enemy, the mistress of the sea, whatever name she bears? for by being mistress, she is an enemy to all who are weaker than herself, and all are equally enemies to her. Is it not plain that a general contest for the independence of the sea will arise with means of supporting it, a contest which, in this case, would not fail of having its effect, favoured as it would be by the position of the nations who would take part in it, while it is impossible that Europe alone should institute such a contest, on account of its position and its proximity to England? She is an enemy whom we cannot affront till we have drawn her from home, and forced her to divide her strength. When England shall have to blockade at once both the whole of Europe and the whole of America, that blockade, instead of being an iron chain, which it is impossible to break, as has been the case for the last twenty years, will be only a cobweb which can be pierced at pleasure. When her vessels shall have to guard stations at the distance from England of many thousand leagues, and without secure harbours; and when her commerce, banished from the two continents, and pursued by swarms of cruizers, shall stretch its suppliant and afflicted arms towards the mother country for peace; then will a maritime independence be established for Europe, which it is not able to obtain by its own means.

‘The chief error in the policy of Napoleon was this; he wished to render the seas free by means of Europe, whilst it was only by means of America that it could be done: he turned his back upon the object he aimed at when he went to seek for it in Russia, where it certainly was never to be found. Such is still the error of Spain: she does not perceive that by labouring to re-establish the dependance of America, she is only confirming her own dependance upon England, who will thus be enabled to turn all her force against her, which would otherwise be required against America.’

We should not have trespassed on the patience of our readers with this long rhapsody, did we not know that the sentiments it conveys are the common property of all the revolutionists; that the  
numerous

numerous disciples of that school of anarchy which France has scattered over the world, affect the same terror of the naval power of England, the same tender regard for the insurgents of Spanish America, and the same hope that, by the ferment at present working in that distant part of the world, the countries of Europe now settling into repose may again be roused and kindled into confusion, plunder, and regicide.

Contempt for the whole fraternity, of which this man is a feeble echo, must not prevent us from such remarks as are dictated by a regard to the peace and happiness of mankind, and by the love of that genuine liberty which can subsist only with law, order and legitimate authority.

In the station which England has acquired, during the long war reluctantly waged by her in defence of the civilized world, it is not even pretended that she has obtained any other than defensive positions; or that, having acquired them, she has applied, or shown a disposition to apply, their possession to any other purpose than that of securing general tranquillity.

The lamentations of these *liberales* arise not from any fear that England will disturb that tranquillity, but that the positions which she has thus taken will induce the other powers of Europe to maintain '*an everlasting status quo, and to be satisfied as long as that lasts;*' a situation which being the result of treaties of peace and of the law of nations, and not founded on the '*rights of man,*' must tend to disturb the visionary ideas of the revolutionary faction. In consequence of England possessing the outposts she has acquired, the liberty of the sea has been more effectually secured than it could have been by the conquest of Russia; (the attempt at whose subjugation the right reverend politician mildly points out as an error on the part of Napoleon;) or than it is by the swarms of pirates of all nations who, under South American colours, annoy and plunder the peaceful traders on the Atlantic ocean. By the repose which the naval superiority of England has given to the world, the *status quo*, which this author dreads, is, in fact, likely to be realised. All the naval powers, and England above all, have been enabled to reduce their military navies to a standard even below what any former peace has witnessed. England has exerted herself to crush the enemies of the liberty of the sea on the shores of the Mediterranean, and perhaps ought to do somewhat to suppress those equally piratical cruisers which are fitted out by unknown buccaneers under the banners of Spanish American freedom. With these exceptions, the liberty of the sea, of which, with a whining cant, the revolutionists pretend to lament the loss, never was enjoyed in any period, or under any circumstances, in greater perfection than at the moment when they are alarming or attempting

to alarm the continent with their denunciation of the maritime tyranny of England.

But the cant of revolutionists has as little influence on our fears, as the war-whoop of enthusiasts has upon our reason. We would abstain from aiding the Spanish Americans against the mother-country,—not because we dread the re-establishment of their independence, but because we doubt the probability of so peaceable a result from the success of the colonies against Spain; and because we are sure that England has no right to take part in the quarrel. We believe that some middle result between submission and total independence is at once the most probable and the most desirable; and we think that to such an end, this country might lend its aid in the manner in which it has been willing to lend it heretofore.

When in the year 1810, the deputies from the South American provinces came to England, announcing their resolution to maintain their allegiance to Ferdinand, to assist Spain with all their power in the common cause against France, but to provide independently for their own internal government, three distinct lines of policy were open to the English government. To unite our forces with those of Spain, and actively to support them in compelling the colonies to submit, was a course of policy that no statesman could advise, and it would benow a waste of time to argue on it. The question then to be decided was, whether this country should give an avowed support to the colonies in their contest for independence, or whether, acting on the clear principle of neutrality, and endeavouring to secure to Spain the succours and resources of the American provinces during the war against Buonaparte, it should offer mediation between the mother-country and the colonies. The colonists proclaimed their present object to be complete and permanent independence; but the qualified manner in which their claims were *then* stated, was a material point in the question, as then presented to the decision of the English government.

At the first arrival of this intelligence in England, a loud outcry was raised in favour of granting immediate and open assistance to the colonies. The opportunity, it was urged, might never recur; the success could not be doubtful in the existing condition of Spain; the advantages to England were incalculable and certain, while the war in Spain, as it had been decided by these advisers, could only be productive of certain loss, defeat and disgrace.

Of the numerous arguments against the proposition of employing at that time the arms of England in alliance with the colonies; the first in real importance, and which would appear to us abundantly sufficient to decide the question, is to be deduced from the

war,

war, in which we were engaged as the allies of Spain, against the enormous and usurping power of France. The policy of employing the military resources of England in a powerful exertion for the success of that contest may have been wise, or ludicrously absurd; but it *had been adopted*, and its wisdom or folly are indifferent to the present question. The primary object of all our exertions was to obtain and secure the independence of the throne and people of Spain; and who will deny that the military power of France was so formidable, the resources and the genius of Buonaparte were so gigantic, that the principal, or rather the only chance of our success obviously consisted in the unity of our object?

To those, indeed, who persevered in arguing that the war in Spain was on our part an idle waste of blood and of treasure, and who had the sagacity to perceive in Buonaparte a disposition so pacific, and intentions so inoffensive, that England might safely acquiesce in the addition of Spain to his dominions; the privilege of recommending in any year of the war an expedition of freedom and fraternity to South America most unquestionably belonged; but more especially to those who had engrafted these principles on an indiscriminate affection for all revolutions. If, however, Buonaparte had in truth engrossed a degree of power, which, having absorbed the liberties of the continent, had become a subject of national alarm to England; and if, as the event has proved, the best opportunity of opposing a successful resistance to his system of aggrandizement was to be found in assisting a nation, exasperated by his insults, and struggling against his oppression, it must be admitted that every deviation from the singleness of our plan was rather to be avoided than to be pursued. Every object of policy became of minor consequence, and no minor object ought to have been allowed to distract our attention, or to divide our forces. We certainly might have contrived, with mischievous ingenuity, to weaken the exertions of our ally, and to disperse our own, at the crisis of that arduous contest. Spain seldom calculates with prudence the chances of political success: indignant at such conduct, she might have chosen to break the alliance; and we should then have had the satisfaction of adding a war in America to that in Europe; or, at all events, we should have offered to Spain the alternative of preserving the integrity of her empire by submission to Buonaparte, or of suffering,—at the hands of her friendly ally, and as a reward for her exertions in the cause of national freedom,—the dismemberment of her colonies. But how would the advocates of this policy have disposed of the question of national faith, though the ground of expediency be conceded?—A question which they will admit to be not only a very graceful topic

topic of parliamentary declamation, but essential to the real interests, as it is to the character of the country.

We cannot imagine any source of a more lively delight to those individuals, statesmen, authors, and orators of various nations, who pursue the honest profession of misrepresenting the motives, and of detracting from the reputation of England, than would have been the unexpected intelligence—that at the very crisis of a war, in which we pretended to a more than common zeal of friendship, and a hearty communion of objects with Spain, we had, in breach of express and solemn treaties, taken advantage of the first unfavourable change in the situation of our ally, to pursue at his expense our own sordid objects of commercial policy—that we had, in short, betrayed the cause of Europe for a better market for our commodities! this would have been, indeed, a triumph. Every gazette, and every political assembly in Europe would have teemed with expressions of hatred and disgust;—no libel from the press of our continental friends or enemies would have omitted this invaluable topic, and what defence could have been made for this faithless, selfish, and shop-keeping nation?

But it has been said, that having saved Spain and Europe from the yoke of Buonaparte, we may now safely speculate in the freedom of Spanish America; and we have been excited to this war—for it is not less than war—sometimes by severe censures on the conduct of Spain, at others by alarming our jealousy of the rising power of the United States. The peculiar state of the relations between Spain and England from the year 1809 to 1814, and the transition from war to peace, in no degree alter our view of this subject, nor can they weaken the arguments against the colonial alliance. After the bitter experience of the contest with her own colonies in North America, it may well become this country to be slow in interfering with the colonial disputes of other nations. If the political consequences for which France is indebted to her active support of those colonies are fairly considered, they will not hold out a very strong encouragement to imitate her example.

Would it be nothing to incur the just and durable enmity of the power, which by our means has been deprived of colonial possessions? Or, granting that its means of future revenge may be contemptible, can it be imagined that all the nations of Europe would look on with indifference, while England was extending her influence, and securing, as they would apprehend, a monopoly of American commerce? Have they proved themselves to be so free from jealousy of our power, and so attached to the interests of our trade, that we could expect them to be idle spectators of this great addition to both? But if the cause of Spain were defended by any allies, then the tranquillity of Europe might be again committed to the  
hazard

hazard of war, and America be the inauspicious field of battle. That the conduct of Spain has been, in this contest with her colonies, neither wise nor humane; that Ferdinand VII. lost an opportunity on his return to the throne, of succeeding in a rational attempt at conciliation;—these are propositions, to the truth of which we may assent without being driven to the conclusion, that therefore the sword must be drawn for the colonists.

But it has been plausibly asserted, that by abstaining from interference in the affairs of South America we are surrendering to the United States all the advantages which might be secured to ourselves from this revolution—that we are assisting to increase the trade and power of a nation, which alone can ever be the maritime rival of England. It appears to us extremely doubtful whether any advantage commercial or political can be lost to England by a neutral conduct; and it must be observed, that the United States themselves have given every public proof of their intention to pursue the same line of policy. But admitting that this conduct is nothing more than a decent pretext; or admitting still further, that they will afford to the Independents direct and open assistance, our view of the case would remain precisely the same. The experience of ages, the instance of North America itself, will distinctly prove, that the South Americans will not sacrifice to their gratitude for the *disinterested* exertions of the United States all the benefits and enjoyments which, in any case of their success or failure, they must derive from the amity and the intercourse of England. They will not be disposed to punish themselves by receiving our manufactures at an enhanced value through the medium of the United States; nor will they, by a gratuitous provocation of the naval power, whose productions are most congenial to their wants, and whose hostility would be the most formidable to their nascent prosperity, at once throw away the great prize of their exertions—the acquisition of a free trade. We are still persuaded, that they will not feel enmity towards England, because in the first years of their revolution it has preferred the line of good faith to a selfish pursuit of commercial profit, or to a romantic desertion of common sense; and because at a later period it may be unwilling to risk the tranquillity of Europe, and to aggravate its financial difficulties, by engaging in war against an ally recently saved by its own exertions.

These reasons appear conclusive against the policy of committing the honour and the power of England in an alliance offensive and defensive with the colonists of America. The government of this country adopted in 1810 the line of mediation, and the commissioners appointed for this purpose by England proceeded to Cadiz; where, after warm discussions in the Cortes, the mediation was rejected

jected and the mission dissolved. Whatever might have been the result of this scheme, it is to be regretted that the British commissioners, men of talent and of experience in political affairs, had not then the opportunity of informing themselves and their country on the real state of the colonies, and of obtaining an accurate insight into the views, the disposition, and the conduct of both parties in this sanguinary contest. We cannot now decide whether Spain, in thus rejecting the plan of mediation, rejected the only chance of recovering her colonies, but we know that many of those who were leading members in the executive and in the Cortes have expressed their bitter repentance of the conduct which they pursued in obedience to the inveterate prejudices of Spain rather than to any calm and reasoned consideration of the subject. Nothing has occurred since the year 1810, which, in our apprehension, ought to alter the line of neutrality then adopted by England, and we are convinced that a strict and sincere adherence to it will not fail to secure the political and commercial advantages which a more violent course must expose to hazard. That we should have been diverted from it by the conduct of Ferdinand, or even by the revival of the Inquisition with all its dungeons, tortures, and *autos da fé*, is a proposition maintainable only by the advocates of perpetual hostilities, who might well rejoice, if the follies or faults of foreign monarchs, and the unjust or unwise measures of foreign nations with respect to their own internal affairs, were suffered to push the English government, by every impulse of disgust or indignation, to the extremity of war.

There is, however, a set of reasoners on this subject who must be reminded that England ought not on this, or on any occasion, to pursue an equivocal line of policy. Such conduct is sufficiently absurd in trivial matters and in the ordinary affairs of life, but in great political questions it is worse than weakness; it is always dangerous, and often fatal. At once to support Spain against her colonies, or the colonies against Spain, would be a more prudent and dignified course, than, under the mask of neutrality, to give an oblique encouragement to either party. Such conduct is quite inconsistent with the character of England; of which the best and the ancient distinction has been a direct, manly and avowed system of policy on all occasions, equally exempt from the vacillations of weakness and the shallow duplicity of artifice. We are not at present in a condition to sport with this inestimable advantage; but if we were, the last question on which the experiment should be tried, from its nature and consequences, is the revolution in Spanish America. The only interference in South American affairs, which we could adopt with consistency, with dignity, or with effect, would be the renewal (at the solicitation of either

either party) of that mediation, the acceptance of which in 1810 might have saved years of distraction and bloodshed to the colonies; and the refusal of which (for such in effect it was) by Spain has gone near to render war desperate and reconciliation hopeless. But even in the offering, or the consenting to undertake such a mediation at the present moment, so far should we be from desiring to monopolize the fruits of its success, that we think the best hope of its coming to a favourable issue would be, that the other great powers of Europe should be parties to it in common with ourselves.

In reviewing the events of the revolution in South America, we cannot omit to notice the recent death of General Miranda, the author and the leader of the first attempt to obtain its political freedom; and it is impossible to mention the circumstances attending his death, without expressing the feelings of disgust and indignation, which in every civilized country they cannot fail to excite. Betrayed by a treacherous adherent to the Spanish general with whom he had concluded a formal capitulation, and in defiance of this treaty, (which contained on the one side an acknowledgment of the authority of the Cortes, and on the other a complete amnesty to all persons in his army, without exception,) he was conveyed to Spain, and after a rigorous confinement of four years, he expired in the prison of La Caraca near Cadiz. We have been informed, but we trust that our information is incorrect, that his domestics were prohibited by the monks and clergy of the place, in which he died, from giving the common tokens of respect to his remains, and that his effects were burnt, with every mark of ignominy and contempt. Miranda undoubtedly possessed one characteristic, perhaps the most distinctive, of a superior mind,—that of having selected an elevated and, in his opinion, an useful object of ambitious pursuit, and of having devoted, with steady perseverance to the successful attainment of it, his faculties, his fortune, and his life. His sincerity in the cause which he had undertaken cannot be questioned, for the last exertion he made for its success, and which terminated in his own captivity and death, was made against the advice of his more prudent friends; when the affairs of Venezuela, his native country, were in the most desperate condition, and when the cause itself, for which he made this sacrifice, was not less endangered by the treachery of its professed advocates, than by the superior forces of the Spaniards. An impartial observer of his career in America will discover the taint of Jacobinical principles which he had contracted in the service of Revolutionary France. He displayed them in his own country by an awkward imitation of the worst forms of the very worst times of the French assemblies. In the same school,  
and



and amidst the contentions of rival commanders for the supreme power of the Republic, he acquired the habits of irregular ambition which exposed him to the jealousy and suspicion of his countrymen; which sullied the motives of his conduct and checked the career of his success in a cause, of which his talents, his knowledge and his experience, would have entitled him to be a leader.

It is with pain that we have remarked the peculiarly lawless and sanguinary nature of the war in all the Spanish colonies. No civil war of ancient or modern times can afford a parallel to these atrocities; and the cruelties of the Indian allies in the war of North America, exaggerated as they were by writers on both sides of the question, would sink in the comparison. Not only the common and conventional laws of nations, but the common feelings of human nature are outraged and despised,—the murder of prisoners, the perfidious violation of treaties, the unprovoked massacre of defenceless inhabitants seem to have been the ordinary resources of war to both the contending parties. We have seen a proclamation published by General Bolivar, at *Ocumare*, in July, 1816, in which he commands, ‘that no European Spaniard shall be put to death, *excepting in battle*; that to those who surrender pardon shall be given, though *Spaniards*; and that the *war of death* shall cease.’ For the honour of mankind it is to be hoped, that he will persevere in humanizing the mode of warfare, in which the belligerents had indulged their irritated passions. But it must be observed, that the example of humanity would have come with a better grace from those, whose obvious policy it is to conciliate, and who lay claim to a higher degree of civilization. It would have become the mother-country to practise in America the laws of civilized war, which she has learnt in Europe.

To attempt an historical narrative of the events of the war, would be to hazard our own character for veracity;—for such are the acrimony and violence which pervade the official documents on both sides, so completely have their contradictory relations succeeded in perverting or obscuring the truth, that we cannot pretend to more, than to sketch an outline of such recent transactions as are too notorious to be concealed, and too authentic to be misrepresented.

From the articles in Mr. Thompson’s translation of Alcedo’s Dictionary, (in which the impartiality of the narrative is not less to be admired than the variety and accuracy of the general information,) and from ‘the Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America,’ a correct notion of these events to a late period may be collected. The latter work is evidently written by a person, who has enjoyed access to the best sources of information and has probably

bably been himself engaged in some of the transactions which he has described: the general bias of the author is in favour of the colonists, but he does not endeavour to conceal the misconduct of their leaders, to magnify their victories, or to diminish those of the Spaniards.

The provinces of Venezuela and of New Granada have constantly preserved some connexion in their operations, though governed by separate and independent congresses;—they were entirely free, until the earthquake, which in March, 1812, destroyed the towns of La Guayra, Merida, and Caracas; and under their ruins crushed many thousands of the inhabitants, and buried the stores of arms and ammunition destined for the service of their armies. This tremendous calamity occurred on Holy Thursday; and the impression, which one of the most solemn rites of the Catholic religion makes at all times on the superstitious population of the Spanish colonies, was aggravated by the recollection that it was the anniversary of their revolution. Of this circumstance the priests in the interest of the royalists took advantage, and confusion and despondency were introduced into the affairs of the republic. Miranda, having been appointed dictator, was, after a brave and skilful resistance, obliged to propose a capitulation to the Spanish General Monteverde, by which the constitution proposed for Spain by the Cortes, was accepted for Venezuela.

Caracas was in consequence possessed by the royalists, with the rest of the provinces; and Miranda himself, betrayed to the Spaniards, was imprisoned and soon afterwards conveyed to Spain.—The royalists conducted themselves in Venezuela with a degree of severity and imprudence which could not long be tolerated. Don Simon Bolivar, who had been one of the deputies from the colonies to England in 1810, having raised an army of less than a thousand men in New Granada, after several successful battles with the royalists, entered the town of Caracas, as a deliverer, on the 4th of August, 1813.—To a reader, accustomed to contemplate the myriads, which have been arrayed against each other in the wars of Europe, nothing can appear more singular and striking than the contrast between the insignificance of the means, and the magnitude of the objects in dispute in South America, as well as the immense extent of the regions, which are the seat of these diminutive campaigns.

Bolivar continued to attack with success the remaining forces of the royalists, and having offered the resignation of his authority into the hands of a Representative Assembly, was by them formally appointed the sole dictator. In order to recover their superiority, the Spaniards had recourse to the desperate and indefensible mea-

sure of a general liberation and arming of the slaves; and by these means raised an army or rather an armed rabble of above seventy thousand men, by whom Bolivar was beaten in a general action at the distance of fifty leagues from the capital. He had committed the fault of dividing his army, already inferior in numbers to that of his opponents. The Spanish General Bores occupied Venezuela in 1814, and Bolivar fled to Carthagena, which city General Morillo, who had arrived from Spain with ten thousand men, (the only considerable expedition that Spain has been able to send to America,) besieged in the summer of 1815—and took, after an obstinate resistance of four months, in the course of which a great part of the defenders had perished by famine.

Bolivar, with the assistance of Brion, a naval officer, and a man of considerable wealth, and of General M'Gregor, who had served in the English army on the Peninsula, directed another expedition against the royalists in Venezuela; which, though he was himself defeated, has partially succeeded. The royalists appear to be still in possession of the principal towns, but great part of the country is occupied by the Independent armies or roving bands of *Guerillas*. They have also, under M'Gregor, occupied the island of Amelia, which contains an excellent harbour, and affords them an easy communication with their friends in the United States. The island of Margarita, and part of the provinces of Cumana and Maracaybo, are in their power, and Bolivar was, at the date of the last accounts, still at the head of affairs.

The provinces composing the viceroyalty of New Granada, after violent civil contests, had established a system of general federation, and appointed Nurino general of their forces, united to oppose the royalists, who had exasperated the whole country, by having, upon the capture of Quito, put to death one in every five of the inhabitants, by whom it had been defended. Nurino was for some time victorious, but was at length taken prisoner in June, 1814;—and the cause which had prospered by his conduct and talents was materially depressed.

The congress of New Granada, not dispirited by failure, employed Bolivar in December, 1814, to compel the province of Cundinamarca, with the capital Santa Fé di Bogota, to submit to their form of government. In this object he succeeded—and the congress proceeded to hold their sittings in that capital. The troops of New Granada were then employed by Bolivar in reducing Carthagena, of which the governor, Castillo, resisted his supreme authority. While the armies were fighting for this point of civil dissension, Morillo arrived, to whom both parties were obliged to surrender.

Pursuing his success, Morillo captured Santa Fé in June, 1816, after

after a spirited resistance of the Independents. From the intercepted dispatches of this general to the Spanish government (for they are not *all* fabrications) it is evident that in many of the provinces of New Granada the war is still carried on against Spain, that the spirit of independence is no where destroyed, and that unless Spain is able to supply her armies with constant re-inforcements, they will soon be unequal to resist the *Guerrillas* by whom the country is overrun.

The colony of Mexico is on many accounts the leading object of anxiety to the mother-country in the present contest. The population exceeds six millions, that of the capital alone is 140,000. Humboldt states it to be the most civilized of the Spanish colonies, and its mines, its harbours, and its position render it the most valuable. Tranquillity had been preserved as long as the archbishop was viceroy, but a conspiracy having been formed by some Spanish officers and a curate named Hidalgo, who had acquired singular influence over the Indians, the revolution began to wear a formidable appearance. They appeared in arms soon after the arrival of the viceroy Venegas—Hidalgo at the head of a motley army of eighty thousand men seized the royal treasure at Goanaxuato and possessed himself of some of the richest mines. He assumed the banners of the ancient emperors of Mexico, and displayed the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the favourite object of Catholic worship in Mexico. Hidalgo marched within a few leagues of the city of Mexico, and if there had been in its walls any active party in his favour, the forces of Venegas were so inferior and so dispirited, that it must have fallen into his hands. But the archbishop and the Inquisition having published a solemn decree of excommunication against him, the inhabitants of the city and of the province remained passive spectators of the contest. After a long delay before the city, which gave his opponents the opportunity of collecting their forces, he withdrew in some confusion. His army was pursued and defeated by the Spanish general Calleja. It is a remarkable fact that in the towns submitting to his power, he issued a coinage with the head of Ferdinand the Seventh.—Having been twice defeated by the Spaniards, he was treacherously attacked and taken prisoner by a general of the Independents, and himself with all his officers were put to death. Several chiefs continued a desultory war, of whom Rayon a lawyer, and Morelos a priest, were the most conspicuous; they formed a junta, which still acknowledged Ferdinand. Calleja took Zitiquaro, the residence of this junta, and most barbarously as well as most unwisely razed to the ground every building in it. Morelos, after many actions with the royalists, and after destroying the royal magazines of tobacco, which were of the greatest value; took the town

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of Acapulco, and effectually stopped the communication between Vera Cruz and Mexico. The Junta was succeeded by a Congress, which met at a distance of forty leagues from Mexico, and framed and published a democratic constitution. Acapulco has been retaken by the Spaniards; but the colonists, having fitted out privateers in the Gulf of Mexico, have been able to receive supplies of arms, ammunition, and officers—they have been joined by the French general Humbert, and by Mina, son of Mina, whose name was illustrious in the Spanish war.—The accounts of very recent transactions are incomplete and obscure. It would, however, appear, that the province of Puebla is still occupied by the Independents, and that nearly all the other provinces are traversed by bodies of armed men, who intercept the course of trade, and prevent the working of the mines, and even the common occupation of agriculture—Don Juan Apodaca, who resided in England as Spanish minister for several years, is the present viceroy, and having abandoned the policy in which his predecessors had in vain persevered, has adopted with success the wiser system of mildness and reconciliation.

When the Spanish government of Buenos Ayres was overthrown, a Junta on the model of those existing in Spain was immediately appointed. This example was followed by the province of Chili, which, secure in itself, sent military succours to the government of Buenos Ayres. A considerable army was dispatched to the provinces of Upper Peru, from which the royalists were then expelled. But their commander, Goyeneche, taking advantage of the violent dissensions among the chiefs of the Independents, reconquered the country, and unless he had resorted to the measures of cruelty, which have in all parts of the American continent exasperated those, who are not in this manner to be subdued, he probably would have been able to retain it. The town of Monte Video was defended against the colonists by General Elio, assisted with troops and money by the Portuguese. A capitulation was concluded between the parties, by which the Portuguese were bound to quit the place, and to return to the Brazils; they, however, still continued to commit hostilities, and the colonial forces were marching against them, when the Portuguese minister, Sousa, having died, his successor proposed terms of honourable peace, and of a mutual guarantee, which were accepted. A constituent assembly having been elected at Buenos Ayres it chose an executive government of three individuals; but the armies in Peru having been frequently defeated by the royalists, and the public mind being alarmed, Don G. Pozadas was named supreme director, with a council of seven members. Another contest arose with Monte-Video, which was taken in 1814 by

by Colonel Alvear. But the capitulation, by which the Spanish garrison were permitted to embark for Spain, was violated; the violation was defended on the ground of retaliating the conduct of the Spanish generals in Peru, by whom every advantage had been taken in defiance of armistices and treaties.

The government of Buenos Ayres refused to surrender Monte Video to General Artigas, who claimed it as chief of the provinces on the eastern bank of the Plata, and who, having possessed himself of part of Paraguay, had assumed independent power: he gained possession of the town, continued to make war upon Buenos Ayres, and defeated the army that was sent to dispossess him. After frequent changes of government, and many popular commotions, a new congress was elected, which named Don M. Puyredon sole and supreme director, and which published a formal declaration of the independence of the provinces in July, 1816. The Portuguese government, constantly tormented by the ambition of extending their enormous dominions to the river La Plata, broke the articles of the treaty, and advancing under General Lecor to Maldonado, entered Monte Video without resistance in January, 1817. The Portuguese force is still there; but all is independent of Spain.

The provinces of Chili having assembled a congress, and the country being disturbed by the ambition of three brothers, named Carrera, who had usurped the chief authority, the viceroy of Lima sent an army there in 1813, which gained partial success, but made no considerable progress. The colonists had deposed Carrera, and given the command to O'Higgins, a brave and skilful officer. The independent troops were on the point of fighting in this civil contest, when it was announced to them, that the viceroy of Lima refused to ratify an armistice, by which Chili was to have sent a certain number of deputies to the Cortes in Spain, while its new government was to be acknowledged. The Spanish general, after several actions with O'Higgins, took all the principal towns of Chili, in the autumn of 1814, and sent the chiefs of the Independents to the desert island of Juan Fernandez. But the government of Buenos Ayres foreseeing, in the success of the Spaniards, the danger to their own cause, dispatched an army under General San Martin, which crossing the great chain of the Andes, and having defeated the royalists in a general action near Santiago, succeeded in restoring the former congress in February, 1817. Their success has, in every instance, been materially assisted by the oppressive and impolitic measures of the Spanish generals and governors.

From this brief outline it will appear that Lower Peru is in fact the only colony of Spain in America, in which no independent government

vernment has been formed, and in which the authority of Spain has been maintained without interruption. There have been many conspiracies at Lima, but they have hitherto failed in their objects. The principal reason of this exception seems to be, that there is in that province a greater number of large capitalists and opulent slave-holders than in the other American provinces, who are naturally interested in preventing the success of any commotion which may alter the state of property and of power, and may deprive them of their exclusive privileges.

Perhaps the most important changes in the relative condition of the belligerents in America, will result from the equipment of naval forces—by the Caraccas, under the command of Brion, and by Buenos Ayres, under Admiral Brown. Their vessels have been the means of communication between the colonies, too distant to have acted with concert; and they have already assailed the trade of Spain in the South Seas, and even in sight of Cadiz. The appearance on the high seas of independent flags, not acknowledged by the European powers, must raise questions of public law, of which the decision, involving considerations of the greatest political importance, will be difficult and embarrassing. But all nations know what is due to pirates; and the tribunals of maritime law will not be embarrassed in disposing of those, whose object has been general and lawless plunder.

In this rapid sketch of affairs so various and complicated, the fear of being prolix must be our apology for many omissions. But we cannot dismiss the subject of South America without some remarks on the increase of trade which England may derive from an intercourse with that country. With an extensive line of coast, with numerous navigable rivers, which, like great arteries, intersect the continent, and form abundant channels for internal traffic, with a population of seventeen millions, which was increasing before the present war, and must rapidly increase under an improved system of government, without any manufactures of consequence, and possessing in abundance the precious metals—South America presents a market to the skill and enterprize of our merchants, which we hope and believe will not long be withheld from them.

Whatever may be the issue of the contest in South America, whether the colonies become independent nations, or whether they continue to be governed by Spain, advantages must accrue to British commerce. On this point we cannot better express our opinion than in the words of Lord Grenville, who in his celebrated speech on the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company, rejoiced in the hope of our acquiring ‘a free trade with the rich kingdoms of South America, a country hitherto barred against

against us as much by the monopolies of its own government as by our own, but now at last, by the course of events no longer within the control of man, opened, *in every case I trust*, infallibly opened to the commerce of the world.'

The exports of the colonies, which, we believe, have not hitherto exceeded eighteen millions sterling in value, are peculiarly adapted to the taste and to the necessities of the European nations. Humboldt states their total of imports from Europe at £13,320,000. A rapid increase in quantity and value of both must follow the abandonment of the restrictive policy, which has not been more pernicious to their welfare than to the real interests of Spain. There is a curious proof of the rapid increase in the prosperity of one of the most important of those colonies, which we shall adduce on the authority of Mr. Thompson. While the provinces of La Plata were not admitted to the advantages of a separate vice-royalty, and of a fair competition with the other American provinces, we find the annual average of exports from La Plata, from the years 1748 to 1753, amounted to 1,677,250 of dollars; but from the year 1793 to 1796, after the introduction of a better system of trade and of government the same average was 4,744,173.

It may be fairly inferred from this fact, as well as from the rapid advance of their trade after the partial opening of 1778, that no calculation can be drawn from the past or present produce of the Spanish colonies, as to the future results of their free intercourse with Europe—these must be influenced by another cause, of which the effects are also incalculable. It had been a favourite part of the perverse policy of Spain, to exclude all her colonies from any share in the general advancement of knowledge. But this exclusion can in no case be continued. It would be as easy to turn the current of the Oronoko.

It was indeed idle to suppose that the system had been perfectly successful before the revolution. In defiance of the Inquisition, which has become in America as in Spain, an instrument of police, rather than of religion, the inhabitants of South America had long been sufficiently enlightened to reflect and reason on their own condition; and as human nature turns most eagerly to what is most severely interdicted, they had also long been in the habit of procuring and studying the works of the French philosophers and politicians. This state of partial and imperfect knowledge has been injurious to their interests, by misleading them to an imitation of the revolutionary forms and doctrines of France in the reign of jacobinical phrenzy. But their present intercourse with the United States and with Europe will rapidly augment their means of information, and will enlighten them on every point of public welfare and of private happiness. With the increase of knowledge will arise the wants, the refinements, and the varied pursuits of civilization.



The desire of possessing the productions of foreign countries will become more active, and it will produce a reciprocal advantage,—to the colonists, in the improvement of their industry, and consequently of their happiness;—to the foreign trader, in the abundance of the means and resources of a valuable commerce.

We look forward with ardent and sincere hope, not only as friends to the commercial and political interests of England, but as *men* interested in the welfare and improvement of our fellow-creatures, to such auspicious changes in the condition of the American people. We trust the time will come, when, released from the state of exile to which they have been too long condemned, they will at length be admitted into the pale of European intercourse—when they will enjoy the arts and the knowledge of this quarter of the globe, of which they have extended and preserved the language and the religion. But, impressed with these feelings, we confess that we should prefer exporting to them our commodities rather than our out-cast patriots. We cannot be of opinion that the part which France chose to play in the disturbances of North America should now be repeated by England in the South. We cannot, in compliment to the freedom of any country, abjure all regard for the honour and interests of our own. Even if we were professed advocates of the colonists, we should have enforced the desirableness of an absolute neutrality on the part of all the nations of Europe. No one of them could interfere in the quarrel, but least of all, England, without exciting rival nations to take their part in the war; and infecting America with the intrigues and perplexities of European policy. As Englishmen we have expressed our opinions and our hopes, that no hostile interference in the contest between Spain and her colonies, that no equivocal system of partiality to either side will hazard the loss of those advantages which must ultimately result, in the natural course of events, from our perseverance in the policy adopted at the beginning of the war. That policy consists in the observance of a fair, declared, unambiguous neutrality so long as our national honour is respected by both parties, and our good offices are not called for by either to heal those dissensions which we are determined not to aggravate and inflame: and it would lead (in the event of such a call being made upon us) to an active and impartial exercise of those good offices, for the purpose of effecting, on equitable and reasonable terms, a reconciliation, by which the respective claims and interests of the mother-country and the South American provinces might be acknowledged and adjusted, and the peace of the new world consolidated with that of the old.

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ERRATA.

p. 196, for *Agamemnon* read *Achilles*.

242, for supported by read supporting.

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